

THE
UNIVERSAL
SPECTATOR.

By HENRY STONECASTLE, of
Northumberland, Esq;

V O L. III.

———Sunt certa Piacula, quæ te,
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare Libello.

Hor. Ep. 1.

*Whatever be your Passion, Wisdom's Charm,
If piously perus'd, will it disarm.*

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L O N D O N:

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Ad mea, Formosæ, vultus adhibite, Puellæ,
Scripta— *Ovid.*

*Turn your Eyes, ye fair Readers, to what I have com-
posed for your Speculation.*

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn.



NEVER sit down with more Pleasure to prepare an Entertainment for the Week, than when I am to answer the Requests that are made me by my fair Correspondents. The Satisfaction I receive either by shewing them their little Levities, or assisting them by my Advice, is more than I can express. I could wish, therefore, that my Female Readers would freely inform me of the various Anxieties they meet with, both in
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their Affairs of Love and Marriage, as it would give me an Opportunity of preventing several domestick Uneasinesses which otherwise might happen; for those Passions with which they are hurried on, will not suffer them to view their own Affairs with that Impartiality which is natural to an indifferent Spectator. How necessary such a Correspondence will be, will be shewn by the following Letters which I have lately receiv'd, and by the Remarks which I have made upon them.

To 'Squire STONECASTLE,, at his Chambers.

S I R,

I AM come to Town from *Lincolnshire*, to spend this Winter among the Gaieties of the *Beau Monde*, which my Mamma has introduced me into to improve me: I am full Fifteen, and, as every Body says, I am very pretty; I have learn'd to give myself a few Airs; I have a Shoal of Lovers, who utter a thousand soft Things to me; but I mind none of them except Captain *Sprightly*, for whom I entertain a great Regard.—He has the prettiest Manner in the World of saying he dies for me.—He looks so tenderly when he is on his Knees sighing at my Feet, that I could deny him nothing.—He has ask'd me to marry him, and I have consented, but my Mamma is utterly against the Match, for no other Reason than that the Captain has nothing but his Commission, and I have ten thousand Pounds for my Fortune. — Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, what I desire of you, is to let me know if I am not at Years of Discretion to chuse for myself, and whether I am not a better Judge who is proper for a Husband than Mamma: I am threaten'd to be lock'd up and kept from Pen, Ink, and Paper; but if I am thus treated, it will only make me more resolute, and more eagerly fly into the Captain's Arms, who I am sure is too much a Man of Honour not to rescue me.—All your Heroes in Romances and fine Gentlemen in Plays find some Stratagem to relieve their Mistresses, and the Captain, I assure you, is as pretty a Fellow, and as fine a Gentleman as any of them all.—Look'ye, Mr. SPEC, Mamma always reads your Paper, therefore be so good to let her know that it is Injustice
in

in her to deny me my own Choice, and not allow me to be a sufficient Judge in this Affair; but if you should be of Mamma's Opinion, I shall take you for an ill-natur'd, splenetick, musty old Batchelor, and not mind one Word you say, for I am determin'd to have the Captain at all Events, that's poz.

Your's,

LUCY FORWARD.

I SHALL venture the young Lady's Resentment, by giving my Opinion entirely against her: I would shew her by Reason and Argument, that her Mother should have the sole Disposal of her in Marriage, and that Fifteen was not Years of Discretion to chuse for herself, but that I know Miss would have no Patience to read my Advice; I shall convey it therefore in a Manner which may be more agreeable, by giving her an Example of a young Lady who was much in the same Circumstances with herself. MIRABELLA, in her eighteenth Year, grew passionately in Love with WILL JESSAMINE, who with a good Mien, and the Common-place Oratory of the Town Gallants, had made a deep Impression in her Heart; but as her Lover had not a Fortune equal to hers, nor bore in the World such a Character as her Parents could approve of, she was forbid to entertain the least Hopes of such a Match, and to refrain from his Company. Miss was too constant a Lover to be a dutiful Daughter; she met JESSAMINE privately, and they fix'd the Day they were to be married: Her Mother found out the whole Intrigue, and depriving her of that Liberty she made so ill a Use of, confined her to her Chamber: Her Father, with the Reasons he could urge, represented to her how miserable she must inevitably be by marrying at that Age a Person so improper for her: With all the Tenderness he could express, he dissuaded her from thinking of him, and assur'd her he would provide her a Husband more suitable to her Condition; but all the Entreaties of her Mother, all the Reasons of her Father, were ineffectual; nothing could make her give up her Passion for Mr. JESSAMINE;

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with a Flood of Tears, and Vehemence of Voice, she vow'd she would never have any other ; then falling on her Knees, she added, give me, Heaven, but Mr. JESSAMINE for a Husband, and inflict all the Miseries on me that you—I can bear all with Patience, but the Loss of him.—Heaven heard her presumptuous Prayer, and, by depriving her of her Parents, left her at Freedom to pursue her Inclinations.——She married this Darling of her Heart ; but how soon did she repent her Rashness ! she found that JESSAMINE had been more enamour'd with her Fortune than her Person, which when he was once Master of, he lavish'd away in the most profuse Extravagancies. She every Day saw that the Fortune she had bestowed on him to secure his Love, only supply'd him with Means to injure her in her Bed : He kept Women in publick, nor ever endeavour'd to conceal it from her Knowledge. This Course of Debauchery, of ill Usage, and a perpetual Ill-humour, made his Company, which she once so fondly doated on, her utter Detestation ; she looks on him with Hatred, Scorn and Contempt ; she curses her Folly, inveighs against Fate, repents of her Rashness, and weeps at the Remembrance of her Parents cautious Advice. Without Friends, without Pity, she bewailed the Woes her Obstinacy had involv'd her in, 'till worn out with Grief, Diseases and Despair, she broke her Heart, and died a mournful Example for other young Ladies to learn, that in Regard to the Choice of a Husband, they are not themselves so proper Judges as their Parents, whose Knowledge and Experience in the World foresee such Consequences as they little expect.

I HOPE Miss FORWARD will make a due Application of this Story, be govern'd a little longer by her Mamma, and not be resolutely determin'd to have the Captain at all Events.

THE next Letter is from a humorous Lady, in which she pleasantly ridicules a Folly which is universal among the Gallants of the Age.

For Mr. SPECTATOR.

S I R,

I AM one of those Ladies who are distinguish'd by the Name of Toasts, and consequently have a great Number of Admirers. Among all the Sparks who make their Addresses to me, there is the same Absurdity in their Manner of professing their Passion; not one of them but, amid his other tender Complaints, will accuse me of Cruelty in stealing away his Heart—you have the finest Eyes, Ma'am—Ah, Ma'am, you have stole my Heart—I have repeated in my Ears a hundred Times a Day.—Now, Mr. SPEC, this gives me not a little Uneasiness, because it sounds as if I had gain'd these Gentlemen's Hearts in some clandestine Manner, and not possess'd them by lawful Victory: Besides, it is so evident a Lye that I can't bear it, for not one of these whining Creatures but will own at the same Time they say I have stole their Heart, that my Cruelty makes their Heart *within* 'em ach.—Pray, Sir, as this is a general Absurdity which runs through the whole Race of pretty Fellows, do you animadvert upon it, and by that oblige

Your constant Reader,

SARAH PROPER.

I KNOW not well how to be severe on Mrs. PROPER's Admirers in this Case, for even I myself, who am so strenuous an Advocate for Truth, have more than once bely'd myself on this Occasion. I have often said that my Heart was gone at the very same Moment I felt it fluttering in my Bosom; I lost my Heart three hundred Times before I was four and twenty, and yet at the Writing of this Paper, which is in my thirty-fifth Year, I have it ready to lose again whenever DON CUPID thinks proper to dispose of it.

The LOVER'S LEGACY.

E'RE my latest Breath I sigh,
 CHLOE, e're for thee I die;
 To *thee* and others I bequeath,
 All a *Lover* has to leave:
 My Eyes which blind, but just can see,
 Blinder *Love* I leave to thee:
 All my self-tormenting Cares,
 Anxious Thoughts, and needless Fears:
 All my Watchings for thy Sake,
 Let the jealous Cuckold take:
 Partly to *Fame* I give my Tongue,
 Partly the Female Sex among:
 But my CHLOE, fickle Fair,
 Each false Vow, and falser Tear,
 Which I sigh'd to doubting Maid,
 Which I dropp'd to have betray'd,
 Each inconstant roving Thought,
 With ten thousand Passions fraught;
 All my Whimsies light and gay,
 Which in thinking die away:
 All my Love for Faces new,
 All my Hate to old ones due:
 All my Wit, that's misapply'd,
 All my Scorn, and all my Pride;
 All my Follies of the Town,
 To *thee* I leave, and *thee* alone.
 Nor, CHLOE, struck with Wonder be,
 At this my last, just Legacy;
 'This Art of giving CUPID show'd
 When he my Heart on *thee* bestow'd:
 Only your num'rous Train to fill,
 Who had ten thousand at your Will;
 And taught me thus to give a Store,
 To those who had too much of each before.



Haud Similis tibi, *Cynthia*, nec tibi cujus,
Turbavit nitidos extinctus Passer Ocellos.

Juvenal, Sat. 6.

*Not like the Cynthias of former Years,
Who for a Sparrow's Death dissolv'd in Tears.*

TO MR. SPECTATOR.

Good S I R,

Pall-Mall, Jan. 9.

I AM Chambermaid to a Lady, who at my present Writing is certainly the unhappiest Woman in *England*; she is borne down with the Weight of her *Afflictions*; she is disconsolate, dejected, inconsolable: Her Grief is not occasioned either by the Loss of her Fortune, her Child, or her Husband: *Eight thousand Pounds* she lost in the Charitable Corporation, but bore the Misfortune with a surprizing Constancy of Mind; her *eldest Son* was wreck'd at Sea, and she receiv'd the News with the Patience of a good *Christian*; when my poor Master, her *Husband*, died, she, with a philosophical Temper, consider'd it as a Debt which he had paid to Nature, she dropp'd *half a dozen* Tears, and resign'd herself to the Will of Divine Providence. These might be severe Trials to a Lady of less Reason and Resolution; by her they were only look'd upon as the common Accidents of Fate. But to make her miserable, one Misfortune was reserv'd which she could not support; it is that under which she now labours; she weeps incessantly, sees no Company, but gives herself up to Grief, Melancholy, and Despair.—You may wonder what could occasion such Anguish in her Mind, and think that the Cause of it is as great as is her Sorrow.—It is great.—Her *Parrot*, her dear dear *Pol* is dead.—I imagine now *grave Sir*, that I see your Worship smiling at my Lady's Misery, and considering it as a ludicrous Subject for Mirth; but, Sir, if you are Master of that Good-Nature and good Manners, and tender Humanity, which

in your Lucubrations you recommend to others, you yourself would be forc'd to Pity, if you could but hear my disconsolate poor Lady lamenting over her favourite *Bird*; she fills the whole House with her Complaints. By a Figure made of his Feathers she has a mock Representation of what he was in Life, over which in such, but far more moving, Terms she gives a Vent to her Passion ——— ‘ Poor, poor, *Poll*, pretty, harmless, prattling, joking, witty Creature, thou art gone——gone for ever——Cou’d not the Tyrant Death find no other Victim for his Rage but thee? Could he not boast his Victories among the Tumults and Desolations of warring Nations? could not the Murder of ten Thousands upon ten Thousands raise his Trophy high enough without having *thy* Death to crown his Triumphs?——*Mankind* might in Justice deserve an untimely Fate; but O thou *innocent, inoffensive Bird*, why wert thou snatch’d away in the Summer of thy Life, in the Bloom of thy Beauty, in all the little Gaieties of thy Heart.——O vain relying on sublunary Pleasures! how soon are all my Pleasures taken from me!——O lifeless Representative of what thou once wert, where are now thy mimic Jest, thy imperfect Songs, thy Jokes, and thy Gibings? Where are now those sparkling gloating Eyes that fondly languish’d once on mine, while from my Lips thy polish’d Bill peck’d out th’ inviting Food?——No more thy polish’d Bill shall meet my Lips: No more, with glowing, heaving, panting Heart, thou’lt perch upon my Hand, and wanton on my Breast——O torturing Reflection, heart-breaking Thought! how shall I support my Anguish!——It is too, too much to bear.——My Life—my Joy—my *Parrot* is no more.’——Thus plaintive, thus overwhelm’d with Sorrow, my Lady will hear of no Comfort nor Diversion. *Poll* has been dead a Week To-day, since which she has not once been at the Opera, nor my Lady *Tittletattle*’s weekly Assembly of Scandal; no nor even to Madam *Matadore*’s Party of *Quadrille*: And what I am sorry to observe, your *Lucubrations*, which always used to be our *Saturday Morning*’s Amusement, are neglected, and instead of giving me your last Paper to read, as was her Custom, she flung

it aside, and put into my Hands a Book of Poems, bid me read an *Elegy* upon a certain *Sparrow*—Now, Sir, what I would desire of you is, that you'd write some Paper on this Subject, in which I wish you'd shew that my Lady's Grief ought not to be so very immoderate—By this Means you will get yourself re-admitted to her Favour, and oblige all the Servants in the Family, but more particularly

Your very humble Servant,

And constant Reader,

MARTHA PINNUP.

N. B. My telling my Lady that your Paper is about our *Pol*, will induce her to let me read it to her.

To oblige Mrs. *Martha* I shall remark on the Conduct of her Lady, whose Grief she seems to have described a little too strongly, and to have made it exceed Reality, that it might appear in a more ridiculous Light. I am very sensible what trifling Causes will occasion an Excess of *Sorrow* in the *fair Sex*, and am apt to impute it to a greater Tenderness in their Nature than what is to be found among the Men; yet when this tender Disposition is shewn on improper Subjects, it becomes so ridiculous a Weakness, that it deserves Censure rather than Approbation. When Affliction is of our own making, and arises from *Fancy* and *Whims*, it appears contemptible to all, tho' it is magnified by the Sufferer into vast Bulk and Importance. Who can view the Picture Mrs. MARTHA has given of her Lady's Grief, without reproaching the Lady's Conduct; yet as ridiculous as it appears, it is such as among the fine Ladies we commonly meet with? — The Loss of a *Lap-Dog* often disorders a whole Family for a Month: Mrs. LOVE-PUPPY, when she had her CHLOE stole, was inconsolable; she wept, she raved, and wept again; not a Servant dar'd appear before her; for as she attributed the Cause of her Grief to their Negligence, they fear'd she might shew some fatal Resentment: Her *Husband* too suffer'd in the common Calamity,

mity ; he was dispatch'd to the several Printers of the News-Papers, to advertise the *Publick* of the Loss ; every Day was still a new Scene of Sorrow and Confusion ; he could not have a Moment's Quiet at home ; for all Good-nature to her *Husband*, her *Children*, and her *Servants*, were lost with her *CHLOE* : Such was her Grief for a Month ; nor can I guess how long it might have continued, had not an old Woman restor'd the Peace of the Family by restoring *CHLOE*.

As by the Office of my *SPECTATORSHIP* it is my Duty to relieve the Distressed, and comfort the Afflicted, I would not be too severe on all the very *miserable* Ladies in *Great-Britain*, whose Misfortunes arise from the Loss of a *Parrot*, a *Lap-Dog*, a *Squirrel*, or any other such *dear Companions* : I might be merry on their Grief, but that is by no Means a proper Remedy for it ; like the Contention of opposite Elements, it would only create fresh Tumult and Disorder : The only probable Way is to allow of their Passion, but yet endeavour to put it under some *Regulation*. I would therefore fix a proper Time for public Mourning on these, as is us'd on other Occasions : On the Decease or Loss of every *favourite Parrot*, *Lap-Dog*, *Squirrel*, &c. I allow the fair Owners of them to *weep*, be out of *Humour*, *peevish*, *fretful*, and *ill-natur'd*, for the Space of all *that Day* their Misfortune happen'd, and no longer ; if on the *next* they are known to drop a *Tear*, *scold* at a *Servant*, or be *ill-humour'd* to a *Husband*, for the Accident of the Day before, on proper Notice sent to me, I shall expose their Folly in a more severe Manner than they may expect. I hope all the *Fair*, who read and pay any Regard to my Writings, will comply with this Injunction to set some Bounds to their Afflictions ; and I expect Mrs. *MARTHA*'s Lady on the hearing, or perusing this Paper, should wipe her Eyes, remove her *mock Parrot* from her Sight, (which only renews her Grief) and continue to read my *Lucubrations* as usual.



Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas.

Anon: apud Gellium, l. 4. c. 9.

Religion is a Duty, but Superstition is diabolical.

From my Chambers, Wednesday Evening.

To the Author of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

AS I have always observed in your Paper, of which I am a constant Reader, a Readiness to oblige the *Female Sex*, by giving them your Opinion whenever they required it, I was induced to become your Correspondent, and hope to find the same Candour which you have shewn to others. You may be surprized when I acquaint you that the Reason of my writing to your *Worship*, is to know how I shall regulate my Conduct in keeping the *Fourth Commandment*; and you may think, as it may be a *Point of Conscience*, I might more properly have applied to the *Doctor or Curate* of our *Parish*: I must acknowledge I have not the least Diffidence of their *Wisdom*; but, in my Case, I chose rather to refer it to you.——By being nearly related to two Families, who have some Care of my Affairs, I am obliged to spend some Time with one in the *Country*, and some with the other in *London*. My Aunt TOWNLOVE, at *Grosvenor-Square*, differs from my Cousin STARCHLY in *Gloucestershire*, in her Notions of Life, in her Principles of Policy, and Principles of Religion; my Aunt is a *modern fine Lady* of the *Church of England*, my Cousin a good Woman enough, but very *precise*, and a *rigid Dissenter*: From Characters so opposite, the Regulation of their Families can no way agree, and their different Observation of *Sunday* has given Rise to some Doubts, which I desire you would clear: The *sprightly* Mrs. TOWNLOVE lays it down for a fundamental Maxim, that *Religion* is not to raise

raise in our Minds, *Moroseness*, *Grief*, and *Severity*; but a *cheerful Temper* is always to be kept, and an *innocent Diversion* may always be taken: From this Opinion she concludes, that *Sunday*, after the Service of the Church is over, is not to debar her of any Amusement which she might have made Choice of any other Day of the Week, and therefore constantly engages herself, either at Home or Abroad, on that Evening, at a Party of *Quadrille*. We have had some Debates on this Subject, because she has strove all she could to make me join in her Scheme, which as yet I have always refus'd. In these *Controversies* she has sometimes almost stagger'd my Judgment with the Speciousness of her Arguments, when she alledges such Liberties, and greater, are universally allowed in all *Christian Countries* but our own; that *Plays* and *Operas* are perform'd on *Sunday* Evenings in *Spain*, *France*, *Germany* and *Italy*, even at *Rome* itself, the Seat of *Bigotry* and *Superstition*; and that tho', as *Catholicks*, they differ from us in some Points of Faith contained in the *New Testament*, yet, as moral Men, they would not give Sanction to a Sin absolutely repugnant to the *Old*.—— Though half converted by these Persuasions, yet I never went farther than to be a mere Spectator how they played their Cards, and what was the Fortune of the Game.—— This is the Notion of the Observation of *Sunday* at Mrs. TOWNLOVE's; but when I am at Mrs. STARCHLY's I am rather more at a Loss how to behave: She allows me so much Liberty of Conscience, that she lets me go to the neighbouring *Vicarage*, whilst she is gone to the *Meeting*; but when both are over, she suffers no Ladies to pay me a Visit, nor me to pay them one. To shew a perfect *Godliness*, there is not the least Sign of *Cheerfulness* to be seen through the whole Family, not a Servant in the House must open their Mouth without having a Text of Scripture in it, and having their Faces set with as much Formality as the Bands of the first Puritans. Mrs. STARCHLY herself is the Pattern to the rest, and is always censuring my Prophaneness, because I don't chuse to be lock'd up in her Closet to hear her read over *Crumbs of Comfort for the Suffex Roads of Affliction*, or the most edifying and moving Places of the *Pilgrim's Progress*: She rebukes me as a *Sabbath-Breaker* if
I seem

I seem the least *good-natur'd*, and would have every Feature in my Face, and every Bone in my Body, keep *holy* the *Seventh Day*: To refresh my Limbs with a Walk, though seriously, or my Countenance with a Smile, tho' cheerful only, is a Crime, heinous as *Adultery* or *Theft*: These are but a Breach of a *Commandment*, those are the same, as they are the *PROPHANATION* of the *Sabbath*, and closing with the *Temptation* of the *Devil*—— Thus Sir, have I stated my whole Case, and desire to know whether I may lawfully comply with the *Gaiety* of my *Aunt*, or whether I risk *Damnation* if I don't follow the *Rigidity* of my *Cousin*; this, Sir, with a few of your Observations on keeping the *Fourth Command*, would oblige me in particular, and be of Service to the *Publick* in general.

I am, SIR,

Gloucester, Jan. 14,
1735.

Your very humble Servant,

ARBELLA MODERATE.

THIS Letter flung me into the Reflection of how improperly the *Sabbath* is generally kept, and to what a false Use it is put by the major Part of the Inhabitants of *Great-Britain*: *Sunday* is now look'd on as an agreeable Day, in which the trading and working People of this Realm have a Cessation from their ordinary Labours; but not as a Day of Rest ordained them to *praise* and *magnify* their *Creator*, but imagine they who can find most to do on that Day in which they ought to do *nothing*, are the most happy and successful in keeping it *holy*. The *Young* and *Gay* make use of this Day only to shew their *Faces* or *Cloaths*; the Beginning of it is employed in adorning their Persons, and managing their Dress to the best Advantage, that instead of *paying* Adoration, they may *receive* it. This is the chief End of their going to *Church*; for if you observe the pretty Creatures, you find their Eyes roving about to make Conquests, when they should be fix'd either on their Prayer-Books or the Preacher. The *witty* and the *fine Gentleman* who look on the *Decalogue* in a nicer Sense than those before-mentioned,

tioned, generally sleep away all the Forenoon of a *Sunday*, thoroughly convinced they obey the Precept of the Law, as it ordains it to be a Day of *Rest*; but the *Women of Taste* are for the most Part of a contrary Opinion, and are not for accepting this Command according to the Strictness of the *Letter*, for though they are idle the other six Days, they'll find some important Business to employ this.

A M O N G the *common Citizens* of *London* this Day is distinguished from the rest by their being very spruce, and passing for Gentry about the *Court End* of the Town; while the more *grave, politic, and rich* ones, keep their *Sabbath* in a religious Retirement and profound Adoration of their God, *Mammon*; for all tenacious of this Maxim, *the better the Day the better the Deed*, they retire to their *Compting-Houses*, adjust their *Books*, look over their *Correspondence*, and lay Schemes to be either *Aldermen* or *Deputies* of their *Wards*, or *Governors* or *Directors* of the *publick Funds*.

THUS, either in *Folly*, in *Impertinence*, in *Avarice*, in *Drinking*, or at *Quadrille*, this sacred Day is kept among the *Gay*, the *Thoughtless*, the *Courtly*, the *Debauchee*, and the *People of Taste*; To avoid this *Extreme*, there are others who run into as contrary a one, and for whom Mrs. MODERATE's Character of Mrs. STARCHLY may justly serve: From hence I would observe, for the Use of Mrs. ARBELLA, and my other Readers, that the wild *Extremes* of People of different Persuasions, shew how ridiculously they pretend to execute, by different Methods, as plain a Precept as any given us in the Scriptures; but my Advice to my Correspondent is, that she would neither run into the *fashionable Gaiety* of her Aunt, nor the *puritannick Severity* of her Cousin; there is a *Medium* betwixt them both, in which she may be religious, without being *ill-natur'd*, and *cheerful*, without being *prophane*; and this Rule will hold, whether it is applied to the Observation of *Sunday*, or any other religious Duty.

I CANNOT

I CANNOT conclude this Subject without putting my Readers in Mind of MILTON's noble Description how the first Sabbath was kept. After the six Days Creation he says, That GOD

————— *from Work*
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the Seventh Day,
 As resting on that Day from all his Work :
 But not in Silence holy kept ; the Harp
 Had Work, and rested not, the solemn Pipe
 And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet Stop,
 All Sounds on Fret by String, or Golden Wire
 Temper'd soft Tunings, intermix'd with Voice
 Choral or Unison ; of Incense Clouds
 Fuming from Golden Censers bid the Mount :
 Creation, and the six Days Works they sung.
 Great are thy Works, JEHOVAH ! Infinite
 Thy Pow'r ; what Thought can measure Thee, what
 Tongue
 Relate Thee ? —————

The Hymn goes on in celebrating the Creation, and making the World for Mankind ; at which it breaks out,

————— *Thrice happy Men !*
 And Sons of Men ! whom God hath thus advanc'd.
 Created in his Image there to dwell
 And worship him ; and in Reward to rule
 Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,
 And multiply a Race of Worshippers
 Holy and Just : Thrice happy if they know
 Their Happiness, and persevere upright !
 So sung they, and the Empyrean rung
 With Hallelujahs, thus was SABBATH kept.

Cælum



Coelum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

Hor. l. Ep. 11. v. 27.

*The Men who through the vent'rous Ocean range,
Not their own Passions but the Climate change.* Francis.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

I HAVE often wondered with Mr. CONGREVE, that *there is not an Act of Parliament pass'd to prohibit the Exportation of Fools*; for our modern Sparks, who set out on their Travels, generally return greater Fools than when they went from *Dover or Harwich*. I know, Sir, that you, in some former Subjects, made some Observations on our *modern Travellers*; but as I have an Opportunity to give a strong Instance of the *Abuse of Travel*, it may not be disagreeable to you. On a Visit I lately made to a Gentleman in *Norfolk*, he told me his eldest Son and Heir was Abroad on his Travels, and that he was one of the most ingenious young Fellows of the Age. My Boy, Sir, says the old Man, is not like your Coxcombs of the Town, who go into *Foreign Parts*, and make no Observation on the *Customs, Humours, and Manners* of the People; no, no, TIM, on his Return, may say, that he has seen both *Men and Cities*; besides, tho' Abroad, he forgets not his Duty to me: He writes constantly once a Month, in which Letter he transmits all the Remarks he has made in that Time: You shall see some of them. — He then shew'd me several of his Son's Letters, at which he told me that I could not but be surpriz'd. Among many other very surprizing ones, the following was so remarkable, that I got Leave to transcribe it, and send it to you to publish in your *Spectators*, for the Honour of the Author, and the Entertainment of your courteous Readers, and particularly,

Your very humble Servant,

P. L.

To Sir ROWLAND SHALLOW, of Simpleton-Hall,
in the County of Norfolk.

Paris, the Eleventh of December;
Anno Domini 1735.

Honour'd and Worshipful Sir,

THIS is to let you know that I am well in Health, hoping that you, and my Mother, and Brother Bob are the same: I got safe to Harwich, and went aboard soon after: But as we came over the Salt Sea, it rag'd like any mad, and made me sick to Death: When I was a little recover'd, I had Recourse to the Neat's-Tongue, which my loving Mother put into my Pocket the last Thing she did at parting, and it kept the Wind out of my Stomach, as she said it would.

WE arriv'd at Holland on Thursday, and as soon as my Things were ashore, I made our JOHN put on his Livery: He looks very well in it, and takes great Care of me, as Mother bid him: At the Hague we met with Mr. GAGEWELL, the Exciseman, who liv'd once in our Town, and he and I and our JOHN drank a Bottle together: He is a mighty merry Sort of a Man, and sings a Dutch Catch in a very elegant Taste. And moreover than that, I met likewise with WILL RAMBLE, the Parson's Son, who went away for the Bastard Child; he sells Snuff and perfum'd Wash-Balls at this Hague and at Rotterdam, and we crack'd a Bottle together too. I follows your last Advice punctually, and takes Care to keep none but the best of Company: Our JOHN is never from me.

I MAKE Remarks on the Countries, as you and Mr. Martext, our Curate, advis'd me. Tho' I have seen several Counties in England, yet I never saw so many Rivers in any one of them as there are in Holland; however, this I could not but observe, that we have larger Plains, and a greater Number of Oaks and Timber growing than they have, and our JOHN says the same. They tell me here that they have not one Bishop through all the Seven Provinces: As for my Part, I did not see so much as one Surplice in it; so that you may guess,
Sir,

‘ Sir, whether these Folk be *Christians*. I wish’d our
 ‘ *Curate* was among them, to bring about a *Reformation*,
 ‘ and our JOHN was of the same Mind.

‘ T H O’ so strange was their Religion, if they had
 ‘ any at all, yet when we came into the *Papish Countries*,
 ‘ we then met with *Cathedrals* again, many’s the one, of
 ‘ which I was very glad, and so was JOHN : But when I
 ‘ went into one of them, I would not cross myself with
 ‘ their *Holy Water*, as they call it, which was put up
 ‘ against a Pillar ; nor would I pull off my Hat, because it
 ‘ belong’d to the *Papishes* ; and the Place, as I have heard
 ‘ our *Curate* often say, was a Place of *Idolatry*. At last,
 ‘ a great fat *Parson* (a *Parson* I believe he was) thought
 ‘ nothing like our *Parsons* in *Norfolk*, for he was *without*
 ‘ a *Shirt*, or a Pair of *Shoes*, and had a great *Rope* about
 ‘ his Middle) be he what he will, this greasy Fellow
 ‘ came up to me, look’d grievous angry at me, and gab-
 ‘ bled at me in an Outlandish *Linguo*, as much as to say,
 ‘ *pull off your Hat* ; I was plaguily afraid, being in a
 ‘ *strange Place*, so made no Words, but pull’d it off. I
 ‘ was uneasy in my *Conscience* about this Affair, ’till I
 ‘ went to JOHN, who entirely cleared all Scruples,
 ‘ by remembering me of a Maxim he had often heard
 ‘ my *Grandfather* use, that *When you are at Rome, you*
 ‘ *must do as they do at Rome*. You can’t imagine how
 ‘ learned the People are in these *Papish Countries*, or
 ‘ which seem so at least, for they all of them have their
 ‘ *Common-Prayer-Book* in Latin ; though they seem to say
 ‘ their Prayers at *Church*, as I us’d sometimes to say my
 ‘ Repetition at School, without *understanding* a *Syllable*
 ‘ of it : For as I have a *Spice* of the *Language*, I talk’d
 ‘ to my *Landlady* and her *two Daughters* upon this Point,
 ‘ and found they only knew where the *Priest* was in his
 ‘ Prayers by a long String of *Beads*. I told them it was
 ‘ a *burning Shame* to be thus impos’d on, and would fain
 ‘ have had them turned to the *Church of England*, as by
 ‘ *Law established*. But I finds they all here Abroad in
 ‘ Foreign Parts, neither regard the *Law* nor the *Gospel* ;
 ‘ and don’t value our *Church* no more than nothing : Some
 ‘ are *Papishes*, some are Sort of your *Presbyterians* ; so
 ‘ that except I meet with an *Englishman* and a *Norfolk*
 ‘ Man,

‘ Man, I can hardly meet with a *Christian* among them all.

‘ I OBSERVED in my travelling to *Paris*, that the common People wear a *wooden Kind of Shoes*, and was told by an *English Gentleman*, that it was owing to *passive Obedience and arbitrary Power*, and that some Years ago there was a Scheme laid by some Lovers of *French Fashions* to introduce this Custom into *England*: I am glad it never took Place, for they seem too heavy for us *Englishmen*; I am sure all the *true English* will always be against them, and the *Norfolk Men* more especially, and our JOHN is sure of the same. ———
‘ I have heard our Curate, Mr. Martext, preach up for *passive Obedience*; but, dear Father, whenever he does again, don’t mind a Syllable he says.

‘ THO’ I heard so much of the *French Cookery*, their *Kickshaws* and *Fricasees*, and their *Ragous*, yet I don’t find they live near so well as we do in *Norfolk*. We excel them much in our *Beef*, which is *fatter* than theirs by at least an Inch in the Rib; and what very much ‘maz’d me, they never make any *Dumpling*: But ‘stead of *Beef* and *Dumpling*, or *Pudding*, they eat *Frogs* like mad, and devour the *Devil* and all of *Garlick* and *Onions*: Our JOHN is quite Heart-sick of their Diet, and wants to be at *Simpleton-Hall* again.

‘ AS for this *Town of Paris* it is very large, and has a Power of People, and all of them seem *Gentlemen*; their very *Coblers* are complaisant; and know a great deal of *good Breeding*: They sing Love Songs in an agreeable Manner. I make a pretty Figure in my *Silver Button’d Cloaths*, which I have kept very *fresh*, as our JOHN can vouch: I wore it two Days ago at a Ball, among People of the best Fashion: They dance here extremely well; yet I was confounded when I called for *Moll Placket*, and *Old Roger o’Coverly*, neither the Company nor the *Fidlers* know any Thing of the Matter.

‘ THIS, Sir, with kind Love and Service to you, my Mother, and Brother BOB, I desire you would accept, and so no more at present from

Your dutiful Son, ‘till Death,

TIM SHALLOW.

‘ OUR

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' OUR JOHN sends his Love to the Family, and desires to be remember'd to SUKY SLY, the *Wheelwright's* Daughter.'



Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.

Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. 2.

Fools are ever vicious in Extremes.

Francis.

From my Chambers, Wednesday Evening.

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq; AUTHOR of the
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

Doctors Commons, Feb. 25.

AS you are an Oracle in our Family, I am oblig'd to have Recourse to you for your Advice, which is to determine a Dispute between *me* and my *Wife*. You must know, Mr. *Spec*, that we have a Son at *St. Paul's* School about fourteen Years old, a Boy more learned, it seems, than *complaisant*, and who knows better how to make a *Latin Verse* than a *French Bow*: This Error in his Education his Mother is desirous to correct; and to improve his *Manners* with his *Knowledge*, is for calling in the Assistance of the *Dancing-Master*: This I can by no Means assent to, and remain utterly averse to her Project, from a firm Belief that the squeaking of the *Kit* will make him forget his *Profody*, and while he is intent to *turn out his Toes*, he'll be negligent enough in his Exercise to break *Priscian's Head*.—Mr. *Stonecastle*, this Affair, whether *Tom* shall, or shall not learn to dance, has lately caused some very warm Debates; at last we have mutually agreed to send to you for your Opinion, and, without Reluctance, to abide by your Impartial Judgment. I am, Sir,

Your's with all Deference,

MICH. TREDWAY.

P. S. R E-

P. S. REMEMBER, Sir, that the Lad is in his *Virgil*; and *Dancing* and *Epic Poetry* will never agree well together.

I HAD scarce read the above Letter when I heard a Rapping at my Chamber Door, my *Laundress* went to see who it was, and returned with the following Letter, which was brought by a Porter.

To Mr. STONECASTLE of Lincoln's-Inn.

Mr. SPEC.

BEFORE you receive this, I suppose my Husband's Letter is come to your Hands, and for the Sake of the Boy's Grammar, you have rashly determin'd that he shall not learn to *dance*. — But, dear Spec, if your Good-nature will permit, only hear me a Word or two upon this Affair, and then judge whether I am unreasonable. — Tommy, since he has begun to gibber *Latin* so fast, is grown the rudest Creature breathing; whenever he enters a Room, tho' full of Ladies, he stares about like a great wild Savage, flings his Books and Satchel down in the Window, and goes out again without any Bow, or the least Complaisance. If I chide him for this, his Father cries, *let him alone, don't spoil him*: I'd rather have my Boy a Scholar than a Beau. — Mr. Spec, I would have my Child a Scholar too, but yet would not have him a Clown: Must Learning necessarily be accompany'd with *Ill-breeding*? I hope the polite Mr. Stonecastle will think otherwise, and admit that Tommy may have a *Dancing-Master*; which will oblige

Doctors-Commons,
Feb. 25.

His constant Reader,

SALTANTIA TREDWAY.

P. S. REMEMBER, Sir, that a great Scholar will seem a great Fool, if he don't know how to behave well before the Ladies.

TO end this Family Controversy, it is my Opinion that the Education of Children is too often carry'd into Extremes:

Extremes : Some Parents, to prevent their Sons becoming *mere Beaus*, bring them up *mere Scholars* ; others, from a Hatred to a *Scholastic Clownishness*, give them those Qualifications only which are necessary for a *modern pretty Fellow*. To make the *Scholar* appear agreeable to the World, he should have the easy Comportment and graceful Behaviour of the *Gentleman*, which is almost impossible to learn without a little Assistance from the *Dancing-Master* ; and I think there is no Time of Life more proper to learn that Accomplishment than the Age of the young Spark who is the Subject of these Letters. But though I determine in Favour of the *Lady*, that her Son *Tommy* may learn to dance ; yet it is with this Restraining, that it is to be at such Hours only which in no way interrupt his other Studies. Mr. *Tredway* may perhaps wonder at this Decision, and for the future entertain a worse Opinion of my Judgment as a *Philosopher* ; but when my Sentiments in this Affair are agreeable with those of the learned and judicious Mr. *Cowley*, he will not think 'em given in mere Complaisance to the *Lady*. In Mr. *Cowley's Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy*, under the Article of the *School*, and Scheme for the Education of the *Scholars*, he has the following Words :—*In foul Weather it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance ; that is, just to learn so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful Comportment of their Bodies.*——

This will serve to instruct the *Lady* how far this Part of her Son's Education is to be carry'd ; for though I would have Master *Tommy* make a *Bow*, and turn out his *Tocs*, yet I would not have him forget his *Profody*, and break *Priscian's Head*.

AS I am enter'd on the Subject of *Dancing*, I must answer a Correspondent who has for some Time been neglected, and whose Letter is not an improper Supplement to these above.

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R.

I DESIRE you would give me your Advice about an Affair which much perplexes me : I was educated at

at *Eton*, from thence elected to *Cambridge*, and for some Years pursued my Studies, without being much acquainted with the polite *World*. I am now in *Town*, and though I don't want common Sense, yet I find myself a Kind of an *unsociable Animal*, especially among the *Women*. I never was so ashamed as I was the other Evening, when, by mere Accident, I fell into some Company who were just going to *Dancing*: I would have retired; but that was impossible. You must know, Sir, that I never learn'd to *dance*, my Father always thinking it a *Folly* beneath the Dignity of a *Man of Learning*: You can't imagine the Pain I felt when they began with *French Dancing*; but it is beyond my Power to express the Confusion I was in when a beautiful young Lady ask'd me to be her Partner in a Country Dance.——I pleaded to be excus'd, which made her insist the more on her Request; but when I vow'd my *real Ignorance*, she left me with a Disdain which shew'd her Contempt of me. I was the more affected with her silent Reproach as I had made some Addresses to her, which were well receiv'd.——Now, *Mr. Spec*, I would know of you whether *Dancing* is consistent with a Man of some *Gravity* by *Nature*, and some *Learning* by *Acquisition*: There is an *Apothegm* which you must be acquainted with, which says, *Nemo saltat Sobrius. — A sober Man never dances.*——And would not any one in his Senses think a Man of common Understanding drunk, when he capers about to the Tickling of a Sheep's Gut with a little Hair and Rozin. But, *Mr. Spec*, if you are of an Opinion that this *Dancing* is a *reasonable Recreation*, and that it would not betray my *Folly* too much to learn this Diversion in the 30th Year of my Age, I would endeavour to make myself more agreeable to the *Ladies*, especially that pretty one I have offended.——Your Answer, and some Reflections on *Dancing*, would oblige

Your awkward humble Servant,

WILL. GRAVEAIRS.

TO give a *Dissertation* on *Dancing* is not consistent with the Length of these Essays: Let it suffice, that we

find it practis'd by almost all Nations, and by those who were the most learned and most civilis'd, introduced into the Solemnities of their Religion: Nor was it from a frantic Enthusiasm, but deduced from the Observation of the Heavens, which they observed had certain due Motions; the Stars they found were sometimes in *Conjunction*, sometimes in *Opposition*; that they had their *Aspects* and *Revolutions*, their *Ingresses*, and *Egresses*, making such *Harmony* and *Consent* as seem'd a *well-order'd Dance*.—Nor was Dancing a religious Institution among the *Heathens* only; for even the *Jews*, where the Oracles of God were extant, used it as a ceremonious Exercise of Religion.—Though Mr. GRAVEAIRS may think it may *betray his Folly* to learn to dance in the *thirtieth Year* of his Age, *Socrates* (whom I believe he will own a wiser Man than himself) did not disdain, in a far more advanced Age, both to learn and to commend this Exercise.—To this Maxim of *Nemo saltat Sobrius*, I shall reply with another, that *Aliquando dulce est insanire Loco*, —'Tis pleasant to be a little mad at a proper Season; and he (had it been in his Power) would rather have danced with the *Lady*, than, from a Fear of committing a *Folly*, have disobligh'd her.—To dance as if he had pass'd all his Life in the Study of it, a Man of Sense should be ashamed of; as it would shew too much Time spent in learning a Trifle: Yet to be totally ignorant of it, and of the *Grace* and *Comportment* which by learning it is acquir'd, shews a Man of *Learning* either an *ill-natur'd Stic*, or *ill-bred Pedant*. All that is necessary for a *Gentleman*, is just so much as will give him a Kind of *Carelessness*, as if it was rather a *natural Motion* than a *laborious* and *artificial Acquisition*.

TO conclude on this Subject; if *Dancing* conduces to the *Improvement* of the *Behaviour* and a *graceful Carriage* among Strangers, if it is used as a *harmless Exercise* or *decent Recreation*, I cannot see why it should be *disapproved* of; but rather wonder why every one, who would appear as a *Gentleman*, does not acquire it.



Et otiafa credidit Neapolis
Et omne vicinum Oppidum

Hor. de Canidia ventfica.

Naples for Idleness renown'd,
And all the Villages around
Believ'd

Francis.

From my Chambers, Wednesday Evening.

The following Letter, being calculated for this present Juncture of Time, I insert it as soon as receiv'd, and believe it will prove no disagreeable Entertainment for this Week.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

THE Bill lately brought into Parliament for repealing the *Act on Witchcraft and Witches*, occasion'd some Discourse in a Company, which I the other Evening happen'd to fall into, about the *Superstition* of our Ancestors and their *Treatment* of their miserable Fellow-Creatures, whom, from their own monstrous Credulity, they imagin'd had a Correspondence with the *Devil*. I have flung the general Discourse into the Nature of one of your *Weekly Essays*, and hope it will please your Readers when convey'd to them as a *Spectator*.

FROM the first Creation of Mankind, *Deceit* and *Falseness* have got the better of *Truth*; and for *Novelty* and *Variety* Men have given up their *Reason*: This Weakness of human Nature, in being pleas'd at what was *new*, led People into the Search of Things out of their Power to account for, and nothing so much contented them as what confounded them most: From hence it was that the *Heathen Priests* first, and afterwards those of the *Church of Rome*, made such prodigious Gain and Profit of the *Credulity* of Mankind; for when they found nothing would please them but what they could not comprehend,

and that they were fond of believing those Articles which were beyond all Belief, they converted every Thing into *Miracle* and *Mystery*.

WHEN, by *Artifice*, *Forgery*, and *Amusements*, the *Priests* had put the Generality of the World into a State of *Infatuation*, it was no difficult Thing to persuade their *deluded Believers*, that there were Men and Women who had *bodily Intercourse* with the *invisible World*, and that there was an *actual Society* and *Communion* between *human Creatures* and *spiritual Demons*.

AS soon as they had convinced the *credulous Part* of *Mankind*, that the *Devil*, by his *human Agents*, had got them into his Power; the next Scene they had to act was, to inform the World that they, and *they only*, had *Sanctity*, *Learning* and *Power* enough given them to master the *Devil*, and deliver those whom his *Fiendship* had taken it into his Fancy to torment. The *Church of Rome* (whose Support depends on the *Ignorance*, *Infatuation* and *Superstition* of her *Votaries*) used all her Art to inculcate this Notion in the People, and improved it to her own Use. To give a *Solemnity* to the Thing, and, by an *unmeaning Ceremony* to amuse the *Vulgar* and *Unlearned*, the *Romish Clergy* composed their *Latin Exorcisms*, and by the Power of *Conjuro. te in Nomine*, &c. and the Assistance of a *Quart* or two of *Holy Water*, they could do with the *Devil* just what they had a Mind to. If that *infernal Traitor* had taken unlawful Possession of a Man's *Body*, and resolutely intrench'd himself in his *Belly*, none but these *Ecclesiastick Engineers* could attack him and force him from his *Quarters*.

THUS, either with the *Devil* himself, or with his *Ministers*, *Witches*, *Wizards* or *Goblins*, the *Priests* had eternal War: They were always *victorious*, yet never gain'd a compleat Victory: If they dislodged their Enemy from one Place, he immediately renewed the Attack at another. Some may wonder, since their *Holy Water*, like their *Pope*, was infallible, that they did not lay this Arch-Fiend, that he should never trouble Mankind more: But they were too well vers'd in this Art of *conjuring War* to put an End to it: Like experienced Generals, they were to manage it for their own *private Advantage*, and knew, when once the *Devil* had lost the Power
of

of possessing Mankind, that they should lose a Share of the Power of deluding them; therefore, to carry on their Deceit with the utmost Force, they trained up, in their *Convents* and *Monasteries*, *Impostors* of all Kinds, who, by strange *Gesticulations*, uncommon *Distortions*, and unnatural *Wreathings* of the Body, amus'd the People, as if it was the Sport of the *Devil* in that Manner to torment them.

BUT as this *Farce* was to fix the People in a wonderful Opinion of the *Holiness* of their Life and the *Extensiveness* of their *Learning*, they did not stop here: So fond were they to maintain their own Repute and this Diabolical Drollery, that they sacrificed numberless *old Women*, and other *miserable Persons*, as guilty of Crimes which the innocent Victims had never thought of: The more ignorant and wretched the Objects were, they were the more fit for their Purpose: As they had no Friends to defend them, they had not common Sense enough to defend themselves: They were accused of *Sorcery* and *Witchcraft* by the *Priest*, whose Accusation was supported by all the *Fools* and *Bigots* in the Parish: *Fear* and *Stupidity* made them incapable to answer their *Accusation*, and *Frenzy* and *Insatuation* made them confess what it was impossible they could commit; which *Confessions* produced *cruel Sentences* and *inhuman Executions*. The greatest Part of these wretched Mortals, who were designed to fall as Victims, were long mark'd out as proper for the Slaughter: When *Age*, *Poverty* and *Sickness* had made them sufficiently miserable, they were reported to be *Witches*, and to hold Communication with the *Devil*: They were immediately shunn'd by their Neighbours, unassisted in their real Wants, and detested for imaginary Crimes: Thus these poor Creatures finding themselves hateful or terrible to all, befriended by none, and generally wanting the common Necessaries of Life, came at last as much to abhor themselves as they were abhorr'd by others; and grew willing to be sent out of a World which was only a continued Scene of *Anguish* and *Persecution*.

WHEN this Frenzy of *Witches* and *Witchcraft* was held in some Esteem, there was not a *Parish* in which the *Devil* had not some sworn Servants to execute his

Revenge on the *Sheep*, the *Horses*, or the *Butter-Clowns* of Mankind: In the Middle of some adjacent Wood he held his Midnight Assembly, and a few of the *ugliest* and *poorest old Women* of the District set out Post on their Broomsticks to take their Seats at his *Privy-Council*; in which Consultation, their chief Resolutions were to kill a *Heg*, or torture a poor *Infant*.

I HAVE often wonder'd why those *wise Heads* who had the Election of the *proper Ministers* for *Satan*, did not lay the Lot rather on the *Men* than on the *Women*; they being by Nature more bold and robust, and, consequently, more equal to his bloody Service; whereas, in the Trials and Histories of those Wretches, we find above a Score of *Women* to one *Man*. A Lady, to whom I mention'd this, gave me two Reasons, for which I was at a Loss to have given one. First, says she, the *Priests* having the whole Management of this Affair, had so much Regard to their own Sex, not knowing but the Tables might be turn'd on themselves, as to let the *Men* slip their Necks out of the Collar. And, Secondly, they chose an *old Woman*, as by Custom she was grown the most detested and unpity'd Creature under the Sun, and in this a Contempt was shewn to the *Devil*, in offering him none but the Dregs of human Nature. Besides, added a *dopper Spark*, that sat by her, the *Priests* might have made Mr. *Beelzebub* so fond of *old Women* to keep the *young ones* to themselves, and in this they flung *Satyre* on him; that *they*, who were but Novices among *Women* in respect to him, had a more elegant Taste in the Choice of a Lady than that old *experienced Rake*, who was the *first Seducer* of the Sex.

BUT if the Accusation of *Witchcraft* on these unhappy Objects of Compassion may seem ridiculous, the Proofs that were given that they were such, are full as absurd. In the first Place, the *old Woman* must, by *Age*, be grown very ugly, her Face shriveled, her Body doubled, and her Voice scarce intelligible: Hence her Form made her a Terror to Children, who, if they were affrighted at the poor Creature, were immediately said to be *bewitch'd*: The Mother sends for the Parish *Priest*, and the *Priest* for a *Constable*: The *imperfect Pronunciation* of the *old Woman*, and the *paralytic Nodding* of her Head, were concluded

cluded to be *muttering Diabolical Charms*, and using certain *Magical Gestures*; these were prov'd upon her at the next Assizes; and she was *burnt or hang'd* as an Enemy to Mankind.

ANOTHER Circumstance was also necessary, which I before mention'd, and which was *Poverty*: Tho' the *Witches* had sold themselves to the *Devil* to live easy, yet they were always *starving*: It is true, their *Master* was allow'd to have *Treasures, Mines, Crowns*, or any Thing in his Gift, yet the faithful Ministers of his Cabinet Council (who had a Command over the *Bodies of Men and Beasts*, who could ride through the *Air*, or perform what mad Tricks they pleas'd) could never attain the least Part of his Wealth, Some *learned Witchmongers* have discover'd the Agents of Satan by an infallible Method, and which always was allow'd as a Proof demonstrative: They stripp'd the suspected old Woman stark naked; and if they could find a *Wart*, a *Mole*, or a *Pimple* in any Part of her Body, it was called a *secret Teat*, placed there by *Old Nick* himself, at which a *young Devil*, call'd a *Familiar*, was to suck, and which the *old Dame* was to bring up as a *Nursery* for her *Master*.— I cannot conclude without taking Notice of a very *fa- vorous Way* of trying *Witches*, said to be recommended by that *learned Witchmonger King JAMES the First*, and often put in Practice by others of the like Opinion and Sagacity. The *old Woman* was first to be ty'd Hand and Foot, and thrown into a Pond; if she *floats or swims* she is consequently guilty, it being against Nature; therefore she was taken out and *burnt*: But if she is *innocent*, she naturally *sinks*, and is only *drowned*.





—Cave, ne titutes ; mandataq; frangas.

Her. Lib. 1. Epist. 13.

—————Special Caution take,
Lest you should stumble, and my Orders break. Francis.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPEC,

THE Paper which you wrote some Time ago on keeping the *Fourth Commandment*, gave me the Hint to observe how some of the rest were kept : I have long thought the Observation of the *Decalogue* was not unworthy our Practice, and though I am of the same Opinion still, yet I scarce should have ventur'd to have publish'd my Sentiments to the World, as knowing, if I am against the *Generality of Mankind*, the *Generality* will be against me, had not your Example given a Kind of *Sanction* to this little *Essay*.

THE *First Commandment* seems entirely obsolete and forgot by the pretty *Fellows* and very fine *Ladies* in this Kingdom, and it would be a Breach of *modern Politeness* and the *common Mode*, to mention the Errors of *false Worship* in any other Manner than this : Who could tell *Miss Languish*, when she has been three Hours together curtsying, dancing, smiling, and playing over all the little Arts of a Coquet, and adoring her dear Self before her Pier-Glass, that she has broke a *Commandment* ; or mention such a Thing to my Lady *Lovepuppy*, when she has been kissing her *Lap-Dog* and worshipping the divine *Animal* from Morning to Night ? Nor have these Ladies alone their *false Deities* ; Mrs. *Musbroom* adores the gilded *Chariot* which her Husband has just set up ; it is the Subject of her *Morning and Evening Meditations* ; a *Chariot* has been her continual *Prayers*, and now, in the utmost Extasies and Raptures, her Soul seems wrapp'd up in it : *Araminta* wotships her *China*, *Flirtilla* adores her *Parrot*, and *Autumna* pays *Reverence* to her *Baboon*.

THE

THE *Third Commandment* is very little observ'd by two Sets of Men, the *Beaus* and the *Bullies*, and if the Laws of the Realm were put in Execution against all Offenders who break this *Command*, it would be a great Hardship on those worthy Gentlemen; for it is well known that these Brothers in Understanding and Courage, must either be *dumb* or *damning* themselves; therefore to stop their *Swearing* would be to stop their *Breath*, and silence them to all Eternity: Beau *Dapper*, merely by having Vivacity enough to break this *Commandment*, passes among People of his own Degree of Understanding, for a Man of *Wit* and *Humour*; without taking the most *Sacred Name in vain*, this Spark could not speak to the *Coffee-Boy*, or give Directions to a *Porter*; but, by paying no Regard to this *Commandment*, he is one of the most *voluble Orators* at *Dick's* or the *Grecian*. I wonder why the Contempt of this *Command* in the Men passes for a commendable Piece of *Gaiety* among the Ladies; for some of them, at least, I have observed with a coquetting Smile shew their Approbation of the Breach of it. Beau *Shallow* make his Addresses to Miss *Gaywit*, and with great Success: It is universally believ'd that he will carry her against all his Rivals, some of whom are Men of greater *Wit* as well as *Fortune*: The World wonders what Secret he has to gain her Heart, when he is a Person of *few Words*, and those not the most *sensible* ones; he makes indeed no other Speech or Compliment than G— *Damme Ma'am I love you—You are a fine Woman by G—*. After which, all his Follies seem to become more pleasing to his Mistress, as if they were indeed sanctified by his Oaths.

THE *Fourth Commandment* having been the Subject of a former *Spectator*, I pass to the Consideration of the *Fifth*, which seems likewise to be forgot or banish'd with the rest, by the present Generation: *Obedience* to *Parents* is either lost by the *Rigour* of some Parents, who exacting *too much* find *none*; or else thrown off by the perverse Temper and Self-sufficiency of the *Children*. When a young Fellow can neither spend an *Evening* with a *Friend*, or take any *inoffensive Diversion* without the Consent of an *old Cynick*, who forgets that he was ever young himself, he will be apt to do all this, and more, of his own

Head ; and on the contrary, when a conceited *young Fop*, full of his own *Wisdom*, but void of Understanding and Good-Nature, imagines that he has a sufficient Capacity and Title to rule himself in all Things, the Name of a Father is all the Regard which he pays to *him* who *begot* him, and who by *Nature* and *Experience* should be his *Governor*, his *Counsellor* and *Friend*. Nay, some of our *young Sparks*, who pretend to *Sense* too, lay aside even that little Shew of Respect, and instead of that *tender* and *natural Word Father*, they call him by that *contemptible* and *reproachful* one of *the old Fellow*. Several of these *young Foplings* are *disobedient* purely from an Ambition of appearing *Men*, and scorn and abuse their *Parents* for fear of being thought under the Restraint of *Common Sense* or *natural Affection* : But let them know, they are only *overgrown Boys* while they want those *manly Accomplishments* of *Piety*, *Virtue*, and *Prudence*.

F E W may think themselves guilty of *breaking the next Command*, as it forbids only the doing of *Murder* ; but this Injunction is very extensive ; every Way or Method by which we send ourselves or Neighbours out of the World, comes, in my Opinion, under the Charge of *killing* ; therefore *Drinking a Man to Death*, is much the same as cutting his Throat ; the first, indeed, seems not to carry with it so much Barbarity, tho' in Reality it has more, for the *one* is done in a few Minutes, the other is as many Years in the acting ; the Guilt therefore is aggravated by the Slowness of the Execution, it being wilful and deliberate. In the forbidding of Murder, the Crime of *Self-Murder* is included, therefore it is not without Pain that I reflect on the numerous *Self-Murders* which are every Day committed in this *Metropolis*, in a Manner which the *Guilty* term rather a *Comforting* of *Life* than *destroying* it. How many *Men* (I dare not say *Women*) wash away their Life with the Juice of the Grape, and other pernicious Liquors : A *spare*, lathy *modern Beau* seldom holds out above two or three Years ; a *City Whetter* about the *Change* may last as much longer ; and a *Country Squire*, who is fond of nothing but *March Beer* and *October*, may perhaps for a Dozen Years together enjoy the Pleasure of being continually *mad* and *drunk*. Were the *Bills of Mortality* to give a fair and
just

just Account of the *Deaths* and *Burials* of the *Weeks*, the *Droffies*, *Stones*, and *Gouts*, with a long &c. would come under the Denomination of *excessive Drinking*, which now is only apply'd to those miserable Wretches who make their *Exit* in a *Gin-Shop*, or expire beneath a *Bulk*.

AS to the *next Command*, which enjoins *Chastity* and *Truth* among *married People*, I am somewhat unwilling to declare my Sentiments: I absolutely think it ought to be kept in my own Opinion, but if I aver it should be kept by all Ranks of People, I may run the Danger of giving Offence to *Persons of Fashion*, who would be shock'd to be told a little *Gallantry* was downright *Adultery*. Therefore, to keep some Medium with *People of Distinction*, and my own *Conscience*, I would, with all Deference, ask my *Readers of Quality* what the Breach of their Marriage Vows must be called.—If it is not *Adultery*, it is something strangely like it: The *Men*, indeed, term the Breach of this Command only *keeping a Girl*, or having an *Intrigue*; in the *Ladies* it is call'd *Gallantry*. When so heinous a Sin is conceal'd under such pretty modish Names, it frightens Nobody; it grows on the contrary an innocent and reputable Custom, and no one who has a *Taste for Life* and *Knowledge* of the *Beau Monde*, is surpriz'd at what daily happens among them. To *Persons of my own Condition*, who are not yet above the *Laws of Moses* and *Christianity*, *Adultery* seems nothing else but downright *Adultery*. If therefore we would honour our Maker, and live chastely, we must not follow our *Superiors* in all Things: And here I would take the Liberty to advise the *Wives* of many sober *chaste Citizens*, that they would not in this *Article* imitate the *Ladies at the Court End of the Town*; for tho' the peaceable Behaviour and Patience of their Spouses may be some Temptation to *fashionable Elopements* of this Kind, yet it would be better, in my humble Opinion, to give up their *Politeness* than their *Virtue*.

AS I fear, Mr. Spec, if I go thro' the whole *Decalogue*, I shall exceed the Bounds of your Paper, I must defer the Remainder of this *Essay* to another Opportunity, 'till when, Sir, I shall be

Mid. Temple,
Feb. 26.

Your humble Servant,
And constant Reader,

PHILOTHEUS.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPEC,

PRAY insert in your next the following *Miltonic Rhapsody*, which with some *Melancholy* I have just wrote, and you will oblige a Brother of the Quill.

From my Garret,
White-Fryars.

PHIL. GRUBWIT.

The Poet's Morning Ejaculation to his Empty Pocket.

Wretched the Bard who from a Golden Dream
Of splendid Guineas from Sir ROBERT's Hand
Awakes to Penury and Want, and kens aside
His Galligaskins hang with Pocket wide,
Horribly gaping : He shudders as he views
The frightful, vacant, vast, terrifick Chasm,
And sighing deep, he thus his Plaint begins :
Ill-fated, curs'd Receptacle of Coin,
Why wer't thou made ?—Since thou wer't made in vain.
Who views thy Form, but thence thy Master knows,
A Modern Poet ; like thyself, forlorn :
A wretched Caitiff, like thyself, despis'd.
Why, why do dull Philosophers maintain,
That thro' all Nature's Works all Things are fill'd ?
Here, here, ye speculative Drones, behold
A Proof that all your Theory is false :
Here is a Vacuum (horrible to speak)
That's not unnatural, a Sport of Chance,
But almost ever empty, as 'tis now.

Ye Gods, why stretch ye not yon yawning Gulf
Wider, and wider yet : Expand it far,
Dilated, and opaque : Sink, sink it deep,
Down to the Earth's mid Centre :—Calm and sedate,
With Smiles replete, I'd view th' immense Profound :
Then like the Roman, who in antient Times
Impetuous drove into the Earth's wide Womb,
And fought with Joy a voluntary Death ;
Like him, I'd plunge headlong with Pleasure down
Into the vast Abyss, and think it Heaven.

Strange

Strange Thought ! but that a *Heav'n* must prove to me,
Where *Want*, where *Duns*, where *Bailiffs* are no more.

He said, and starting on his Feet upright,
Impetuous rush'd athwart the *Flocken* Bed
Disconsolate ; awhile he lay entranc'd,
'Till the hard matted *Flocks* awak'd the *Bard*
To *Want*, to *Duns*, to *Bailiffs* once again.



Diffolve Frigus, Ligna super foco
Large reponens. HOR. Lib. 1. Ode 9.
Diffolve the Cold with noble Wine.
And make a rousing Fire. MR. CREECH.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

IT has been often disputed, among the Philosophers, in what Part of the Body the Soul is seated. It will not be thought, I hope, a less important Enquiry, to examine what external Scenes call her forth into Action ; whether her Virtues open fairest in the Sunshine, or the Shade ; in the Closet, or the usual Seat indeed of Intrigue, the Bed-chamber. The old Sages were content, like ignoble Sportsmen, to surprize her in her last Retreat, the Pineal Gland ; I follow her in her strongest Efforts, whether she is pursued by Want, or in Pursuit of Fame.

THE antients Poets, who are generally suppos'd to be the greatest Masters of Thought, attributed their happy Exercise of it to their great Patron the Sun ; that they might enjoy his kind Influences the freer, we find them quitting the Smoke and Riches of the City, for some Country Retirement, where they might temper the directer Rays with cooling Breezes, shady Groves, purling Streams, and Melody of Birds ; where they might behold Nature without Disguise, and copy her without Interruption ; where they might at once earn their Laurels and gather them.

OUR Northern Poets think themselves warranted, at all Adventures, to follow their great Originals, who yet, from the Difference of Climate, as well as Circumstances, seem to stand in little Need of such cooling Refreshments.

It

It would make one smile, if it were not barbarous to smile upon such an Occasion, to see them, beyond even Poetical Fiction, invoking the gentle Gales, while they are shivering under the bleak North-East, or at best when

Lull'd by Zephyrs shro' a broken Pane.

ACCORDING to their own System, we have not above four Poetical Months throughout the Year ; and yet, 'tis well known, we have Verse, as well as Pease, in all Seasons ; and 'tis an Imposition upon your Taste and Judgment, to make us believe, that either of them are the Effects of a natural Shade and Sun. In short, an *Italian* Genius may be produced by a happy Mixture of both ; but a *British* one must be owing to some other Cause, more generally adequate to so great a Production. And what can that be, but the invigorating Warmth of the Chimney-Corner ? Here the Poet may indulge the Overflowings of his Nature, and satisfy the Wants of it ; instead of bubbling Streams, he is delighted with the Galloping of the Pot ; and, as I hinted before, of the Crown of Laurel, may first earn his Dinner, and then eat it.

I KNOW not whether it is from these vivifying Qualities of the Fire-side, that it has been remark'd there is a Sort of Antipathy between that and the Sun ; as if the Poet's tutelary God were sensible of the Force of this earthly Rival, and therefore exerted all his Power to its Destruction.

I HAVE often wonder'd why our Writers should not sometimes lay the Scene of their Poems where in Reality they took their Rise. The Fire is surely capable of the most surprizing Imagery, by being diversified, (if the Poet pleases) with Serpents, Crackers, Rockets, and the like short-liv'd gay Creation of Combustibles. These, Mr. *Addison* has somewhere observ'd, are abundantly capable of Fable and Design, and, to our modern Poets, are no less full of Moral. Those that have not *Italian* Fancy for fine Prospects and latent Ruins, may by this Means perpetuate their Names (like the wiser *Dutch*) in some over-glowing Night-Piece. I myself, methinks, am enamour'd with my Subject, and ready, with Sir *John Denham*, to make it an Example of just Writing, as well as the Theme : For, lo, my Chimney affords me

*A happy Temperature of Heat and Light,
Warm without Rage, and without glaring Bright.*

BUT I confine not my Observations to the Poets alone ; I appeal to composers of all Denominations, whether a brisk Fire, and a clean swept Hearth, has not brighten'd their Imaginations, produced Ideas, like a kind of Hot-Bed, and made them amazed at their own Fecundity.

'TIS farther observable, in Confirmation of my Hypothesis, that the Press labours most with the Production of the Brain in the Winter Season, which seems to be the Seed-time of Wit, and at once (so quick is its Growth) the Harvest of it.

THE Reason is, no doubt, because our Writers, who are generally of tender Constitutions, though of active Spirits, are then under a Sort of domestick Confinement from the Severity of the Weather, and indulge themselves in the only Liberty they have left them ; the free Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper. In the open Fields their Spirits are too much dissipated, but collected in their Chamber are restored by the Warmth of the Fire to their proper Motion and Elasticity. The Souls, especially of our controversial and political Writers, 'tis well known, are much allied to Gunpowder, they lose their Force by too great an Expansion ; but kindled by the least Spark of Fire, they burst from their Garrets with surprizing Report, to the great Terror of a Prime Minister, or Joy of a Pastry-Cook, and demolish a Kingdom, or support a Pye.

THE Country, a few Months in Summer, has undoubtedly its Charms ; but those who have been locked up, like Vegetables, the rest of the Year, are then glad to shoot out in all their gaudy Colours, and attend to the Exercises of the Body, rather than of the Mind. Tho' they laugh at the Absurdity of following a Spaniel up to the Knees in Snow, they can now, with Pleasure, move obsequious to a Jack on a Bowling-Green. The Country is then the Scene of Action, and Nature too luxuriant to herself to permit others to be sedate ; so that I believe the lively Descriptions we meet with of rural Pleasures, are oftener wrote from a Remembrance, than under the actual Enjoyment of them, as most are said to draw up their
Travels

Travels when they are come home. *Italy* has received Improvements from Classick Reading which the Classick Ground never afforded, and the Terrors of *Ætna* have been heighten'd by the Smoke of *Newcastle*.

THE robust, the busy, or unthinking Part of the World, perhaps, are little sensible of the Attractives of the Hearth; but the Men of Speculation, the only Men of Authority in the Point before us, look upon it as their most comfortable Retreat: Wearied with the Fatigues, or, what is worse, the Impertinences of the Day, they retire to their own Home, as the Mind does into her own Breast, and solace themselves in the most chearful Part of it. Disguise and Restraint are here laid aside, and the Soul, as well as the Body, appears the more beautiful for its Dishabille. That Quintessence of earthly Happiness, which, in warmer Climates, was expressed by sitting under one's own *Vine*, is with us more sensibly felt by one's own *Fire-side*.

THE *Romans*, though they received less Benefit from culinary Fire than we do, yet paid to it the greatest Veneration; they had not only a publick Temple dedicated to the Goddess of it, but the Hearth in each House was peculiarly sacred to the *Penates*. Our old Women retain still some Marks of that Superstition; who read the Fates of Families from a Coal, and see a Coffin or Purse jump out just as their Fears or their Hopes are uppermost; all which, though it shews the Weakness of their Brain, yet proves how much adapted the Fire-side is to promote Contemplation.

BUT the Fire is not only a Friend to us in Solitude, it is noted, to a Proverb, to be always so in Company; it brings us to a nearer Converse with one another, by which Means it promotes Reconcilement between Enemies, and Mirth and Society between Friends. There's a Sort of Sullenness in the Tempers of the *English*, which the Fire softens as it does Metals, and renders fit for Use. How often has there been a Room full of Visitants, who could not furnish out an Hour's Conversation, for no other Reason, but because most of them were at too great a Distance from the Fire: The same Assembly, brought into closer Order, and nearer to the Grate, has proved wonderful good Company; it has reminded me of the Dogs in a
Chace

Chace (I hope I shall be pardon'd my Comparison) who open with less Fervency when they spread round the Field at first setting out; but when the Game is started, and they have all one Point in View, they run united in full Cry. While I am speaking in Praise of a sedentary Life, I am not afraid to draw Comparisons from the Pleasures of the most active. Our Fire-side dispels no less the Gloominess of the Brow, and throws upon the Countenance not only the glowing Ruddiness of Youth, but its Chearfulness. Here I have seen a gay Semicircle of Ladies resemble the Beauties of the Rainbow without its Tears; and at other Times a Galaxy of white Aprons more enlivening than all the Blue in the brightest Sky. The Bottle, which is generally supposed the greatest Cement of good Fellowship, occasions too often a turbulent Kind of Mirth; it is an Opium to distemper'd Brains, which puts them into strong Agitations for a Time, and then into as strong a Sleep; whereas true Spirits want no such invigorating Helps. But I need say no worse of that treacherous Friend to Society, than that it excludes one Sex from its Company, and yet united with that Sex by the Fire-side, How serene are our Pleasures, and how innocent! We have Laughter without Folly, and Mirth without Noise: Thereby reflecting the Beams of the *Sunny* Bank before us, we make the Chimney-Corner, I will not say, in *Cicero's* Expression, the *Forge* of Wit, but in our modern Philosophical Term, the *Focus* of it.

I KNOW very well I speak in Behalf of the Fire-side to some Disadvantage, at a Time when we are going to be less sensible of its Charms; but our Inclinations towards it discover themselves very visibly at parting. How late in the Year do we bring ourselves to forego so endearing a Sight? And is not that Month generally most fatal, that threatens us with a Divorce from it? How chearfully, after four Months Absence which we ill sustain, do we run again to the Embraces of our truest our *Winter* Friend? For my own Part, these Thoughts flow from a Sense of Gratitude for the past Pleasure it has afforded me; whatever other Effects they may have upon the Reader, they will convince the *fair* one, I hope, of my Constancy, and that I am not too much disposed to worship the Rising Sun.

From my Fire-side, Mar. 1.

From



From my Chambers, Lincoln's Inn, Wednesday Evening.

AS the following Letter is wrote in *Defence* of the *Fair Sex* against a *Common*, though *unjust Reproach* that is laid upon them, I shall give it for the Entertainment of this Week. The pretty Fellows, who will never allow the other Sex have any Capacity above darning of *Cambrick* or raising of *Paste*, will be surpriz'd at the Acquisitions the Ladies can reach to; and the Ladies cannot be displeased to find their *natural Endowments* so well defended.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

I AM not ashamed to own, in the Introduction to a Letter to you, that I am a faithful Admirer of the *Ladies*; and, like a Champion in their Cause, always defend their Characters against the unjust Reproaches of their Adversaries. I was in Company the other Afternoon, which was made up of both Sexes, where the Conversation accidentally turned on the *Superiority of Man over Woman* in relation to the *Endowments of the Mind*. A very smart young Spark, just come from Oxford, had a Mind to display all his Wit and Learning, and alledged, that exploded Doctrine was true, that *Women* had no *Souls*. Miss SALLY BRISK soon confuted our young Legician that this was an erroneous Maxim, and prov'd, that they not only had Souls, but maintained that they were as *capable*, had they *equal Instructions*, of *Learning, Arts*, and the *Liberal Sciences*, as the *Men*. Our *Oxonian*, on the contrary, was tenacious of the Doctrine he had in part advanced, and defy'd any one to prove, by *Reason, Argument, or Example*, that *Woman* was ever design'd by *Nature* for *Acquisitions of Knowledge*.—I thought, Mr. STONECASTLE, that there was a fair Opportunity to gain the Favour of the *Ladies*, by undertaking their

their Defence; therefore, turning to the Gentleman, I thus answer'd:— I extremely differ from you, Sir, in this Opinion which you have advanced; for I doubt not but I can sufficiently prove, that *Women* are capable of the highest Improvements and the greatest Glory to which Man can be advanced.

HERE I observed the *Fans* began to flutter, and the *Ladies*, by smiling at one another, testified a secret Pleasure, which gave me new Courage thus to proceed.

IF the Authority of a Man of great Learning and Experience in the World will be of any Force, I would urge from *Plutarch* the Truth of my Assertion; who, from the Death of the excellent *Leonide*, takes an Opportunity to make an admirable Discourse to his Friends, of the equal Virtues of Man and Woman; and he doubts not, but if he was to compare their *Lives* and *Actions* with each other, he could make it appear, that as *Sappho's* Verses were equal to those of *Anacreon*, so that *Semiramis* was full as magnificent as *Sesostris*, that *Tanaquilla* was as politick as *King Servius*, and that *Portia* was not inferior in *Courage*, in *Virtue*, and *Manliness of Soul*, to *Brutus* himself. He might here have added that pathetick and lovely Story of *Arria*: *Arria*, with her Husband *Pætus*, were remarkable for their conjugal Affection, the Easiness of their Fortunes, and an uncommon Happiness with which they were blest'd. *Nero*, who heard of their Felicity, which exceeded his own, and who envied those Joys that he could not attain to, order'd them to be put to Death: *Arria* receiv'd the Command of the Tyrant with all the Resolution of the most intrepid Man, yet with all the Tenderness of the most indulgent Wife; she saw her Husband's Courage begin to flag, and imagining it to be from a Concern for her, she snatch'd up a Dagger, and plunged it in her Side; then with a Smile she address'd her *Pætus*,— It is not, MY PÆTUS, from the Wound which I have receiv'd that I feel any Pain; that which you will receive, 'tis that which grieves me. Thus this faithful Woman exceeded the Man both in Courage and in Love.

BUT let us turn our Eyes to the *Holy Scriptures*, and see if we can find there this notable Superiority in the Nature of Man above Woman; I mean in their Capacities and

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and *Faculties*. MOSES assures us, that *Woman* as well as *Man* was created after the Image of God ; if *Man* was endowed with a rational, free, and immortal Soul, so was *Woman* ; both were made by the same omnipotent Hand, and after the same eternal Idea ; the Subjection was only the Punishment of her Fall, and not the *Defect* of her *Nature*. The *Soul* knows no Difference of *Sex* ; but that of the *Woman*, as it has no Bar to hinder its Operation, and render it less capable, is endowed with the same *Faculties* and *Power*.

I ACKNOWLEDGE that many of the *Antients* have spoke much to the Reproach of the *Sex* ; and the *Moderns*, who take every Thing for granted which they find deliver'd down to them, have brought the same Accusations, that they are *weak* in *Council*, deficient in *Courage*, inordinate in their *Passions*, mutable in their *Wills*, and unfit for *Government*. For this Reason the *polite Greeks* despised them ; and the *Romans* made Laws that they should have *Guardians* even in their *grown Age* and *Widowhood*. Against all these we shall need no other Proof than the Examples of *Women*, who have attained the highest Glory for publick *Virtues* ; for, if I prove *some* of the *Sex* to have been so, I maintain my Proposition, that the *Sex* is *capable* of *being so*.

WHAT Excellence is there in *Man* which is not in *Woman* ? Is it *Wisdom*, *Discretion*, or *Policy* ? The *Sacred History*, in the Character of *Abigail*, says, she was a *Woman* of a good *Understanding*, and of a beautiful Countenance, and her Story all along makes good the first Part of her Character. Her Husband was a churlish, rich Fool, who had unadvisedly drawn upon himself the Rage of *David*, a King in Arms ; the Servants knowing *Nabal's Temper* and Incapacity for good Advice, one of them acquaints his Lady with what had happen'd ; she immediately apprehends the Danger, and prevents it ; she commands some of her Family to attend her, and, with a rich Present in her Hand, meets *David* in his Way to *Nabal's House*, full of Anger and Resolution to destroy it : But *Abigail* is so perfectly skill'd in the Manner how to frame her Deportment and Speech, that she soon softens the enraged Soldier. As soon as she sees the King, with the utmost Haste and Submission she throws herself from her Horse,

Horse, and falls prostrate before him: Her Beauty, her Words, but chiefly her Wisdom, prevail'd on him, who came to be the Destroyer of her and her Family, to be the Defender of it. This may be said to be a Family Case, and nothing more than what Fondness and Love of her Husband prompted her to. But *Plutarch* gives an Instance of Wisdom in the whole Body of the *Celtic Women*, who, when their Country was torn into Divisions and *Civil War*, would not desist from their Importunity and Mediation 'till their Arms were laid down, and a general Peace settled in all their Cities and Families; which Action was so great, and so acceptable a Service to their Country, that it grew into a Custom among them to admit and summon their Women to Council. So that in the League which they long after made with *Hannibal*, this was one Article—*If the Celtae have any Manner of Complaint against the Carthaginians, the Carthaginian Commander in Spain shall judge it: But if the Carthaginians have any Thing to lay to the Charge of the Celtae, it shall be brought before the CELTIC WOMEN.*

NOR have Women less Share in *Learning* than in *Wisdom* and *Discretion*. The antient *Mythologists* made *Minerva* the Goddess, as well as *Apollo* the God of *Learning*. In *Holy Writ* we find *Huldah* the Prophetess, who liv'd in a College, consulted by the greatest Statesmen of her Time and Country. It was *Aspatia* who instructed *Pericles*, a Man as eminent for his *Oratory* as his *Martial Expeditions*. It was *Cornelia*, the Mother of the *Gracchi*, was so great a Mistress of *Eloquence* and *Learning*, that she instructed both her Sons, and enabled them to make a considerable Figure in the *Forum*; and *Athenais* rose to the *Eastern Empire* by the Force of her *Learning*, tho' the Daughter of a mean *Athenian*.

NOR have our own Times wanted such Ornaments of the Sex; nor has our own Nation: Why need I mention our *Chudleigh's*, *Finche's*, *Ebn's*, *Singer's*? Since, had I nam'd Mrs. *Barber* only, who has lately publish'd some *Poems*, you would allow she excels most of our present *Poets*: And what is particular, to her Honour be it known, that she never stoops, for an infamous Applause, to those Loosenesses from which so many of both Sexes have deriv'd all their *Fame*.

I KNOW

I KNOW that few *Men* will allow it proper that *Women* should employ their Time in the Study of *Literature*; but I am of a contrary Opinion; and in my next Epistle I will shew, that as the *Fair Sex* are capable of being improv'd by *Arts* and *Learning*, the Study of them is no Ways improper. 'Till when, I shall remain,

Your constant Reader,

W. FAIRLOVE.



Heu patrie! heu plebes scelerata & prava favoris.

Sil. Ital.

Alas! to what a depraved and false Taste are the common People devoted!

From my Chambers, Lincoln's Inn, Wednesday Evening.

HERE are not only in every Age, but almost every Year, *Words, Terms, and Expressions* which become the favourite Mode of Speech, and which make our Language have as many Changes as our Fashions. It would be impossible to enumerate all the *Words* which have been in Vogue for a few Years last past, and which have had their Run through Persons of all Ranks and Denominations; for in *Speaking*, as in *Dress*, there is a regular Kind of Course. A new Word at *St. James's*, like a new Cut of the Sleeve, is some Time before it makes its Way to the *City*; from the *City* it proceeds to the *Country*, and travels, by set Stages, thro' the whole Kingdom, and is gradually used by the whole People. Of all our favourite Words lately, none has been more in Vogue, nor so long held its Esteem, as that of TASTE. A Poem OF TASTE, wrote by a favourite Author, seemed first to bring it into Fashion. Another Poet, finding the Success of that Piece, wrote one which he called *The Man of Taste*, and still brought the Word more into Use. When it became general, and an entire favourite

favourite Expression in the Town, a *Dramatick Author* embraced the lucky Opportunity, and brought it on the Stage, and not injudiciously gave his Play the Name of *The Man of Taste*. It has now introduced so much Politeness among us, that we have scarce a grave Matron at *Covent-Garden*, or a jolly Dame at *Stocks-Market*, but what is elegant enough to have a *Taste* for Things. I could instance some Examples to what an Abuse this Word is descended; but shall, for the present, more agreeably entertain my Readers with the following Letter, which is a just Satire on the present *Taste* and *Judgment* of the *English Nation*.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

AS the Word *Taste* is lately grown into universal Use, and the Sense of it as universally laid Claim to; the Frequency of the Expression flung me the other Day into some Reflections on the *real Taste* and *Judgment* of our Nation: If you may think my Thoughts, though not entirely regular, any Way just or agreeable, do me the Favour to give them a Place in your *Lucubrations*.

AS much as the present Age lays a Claim to *Taste*, upon Examination, I am afraid, they have but little or no Title to it: It is a Complaint that the *Genius* of our *modern Writers* is low and despicable: I acknowledge that the ordinary *Genius* of our Authors appears indifferent enough, but it is certain, that those who are distinguished among us are not liable to this Censure. There are Writers who have lately produced some fine Pieces, which have been justly esteemed; I need not, I believe, mention all these Pieces, when I inform you I mean those publish'd by the Author of the *Essay on Man*. As for the Writers for the Stage, I can't think there is so much a Deficiency of *Genius* in them, as a Deficiency of *Taste* in an Audience. It is the Interest of *Dramatick Writers* to please, and while they can do it at so cheap a Rate, by indulging the Town in *Whims* and *extravagant Productions*, they will not care to run the Hazard of Writing regular. They compose their Pieces to the *Taste* of the
Times,

Times, and therefore, a Production of this Nature often meets with Applause one Season, which is condemn'd as a bad one the next: On the contrary, when an Audience has render'd Justice to some deserving Author, their Change of *Taste*, that is, their *natural Levity*, will not suffer him long to enjoy the Reputation they have given him. There is nothing more subject to the Inequality of Judgment, than the Writings of Authors. It is not long since the *ACHILLES* of Mr. GAY was admired, and, in Spight of a falling off from the Humour he had before shewn, notwithstanding there was no Plot, and little to please in any one Scene, it had a Run of about thirty Nights, to crowded Audiences: That same Piece is now never exhibited; it's cry'd down by every Versifier in the Town, without any Respect to the Applause they were before so lavish of. I could give other Instances of the Fickleness of my Countrymen's Judgment in relation to some present Writers; but I chuse to forbear, and consider in the Stead the *variable Taste* our Connoisseurs have lately shewn in *Musick*. A few Years ago we were running mad after *Italian Operas*; the Theatres were deserted, and nothing but the Warbling of an Eunuch could have any Power to please: The *Beggar's Opera* turned the Scale, and the whole Town at once altered their Judgment; nothing then was thought more ridiculous than an *Italian Air*; nothing more captivating than the Tune of an old *English Ballad*: The whole *Beau Monde* immediately gave over humming *fi Caro, Caro fi*, and *Pretty Polly Say*, was substituted in its Room. When *English Ballads* had lost their *Novelty*, the more refined Part of the Town lost their *Taste* for them: They could no longer bear the Thoughts that the *Genius* of the Nation was grown so deprav'd, as to prefer such paltry Sonnets to the *Musick* and Voices of *Italy*: Foreign *Operas* again came into Vogue, and have remained so ever since. Last Year the *Taste* of the Town was shewn by admiring the Excellence of *FARINELLI*: Every one was lavish in his Praise, and the Criticks in publick affirm'd, that *Italy* never before produced any one like him, and never would again. Yet we have another *Eunuch* lately arriv'd, who exceeds *FARINELLI*: The *Taste* of the Town already begins to alter, and I don't doubt but it will be as impolite in a Week

not to commend Signor CONTI, as it was last Year not to be ravish'd with FARINELLI. The Foreigners know the Taste of the *English* better than the *English* do themselves: They find it consists in *Novelty*, and they are sure to hit it if they can but supply us with something *new*. 'Tis hence the *last Italian* Singer is, for a Time, reckon'd the *best*, and that a *French Rope-Dancer* and *Tumbler* is look'd on with Pleasure and Admiration.

SINCE then we may see on what the general Taste of the *English* is founded, (a *Love of Novelty*) we may conclude, that good Judges of Writing are as rare as good Authors, and it is as difficult to find Judgment in one, as Genius in the other. Every one endeavours to give a Reputation to what pleases him, and therefore it happens, that the MANY value that most which is most agreeable to their ill Judgment and moderate Understanding. They cannot bear long the same *Taste* for any Thing; and the Merit they are accustomed to, forms, with Time, an envious Habit, and the valuable Pieces they have applauded, make no more Impressions as *good*; they bring a Distaste, as *old*. Those, on the contrary, which deserve no Esteem, are not less rejected as *bad*, than sought after as *new*.

I WOULD not be thought to lay it down as a Truth, that there are in *England* no *just Judges*: There are some who never *dislike* any Thing that ought to *please*, and are never *pleas'd* with what is *trifling* and *absurd*; but the *Multitude*, either ignorant or prepossess'd, bear down the Current of *false Taste* those few who have a better Knowledge than themselves.

THERE is another Instance of *English Taste* which I cannot pass over: It is a passionate Affection for what is done in any other Time but our own, and an utter Dislike for whatever is done in the present. This may seem to contradict what I said in relation to our Countrymen's Love for Novelty: But I mean it to have regard only to *Comedies*. How many are play'd as *Stock Plays*, and approv'd of, because approv'd of in the last Age, which if they were now to be brought as new ones, they would not be suffer'd to be heard through: They will extol the *Writers* of the *last Age*, and condemn *all* of this. The chief Obstacle of their Esteem is, to *live*; the most favourable Recommendation is, to *have been*: They will

commend, after Death, the Man whom, when living, they unjustly censured.

AS I have endeavour'd to shew what is the Foible in what we call *Taste*, I would briefly mark out a Way to form a just Taste. To form a sound Judgment of *Men* or their *Works*, it is necessary to consider them by themselves : To have a Contempt or Respect for Things past, according to their little Worth, or their Desert : Nor should what is *new* be opposed through a Spirit of *Aversion*, nor be *prais'd* through a Fondness for *Novelty*. *Nature* should be the only Rule by which we should judge ; and when an Author keeps strict to that, he ought in Justice to hit the *Taste* of the Age.

BUT while I am giving Rules by which People are to know when they ought to be pleased, I myself may most displease them : Therefore, Sir, lest my Notions should not be agreeable to the *Taste* of your Readers, I shall conclude myself

Your humble Servant, and

Constant Reader,

MISO-MODERN TASTE.



Credula res amor est. Utinam temeraria dicat
Criminibus falsis infimulasse virum. Ovid. Epist.

*So credulous is Love, I wish it might be said,
The Charge was rashly, and most falsely, laid.*

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn, Wednesday Evening.

I AM never better pleas'd than when I receive any Letters from my *fair Correspondents* ; they have such an artless Manner in the Delivery of their Thoughts, yet with something so pathetick, that they always seem to write the real Sentiments of their Hearts. I have receiv'd

two Letters last Week of this Kind, which require immediate Consideration ; therefore, to oblige the *Ladies*, I have inserted them in this Paper, and hope they will have a proper Effect.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

THE generous Sentiments of Humanity, but more particularly the *Care* and *Tenderness* for our *Sex*, which runs through your Writings, has embolden'd me to become your Correspondent: I have a Complaint to make of a Wrong, which, if it is in any one's Power, it is in yours only to redress: It is of the Perfidy of a Husband who abuses my Bed; but in such a Manner, that my Life is grown a Burthen, and I am become the most miserable of Women: I am confident no Wife who has the least Love for her Husband could, without the utmost Concern, even hear of his Falshood; yet Prudence might so far direct her, that if she had not undoubted Proofs of his Treachery, she could keep her Suspicions and Discontent within her own Bosom: *Gallantry* among the Men is at present so fashionable, that a Breach of the most sacred Tie is accounted no Crime: But the Perfidy and Imprudence of the Man of whom I complain, can have no Colour of such Pretence to justify his base Proceedings; *Intrigue*, and the *Pursuit of Women*, either in an *equal Station* as myself, or even of an *equal Beauty*, with Reluctance I would attribute to the *Mode of the Age*; but how can I account for his abusing me with my own *Servant Maids*, but by the *natural Viciousness* of his *Temper*. Mr. SPEC, there is not a Servant I can take into my House, but he'll either frighten them away with his Attempt to ruin them, or keep them as his *Mistresses*, under my Nose: You may be assur'd that I spend my Life miserable enough, for I have not Power enough to discharge them; and tho' he is complaisant to these mean, worthless Wretches, he is a perfect *Tyrant* over me: Nor is it *his Tyranny* only that I am borne down with; but the very Wenches, with whom he has his Amours, take upon 'em all the insolent Airs they can shew; with a saucy Impertinence they reply to whatever I ask, or

whatever I order them to do.—The other Day I bid the impudent Baggage, who lives with me at present, perform some necessary Business of the Family, which she absolutely denied; and on my speaking somewhat rough to her—she told me, she would not bear it, but tell her *Master* of the ill Usage I gave her.—I will not enumerate any more out of the thousand and thousand Circumstances I could mention. You may guess at my Misfortunes, and I hope will partly relieve them by publishing this and your Remarks upon it, which I earnestly desire you would do speedily, in Pity to,

Your constant Reader,

MARY HORNER.

THE Condition of this Lady is truly melancholy, and the Treatment of her Husband carries with it such a Mixture of *Folly* and *Barbarity*, that I know not in what Manner to write, that it may have a proper Effect on his Temper: I suppose he is, or thinks he is, a Man of *Wit* and *Gallantry*; but let me tell him, it is but a dirty Kind of *Taste*, to long to drink out of an *Hospital Black-Jack*, or a *Bedlam Horn* of Small Beer, when a *Venice Glass* of neat Wine is set before him: I hope, on due Consideration, he will alter his Conduct, lest his *Folly* should be parallel to a silly whimsical Lord's, who cut down a fair flourishing Tree, that bore delicious Fruit, only to plant a Crab Stump in its Room. I would have this Gentleman consider, before he falls more severely under my Censure, that to continue such a *sordid Slave* to his *Passion*, is to degrade his Creation into the Scale with that of Beasts, who are hurried only by their *brutal Sense* and *Appetite*, with Exclusion both of *Judgment* and *Reason*.——I shall expect to hear a different Account of his Behaviour to his Wife, or he shall be exposed in a future Paper, in a Manner that will be no way agreeable to him.

MY next Correspondent has a Complaint, though of a different Nature, which deserves equal Consideration; for I can no more esteem an *ungenerous Lover*, than a *false brutal Husband*.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

I SHALL begin with telling you what may Surprise you, that what you have recommended to our Sex as the only Method to *true Happiness*, has made me *unhappy*——A *Love of Virtue*.——To explain this Riddle:——I have, for some Time, been address'd by a young Gentleman, in whom all Charms seem'd to meet for my Undoing: His *Conversation* was genteel and engaging; his *Person* form'd to please, but his *Soul* fill'd with *Treachery* and *Hypocrisy*.——Such was the Man, who, after frequent Visits, and constant Pretensions to *honourable Love*, won so far upon my Affections, as to make me confess the Esteem I had for him: Scarce had he gain'd this Confession from me, but this artful *treacherous Creature* chang'd the Scene: At the next Visit he began a Conversation which surprized me; for he ridiculed Marriage as the Invention of *Priestcraft*, an *Imposition* on Mankind, and that true *Love* required no such *Ties*.——In short, with a great deal of *Gravity*, he would have persuaded me to have yielded up my Honour.——Believe me, Sir, this unexpected Proposal struck me with so much Horror, that I could not immediately make him any Answer; but when I had a little recover'd myself, I shew'd such a Detestation to his Discourse, and urged such Reasons against him, that he ask'd Pardon in the most submissive Terms, and own'd himself convinced of his Error: Pleas'd with the *imaginary Conquest*, I readily forgave him. Several Days pass'd, and nothing but the most solemn Protestations of *virtuous Love* and Esteem were utter'd by him; 'till being alone with him one Evening, he endeavour'd to possess that by *Force*, that he could not gain by *false Vows* and *false Arguments*: But I was again Conqueror, and Fool enough again to forgive him. If the most modest Behaviour, and tenderest Expressions, were a Sign of *real Love*, he, for some Time, shew'd it; but it was only to introduce another Artifice, in a Manner he hoped would succeed: He own'd he thought Marriage the only solid Happiness, and desired I would give my Consent to have him: My Heart would not let me deny

what it so much wish'd for ; I consented immediately, and he fix'd the Day : We join'd Hands to make the Engagement more sacred ; but while he grasp'd mine, looking eagerly upon me, he cry'd, in a tender Tone of Voice—*Now, now, my Dear, we are, in the Sight of Heaven, actually Man and Wife ; you have now nothing to fear on Account of your Virtue ; for what before would have been your Dishonour, is now become your Duty : Deny me no longer those Pleasures which now I have a just Claim to, and which I will ever repay with mutual Love and mutual Constancy, or may Heaven pour on me all the Curses—*Here I interrupted him, and bid him not call down for Vengeance on his Head : *I see, Sir,* said I, *your Design, and that you are not shock'd to desire Heaven to be a Witness to your Falshood ; you design not to marry me ; for would you think me worthy to be your Wife, when you had found me wicked enough to be—*What I cannot name to you.—*No, Sir, you are base enough to be bent on my Ruin, but at least it shall be innocent : I have been weak enough to have confess'd I lov'd you, I do so ; but unless you intend to perform your Promise, never see me more ; I shall bear the Pain of losing the Man I esteem, but never can the Reflection of the Loss of my Virtue.—*On this he protested his Intentions were still honourable, and I should soon be convinced they were. We parted ; I in Hopes of being happy, he with a Design never to see me more, for the next, the next Morning he sent me the following Billet.

M A D A M,

YOUR Notions of *Virtue* and mine don't at all agree ; nor do our *Sentiments* about *Marriage* ; in Complaisance I gave up the Argument ; but here I shall take the Liberty to tell you, I never intend to *marry* ; therefore you'll be troubled with no more Occasions to shew your *Virtue* to (once)

Yours,

S. F.

YOU see, Mr. SPECTATOR, the Falshood of this Man ; yet I cannot but love him, as far as is consistent with the Rules of Honour : He does not want *Sense* ; there-

therefore I am not without Hopes, that if you should print this, and only tell him, that he has not acted like a *Gentleman*, nor a Man of *common Honesty*, it would bring him to Reflection, and a just Sense of his *Errors*: It might convince him that it is a Barbarity so basely to leave me, after he has had Art enough to win my Affections, by a Pretence to the most *virtuous Passion*: However, it may have this Effect, that though he may never see me again, he may alter his Conduct, and attempt no more to abuse any other Lady's Credulity, and render her as unhappy, if not more miserable, than

LUCIANA.

I AM afraid, from the Picture LUCIANA has given of her Lover, there is not much to be hoped from his *Reflections*; he seems a downright *Libertine*; who has Art enough to *deceive*, and *Baseness* enough to ruin any Woman he likes: Yet, if he is not an absolute Profligate, the Steadiness of the Lady's Virtue, join'd to the Tenderness she expresses for him, must have some Effect on his Heart. *Honour* and *Honesty* (if to either he makes Pretence) will induce him to make Reparation to a Woman whom he has injured by deceiving. But should he be such an abandon'd Wretch as to think he has done no *Act of Injustice*, nor that those *Vows* he swore, nor that *solemn Engagement* he made are any way binding, LUCIANA, instead of thinking herself *unhappy*, should return Thanks to Heaven for the Escape she has had; for a Man of such Principles, whenever he marries, will prove as *bad* when a *Husband*, as he was *pernicious* when a *Lover*.





Asperitas agrestis et inconcinna

Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. 18:

Rustic, inelegant, uncouth.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

MR. SPEC,

AS by your Office you are *Censor* of the *Manners*, as well as *Morals* of Mankind, I know not to whom more properly to make my Complaint than your Worship: If I am not mistaken, you some Time ago favour'd your Readers with the *Art of modern Conversation*, in which you ridiculed several Foibles and Indecorums of both Sexes; but the Topick was so general, that several Inconsistencies escaped your Censure. There is one Maxim to support *Wit* and *Humour* in *Conversation*, with which I have been but lately made acquainted, and which, as yet, perhaps, has not reach'd your Knowledge; but that you may the better judge whether it is either *Wit* or *Humour*, I must acquaint you with my Case. I happen'd lately to fall into a mix'd Company, among which was a *North Country* 'Squire, just come to Town; who, when the Cup had gone freely round, to shew us *Londoners* he had as much *Sense* as any of us all, resolv'd to give us some publick Proofs of it: This Gentleman, I found, was, in his own Country, a *reputed Wit*, but his *Humour*, I soon perceiv'd, consisted in the *Activity* of his Body, and Thickness of his Bone; and to shew himself *very witty*, he had nothing to do but to shew himself *very strong*: He therefore not only threw down one, by a Slight he was Master of in Wrestling, and, with abundance of *Wit*, hoisted another up in the Air, but he gave us several farther Proofs of the *Sprightliness* of his Genius, by a great many Leaps he made, about a Yard high, and with this artful Design, to fall accidentally (on Purpose) on somebody's Toes; which

inge-

ingenious Fancy was applauded by those who did not feel the Sarcasm of his Jest : As for my Part, as I was the chief Subject of the Gentleman's *Satire* and *Raillery*, I could by no Means join in the general Laugh, nor have Complaisance enough to applaud what he, it seem'd, call'd *Wit* and *Humour*.——Now, Mr. SPEC, if this *Toe-Kind of Repartee* is to pass for *Wit* and *Humour*, consider only what Number of his Majesty's Liege Subjects will be excluded from being *witty* in *Conversation* : Therefore, grave Sir, I humbly pray that you, by Virtue of your *Spectatorial Authority*, shall prohibit this active Kind of Wit, and publickly forbid, in your mandatory Letters, any one to esteem giving another a *Fall* to be *Wit*, or *breaking his Toes* to pass for *Humour*.——By this Prohibition your Worship may secure your *own Toes*, as well as, for the future, those of

May the 26th,
Westminster,

Your humble Servant,

J. SLENDER.

ACCORDING to Mr. SLENDER's Desire, I think it entirely proper to lay an Injunction on the smart Fellows who are inclined to make a Figure in this vigorous Kind of Wit, not to proceed : It is a *Humour* which, if propagated into a Fashion, may be attended with tragical Consequences in this *Metropolis*, where the Inhabitants have so sacred a Regard for their *Toes*, that the least Touch upon them is look'd on as so great an Affront, that that they must revenge it at the Hazard of their *Lives*. But as there are some merry dispos'd People who would as soon lose their *Life* as their *Jest*, I take upon me to affirm, that jumping on a Man's Foot is no *Jest*, or *Wit*, or *Humour*, if practis'd on any one within forty Miles of London. Beyond that Distance I will indulge all *Ploughmen*, and *Country Squires*, to be as *witty* as they are *robust* ; and the breaking a Toe or Shin shall not endanger the Wit, who did it only in the Gaity of his Heart, the breaking of his Head, But yet I must lay this Restraint on my *Country Wits*, that this rough Merriment shall no where be esteem'd *Humour*, but at *Wakes*, &c, where they may meet with those who are their *Match* in their *sacertious Witticisms*, and return the Jest with equal Spirit and

Activity.—As for my *Northern 'Squire*, of whom my Correspondent complains, I must for his own Sake inform him, that the Men of Spirit here have no Notion of a *witty Caper*, but may, instead of another Jump, return his Repartee with a violent Motion of the Arm: If from a Habit or natural Flow of Genius he cannot give over being so *actively humorous*, I must recommend him to the Conversation of the *Dancing-Masters* of the Town, and the *Harlequins* and the *Pierrots* of the *Theatres*, who are the only People I know of, whose *Wit* entirely lies *below their Knees*.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

IF your *Predecessor*, or rather the Founder of your *Spectatorial Scheme*, who, about twenty Years ago, reform'd the Follies of the Town, has an Authority with you, it is not absurd to lay before you a Complaint which he would not only receive but redress. It is a little Affair in private Life, but the Inconvenience I receive from it, and the Apprehension I have of its becoming a publick Evil, will justly entitle you to take it under Consideration. You must know I am a Tradesman in *Fleet-Street*, who frequent a Coffee-House near the *Temple*, where a great many *Wits*, and pretty Fellows, of that learned Society, resort to, and consequently I sometimes fall into Conversation with them. I am not a *Wit* indeed, nor do I pretend to it; yet I have *Sense* enough to know when I am imposed on: A young Barrister has lately taken it into his Head to contradict every Thing I say, and to prove that I understand nothing of *Politicks*, of *Religion*, of *Action*, or even of my own Trade, *Books*. I often would have resented the Affront in a proper Manner, but he has such a *Salvo* for the most provokings Things he says, that I know not how to shew I am affronted; for whenever he has rais'd a Laugh against me, and sees that I am in a Passion, he cries out with a Smile, *No Offence, I hope, dear Mr. TESTY.*—
What can I do then, but answer, *No, no,—No Offence,*

Sir.

Sir.—Yet this won't satisfy him, in five Minutes after, he'll say some shocking sneering Sarcasm on me, and tag it again with—*No Offence, Sir, I hope.*—Look ye, Mr. SPEC, this *No Offence, dear Sir*, is growing into a witty Kind of Humour; and a Man will always be affronted with that palliating Conclusion, without ever being able to shew his Resentment: Therefore I insist upon it that you tell these *Wits*, that their *No Offence, dear Sir*, is not sufficient Satisfaction for the antecedent Injury, and that you will not allow it to be any *Humour*: But if *you* should, I will not, but be very much offended at their *No Offence*, as they shall find whenever they try the *Experiment* again upon,

Yours,

DAN. TESTY.

P. S. I concluded a little too *hastily*; for I intend to take your *Advice* in this Affair.

I AM glad to find my Friend TESTY's Postscript in another Style than the Conclusion of his Letter; otherwise, from his hasty Temper, and the young Barrister's Jocularity, something dangerous might have ensued. As for the Words, *No Offence, I hope*, they were originally my old Friend's, Sir WILFUL WITWOUND's, in *The Way of the World*; and I can by no Means condemn them, as they ask Pardon for any Offence committed, and tend much to preserve *Peace* and *Amity* in all Disputes and argumentative Controversies. I would advise Mr. TESTY, if he cannot bear the Wit of the young Gentleman he complains of, not to make Choice of his Conversation; for, as near as I can guess at Mr. TESTY's Temper, they are the only proper Words that can be used by whoever contradicts him, and instead of censuring the bringing them into Vogue, I cannot but think but by proper Application they might be of general Service in publick Conversation.

Nun



Nunquam minus Solus, quam cum Solus.

Cic. de Offic. Lib. 3.

Never less alone, than when alone.

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn. Wednesday Evening.

THE *Motto*, which I have chose as proper for this Day's Paper, is a Maxim which very few of our *modern fine Gentlemen and Ladies* may approve of; but shudder at the Doctrine when I acquaint them it was the *Saying* of a *Philosopher*, who was of a gloomy Temper enough to advance, *that a Man was never less alone, than when alone.* As much a *Paradox* as this may at first seem, the Truth of it will evidently appear after a short Examination: If to be Master of one's own Time and Actions is an Instance of Liberty, we cannot enjoy a Freedom, which all Mankind seem to desire, among a Number of Companions; I am therefore often surprized when I see the Generality of the World run into a *voluntary Slavery*, and, from a false Notion of enjoying every Hour of their Life in Pleasure, never know an agreeable Moment in it. Whoever lives in a Crowd is consequently a Slave; and tho' he may think, from the Compliments paid him, and the Civilities with which he is treated, that he is his own Master; yet when he is hinder'd from going where he intended, or doing what otherwise he would, he can no longer call himself free, but must acknowledge he is a Dependant on the Caprices of others, through a *modish Complaisance*, and his Life, at best, is but a continued Scene of a *courtly Bondage*.

FROM different Causes People are apt to become this Sort of Slaves; some from the Fondness of *Popularity*, some from the Pride of ever having a *Levee of Followers*,
but

but most I believe from an *Impatience* of being at any Time by *themselves*.

FROM a Fondness of being popular it is that my Lord *Newtittle* lives at home in the midst of a Multitude; his Dressing Room is every Day filled with People who come to pay their Adoration to the Idol of the Place, and who in Return graciously repays every Bow with a condescending Smile; he talks to all equally, and equally professes a Friendship for all; he never appears dissatisfied at any Request, nor ever lets any one go from him dissatisfied by his Refusal to serve them: At different Times he gives his *Honour* to two Rivals who are in Competition for the same Post, to serve them both, tho' he never intends to serve either of them: When the Business of his own *Levee* is over, he hurries to another, where among an equal Multitude, he pays such Adoration to another as he before received himself. From thence to *Court*, from *Court* to the *Senate*, from the *Senate-House* to Dinner, where Engagements are made to pass the rest of the Day: In a perpetual Variety of Company thus my Lord would enjoy himself; but so successful is he in his Pleasures, so large in his Retinue of *Dependants*, *Followers*, *Friends* and *Companions*, that he has no Enjoyment at all: He would be thought to live to the World, and to gain this Character is in a constant Hurry and Fatigue: He would seem to have *Liberty* and *Leisure* enough to serve *all Men*, but to make a *proper Use* of his *own Time* he has none.

HOW contrary, but how much more amiable is the Character of Sir *William Manly*: Without a rigid Severity and affected Hatred to the World, he *dares* own he is a Lover of *Solitude* and *Contemplation*; he is *well-bred*, but yet has not so much *Complaisance* as to let every *Impertinent* rob him of that Time which he knows how to *employ*; he is *learned*, but chuses not to make a Shew of it in a miscellaneous Conversation, and enjoy the dull Praises of Blockheads to gain by them a Character of a *Wit*; tho' a Friend to agreeable Society, yet sometimes to any Society he prefers a *Recess*; for as he can be agreeable to his *Acquaintance*, so he can be agreeable to *himself*; in his own Breast he considers the Characters of *Mankind*, and sets before his Eyes the *Vices*, *Follies*, *Whims*,

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Whims, Humours, Arts and Depravities of human Nature: Thus in his *most retired Moments* he has *most Company*, in his *deepest Solitude* he is in the greatest Hurry, and like *SCRIPIO*, the Author of my *Motto*, knows how to be *least alone*, when he is *alone*.

I COULD carry this Essay to a farther Length, but must give Place to my Correspondents, whose Letters drew me into this Track of Thought, and which will better illustrate what I intended to say on this Subject.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

I WAS lately left Heir to a considerable Estate in a County some Distance from L O N D O N ; and consequently, when I went down to take Possession of it, I receiv'd and paid Visits in a great Number ; I imagin'd this was only common Civility to a Stranger, and the Fatigue of continually being in a *great Company* was to be of no longer Duration than 'till I had been introduc'd to all the neighbouring Gentlemen : But my *Steward*, Sir, has undeceiv'd me, and says it is the *Custom* of the *Country* to live in this Manner to keep up the old *English Hospitality*. No Man has a more real *British Heart* than myself ; but am I, to prove myself a Friend to my Country, to be an Enemy to my own *Quiet and Repose* ? Must I incessantly *guzzle* to obtain the Reputation of a Man of common *Humanity*, and be robb'd of my *Time* to shew my Complaisance to those who cannot make a Moment of it *agreeable* to me ? It is not, Sir, from a *false Frugality* that I make this Complaint ; I care not how much *Wine* or *Ale* I was to contribute for the *publick Service* ; but to be subject to the *Will* of any *Squire*, and never in my own *Power*, is more properly being a *Slave* than an *Englishman* : To have one's Hours and *Recess* at the Mercy of *Visitants* and *Intruders*, is an *errant Bondage* ; and there is as much Reason and Equity to rob us of our Money as of our Time. — Mr. Spec, tho' I love to be Master of myself, yet I would not venture to deny my being at home here, as they do in *London*, 'till I heard

heard your Opinion, whether a Man could love his Country, yet sometimes love to be alone.—Your Judgment shall direct the Conduct of,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

L. M.

THE Letter from my next Correspondent may serve as a Direction to the former.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

I LIVE in a Country where your Paper is generally receiv'd, and a great Deference paid to your Judgment; therefore I desire to know whether I have committed any Error in the Method I have taken to rid myself of a Parcel of *impertinent Visitants*, who, under the Pretext of *Friendship* and *Hospitality*, would never let me enjoy a whole Day in the Manner most agreeable to me. When I came down to my Seat here, it was with a Design to retire from the Hurry of the World, and relieve my Mind sometimes with a pleasing Contemplation on *Men* and *Things*; but I soon found that every *worshipful* Blockhead within twenty Miles of Me had a Freedom to disturb me under the Notion of doing me a *Favour*. The Consequence of such Visits was a *Drinking Bout*, in which, Noise, singing *Catches*, hallooing *Hounds*, huzzaing *Healts*, shew'd the whole Force of their *Wit*, Delicacy in *Conversation*, and Principles in *Politicks*. As this Method of spending my Time was contrary to the Bent of my Humour, I resolv'd on an Expedient that would prevent such Visitants: I never drank more than a *Pint* myself, and was ill mannerly enough to maintain publickly, that *Guzzling* was not the *ultimate End of Man*: I never talk'd of *Hounds* or *Horses*, but *Books* and *Poetry*; when 'Squire *Foxchace* prais'd his *Kennel*, I commended *Ateon's Pack* of Dogs in *Ovid*; and when Mr. *Jockeyman* describ'd *Lightfoot*, I repeated

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a Description of a Horse in *Virgil*: By this Means I have frighten'd all your *mere Country 'Squires* from my Conversation, and possess sometimes by *myself*, sometimes among select Friends, that *Retirement* which I came here to *enjoy*. — But as I am for this accounted a *strange, unsociable, melancholy* Fellow, be so good, Mr. *Spec*, to inform this Part of *Great-Britain*, that a Man, though *alone*, mayn't be without *Company*, nor be *unsociable*, though he can't swallow down a *Gallon*, which would oblige

Northumberland,
June 1.

Your constant Reader,

R. FREEMAN.

AS the other Correspondent is of the *Fair Sex*, I cannot omit her Complaint of the same Nature, and subjoin my Sentiments, which may serve there as a Comment on on the whole.

To the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

I AM a great Lover of *Solitude*, and a Detester of many Visitors, for which Reason I have taken a retir'd Lodging at the Place from whence this is dated, and thought I might have had the Liberty of indulging myself a Month or two in my Humour without any impertinent Interruption; but such is the perverse good Nature of my few Acquaintance in *London*, that they have taken it into their Heads that I am grown *melancholy*, and are continually teizing me with their *Visits* and Advice to return to Town; they are supposing me *mad*, because I know how to pass my Time by *myself*; but pray acquaint them, in one of your *Specs*, that *knowing how to be alone* is not so much an Instance of *Madness* in me, as their *not suffering me to be alone* is an Instance of *Impertinence* in them.

From a Cottage
near Battersea.

This, Sir, will oblige yours

MARTHA GRAVEAIRS.
AS

AS nothing is so valuable as *Time*, nor any Thing more commendable than the *right Employment* of it, they who impertinently come to help you to pass it away, might with equal Civility and more Frankness, say they are come out of pure Love and Kindness, to help you to pass away your Estate.

AS for the Love of Retirement, I cannot but approve of it, and think that *voluntary Solitude* has something so sacred in it, that it should not be broke in upon; none but an *innocent* or *discerning Mind* can be fond of it, and it is a Proof of *good Sense*, instead of a *Weakness*; for it requires *Capacity* to be able to entertain *ourselves*, and *Virtue* that we can bear any *Reflection* on our own Actions and Conduct: To live in *continual Company*, is the *weak* or *vicious Man's Relief* from *thinking*; but to live *without Company*, and *indulge* his *Thoughts*, is only in the Power of the *Wise* and *Good*.



Pange toros, pete vina, rosas cape, tingere nardo
Ipse jubet mortis te meminisse deus.

Mart. lib. 3.

While you enjoy soft Sleep, rich Wine, and choice Perfume,
God wills you to remember Death's your Doom.

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn. Wednesday Evening.

EVERY Man has a Way of Thinking peculiar to himself, and so different are the Effects of different Things on the Minds of Mankind, that what will raise the most serious Reflections in one, will only excite a humorous Expression or jocular Turn of Thought in another: It is hence, that from a Multiplicity of modern Authors, we have the same Things set in different Lights, and whether *Morality*, *Religion*, or *Politicks*, are the Points of Controversy, we see they are treated as well in a *burlesque Manner*, as in an important solemn Method of Reasoning; but of all Subjects, one would at first think *Death* was so grave a Theme as to be incapable

ble of furnishing an Essay of *Humour*; yet my following Correspondent has, in a pleasant Vein of Raillery, wrote on a Subject which would have inspir'd most, rather with a Philosophic Severity, than a diverting Kind of Negligence.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

IF you think these Reflections, which I here send you upon *Death*, are not beneath the Lucubrations of a *Philosopher*, I hope you'll insert them at your first Opportunity.

TH O' *Death* is a Topic fill'd with Horror and Melancholy by the Generality of Authors, yet by others it is treated with too much an Air of Indifference, as if the first look'd on *Death* as a Monster which was to deprive them of all the Pleasures they then enjoy'd, and as if the latter thought it was only a natural Sleep, and a quiet Cessation from the Fatigues of Life: As for my Part, as all agree that we must all, some Time or other, submit to that awful Necessity of Nature, I shall only in Pursuance of such an Opinion, examine the different Sentiments various Sorts of Persons have of dying; or rather, the *Ideas* which they have annex'd to that terrible Monosyllable, *Death*.

AS I would shew with what Levity and Indifference *Death* is thought on by some, I know not any Rank or Profession of Men who consider it with so little Terror as *Physicians* and *Apothecaries*; they look on it without any Compunction or Thought of *Mortality*, and what strikes a Terror into other Spectators, has no Effect on them; because it is only to them in the *Way of Trade*. *Death* also is a *Trade* only to another Set of Gentlemen, I mean those of the *Army*; and when a *Military Man* speaks of it, either as the Fate of his Friend or his Enemy, he considers it as an Accident of *Chance*, and congratulates himself that it was not his own: It is likewise in *War* as it is in *Traffick*, what is the Ruin of one, is to the Advantage of another, and tho' some of the *Trade* fail, the rest of the Business grow more rich: Hence a *Soldier* looks on *Death* as a *Tradesman* does

on *Bankruptcy*; it must be ventur'd; if he escapes, 'tis well; if not, 'tis only shutting up, and there's an End.

BUT tho' the *Soldier* and the *Physician* in like Manner think of *Death* as of a *Trade*, yet there is a wide Difference between the two Professions; the *Doctors* have a more absolute Power over *Death* than the *Generals*, and a *single Quill* can destroy more than *ten thousand Swords* and *Mulquetoons*. As absurd as this may seem, I will appeal to the *Bills of Mortality* for a *weekly* and *annual* Proof of the *Triumphs* of *Physick*; tho' those Accounts are confin'd to this *Metropolis* and *Suburbs* of it, yet, what equal Demonstration can all those numerous *Troops* of *Dragoons* and *Regiments* of *Foot*, those undaunted *Squadrons* of *Horse*, or fierce *Companies* of *Grenadiers*, now in his *Majesty's* Service, shew of the Contempt of Life, as those *elegant Records*, compos'd in Honour of the *Æsculapian Society* by the Company of *Parish-Clerks*, can manifest the Learned of *Warwick-Lane* entertain of it.

As I have casually mention'd those *Histories* of *Mortality*, where the *Progress* of *Death* is made known to the World, I cannot but observe that they seem to me as little *Journals* of a *Medicinal Campaign*; and that the *Clerks*, like *Muster-Masters* to an *Army*, give in their *Roll* of how many fell nobly in the Field of War; but as they record those in *particular Columns*, who by their *Diseases* had Recourse to *Physick*, and died like *Patriots* under their *proper Banner*; so they take Care to distinguish, in a Line or two by themselves, as it were a Mark of Ignominy, those dastard Wretches, who have not Courage enough to fall by the *Rules of Art*, and only account the Loss of such Lives as the *Casualties* of the *Week*; but though the Articles of *hanging* and *drowning themselves* take from the Number of those who might otherwise have made *Exits* by the Assistance of *Physicians*, yet those learned Attendants on *Death* will soon have another Article among the *Casualties*, almost entirely abolish'd, in their Favour; I mean the Decease of those, who, to elude the *Fatality* of *Physick*, have at present a Liberty of chusing their *own Poison*, and being recorded to Posterity for having heroically died of *Excessive Drinking* GENEVA.

YOU

Y O U see, Sir, that like other Essay Writers, my particular Fondness of a Thought has led me into a Digression to proceed, though perhaps it mayn't seem altogether an unnatural one, from *Physicians* to the *Bills of Mortality*; nor can even any of the *College* censure me for having made a forced Mention of the *Catalogue* of the *Dead*, after having made Use of the Term of *Physician*; since tho' their Prescriptions are sometimes successful, yet the Account of their Patient must at last terminate in a *Weekly Bill of Mortality*.

I N O W come to the Consideration in what Manner some other Distinctions of Men regard *Death*: Among our *modern Philosophers* and *sceptical Divines*, it carries a solemn Sense, and conveys to their Minds a thousand Consequences; they launch into *Futurity*, and plunge into an *Abyss of Horror*; they shudder at their own Conceptions, and cannot believe what they wish there was; they wish a Cessation of Life was to put an End to *all Being*, but *Death* only introduces them to what they know nothing of; on the Thought of *that*, they *dispute*, are *convinced*, *despair*, and then put together an *unconnected Rhapsody* of *doubtful Terms*, which falsely they term the *Prayer* of a *Philosopher*: Thus their Life is spent in a constant *Fear* of *Death*, yet they *live*, they *write* and *profess* as if they did not fear it; and even to the Moment they meet it, they *dispute*, know *nothing*, and *repent too late*.

S U C H is *Death* to a *modern Philosopher*, but in the Language of a *Lover* it has a quite different Interpretation; there it means *Raptures*, *Heaven*, *Transport*, *Sighing*, *Wishing*, *Love*, *Life*, any *Thing*, *nothing*, *Immortality* and *Nonsense*. In this Sect of *frantic Mortals*, nothing is more common than *Death*, yet nothing more gentle; they experience it often, nay, what may seem an absolute Paradox, they don't *live* a Day without *dying*; some with *Despair*, some with *Sighing*; hundreds are *Martyrs* to *Cruelty*, while thousands on the other Hand *expire* with *Joy* and *Ecstasy*. This *Lover's Death* has such a pleasing Mixture of Joy and Anxiety, that though they revive, they could only wish it was again to die; and it grows so familiar to them, that they meet it always with *Courage* and *Resignation*.

BUT

BUT as the *Lovers*, when they think of *Death*, only mean their *own*, yet there are others who never think of it but in *Hopes* it would pay a *Visit* to those whom they imagine have already *liv'd too long*. Hence *Death* is worshipped as the *Genius* of good *Fortune*, by all *expecting Heirs*, *modish Spouses*, *elder Sons*, and *younger Brothers*, and is courted to take away those who hinder them from enjoying their *Wishes*: And whenever *Death* does hear the *Prayers* of such *Votaries*, he reconciles those whom nothing else could reconcile, and *nakes Sons, Husbands, Brothers*, follow the *Father*, the *Wife*, or the *Sister* to the *Grave* with all *Approbation* and *Esteem*, whom while they *liv'd*, they thought *useless* Members of *Society*, and *unnecessary Engines* of *Life*.

THO' these may, with some *Shew* of *Reason*, *invoke Death*, and make his *Name* familiar to their *Ears*, yet there is a *certain Order* of *People* in this *Island* who make *Use* of this *Word* without any *Meaning* at all; it is to them a mere *Expletive*, and serves only as an additional *Syllable* to a *Period*, and to give an *Air* of *Consequence* to *nothing*. The *learned Order* I here mention is that of the *Beaus*, who, though they are esteem'd a *harmless, inoffensive Set* of *Gentlemen*, yet they *invoke Death* with no little *Courage*, in order to fright *Hackney Coachmen*, *Box Keepers* at the *Play-House*, and *old Women* at a *Coffee Bar*; but to give a greater *Force* to the *Expression*, they commonly add to it other *Monosyllables* of *Horror*, as the *Occasion* may require. To a *Drawer* at a *Tavern* — *DEATH*, *Sir*, — is thought sufficient; but to a *refractory Linkboy* or *Watchman*, there is a *Necessity* for the adjoining, *BLOOD* and *HELL*; and at the last *Extremity*, that excellent *English Particle*, which comprehends every *Thing*, *ZOUNDS*. With these additional *Monosyllables* the *Word Death* is of singular *Use* to that *well-dress'd Part* of his *Majesty's Liege Subjects*, to supply the *Want* of *Courage*, *Hesitation* in *Discourse*, or *Deficiency* of *Sense*.

I CANNOT conclude without remembering you that *Death* has often those under his *Jurisdiction*, who, at the same *Time*, think they are very safe from his *Tyranny*. A *Predecessor* in your *Kind* of *Writings*, *Isaac Bickerstaff*, of *humorous Memory*, was the first who let
the

the World into this Secret, and made a Discovery that we had some thousands of *dead Men* in this Kingdom, who *mov'd, eat, drank, laugh'd,* and perform'd several Functions of Life; we have still an equal Number of those *living Mortuaries*, who talk of *Death* without the least Concern, write on *Death* poetically (as they think) without Rhyme, philosophically without Reason, and humourously without Wit; but, perhaps, I am *myself* one of the *dead Men* I ridicule, and have been long *departed* though I did not know it: This I am certain of, whether by this you may account me *Living* or *Dead*, yet I am, dear *Spec*,

Your humble Servant,

W. MORTMAIN.



— Caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? *Hor. Epist. 2. Lib. 2.*
From vain Ambition is thy Bosom free?

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn, Wednesday Evening.

AS I have observ'd, in the Generality of Men, a Fondness for *Power*, and an *Ambition* of being look'd on with *Respect*, I have often diverted myself by contemplating on the different Methods which they take to procure it. According to their several Ranks in Life, we may every Day see a *Contention*, which runs through all Mankind, for a *Superiority* in the *publick Esteem*; and as there are but few who do not value themselves above all others of the same Degree, they naturally think that all must be of the same Opinion, and, in Justice to their Merit, by paying them Homage, confess the Priority they have in Worth: It is from a *Self-Partiality* in human Nature that most are thus apt to bestow eminent Virtues on themselves, and flatter their
Imagina

Imagination that they enjoy what their Rivals in Fame vainly contend for : In consequence of this assuming Temper there is an internal Jealousy among the several Orders of Mankind, and every one seems afraid of losing that Approbation he has aspir'd to ; for tho' the Claims to Precedence are various, according to the Views and Tempers of the Persons, yet they are all equally careful and resolute to maintain them.

I T may not be disagreeable to take a View of some *Contests* in private Life, which entirely have risen from this Principle, and which will the better illustrate the Observation I have laid down. WILL DAPPER, after having been enter'd at the *Temple*, and resided in Chambers there a whole Year, had the Mortification to find, upon an impartial Enquiry, that he was for no one Thing in the World *distinguish'd* above his Companions ; WILL was of an *ambitious Temper*, and resolv'd, by some Means or other to be *eminently remarkable* : In vain was his constant Attendance on his *Cricket*, Term after Term, at the Court of *King's-Bench* ; for he was soon convinced that several Students equall'd him in his Assiduity of attending the Court, and by far excell'd him in the Knowledge of the *Rules* of it ; upon this he no longer would hear Cases in *Law* adjudg'd by *others*, but immediately profess'd *himself* a *Judge* in *Poetical* ones. *Westminster-Hall* was quitted for the *Theatres*, and the Wrangling of the Bar for the more envious Jargon of Criticks : Provided with the most sonorous *Catcal* he could procure, WILL was a constant Attendant on the *first Night* of all *new Performances*, and display'd his Art on that dreadful Instrument to the Terror of many a trembling Author : Yet in this *Profession* of *Damning*, as in that of the *Law*, WILL was not more eminent than some others of his Acquaintance, his Ambition was not satisfy'd, he wanted still an avow'd *Superiority* in some *one Thing*, which he could not yet attain ; therefore, from a *Wit* he proceeded to a *Beau*, and endeavour'd to fix his Fame by appearing at the Coffee-House every Morning in the richest *Night-Gowns*, and in the greatest Variety of them : In this he long maintain'd a Victory over the *Smarts* of both the *Temples*, and enjoy'd the Glory he had so ardently aspir'd to ; every one acknowledg'd his
superior

superior Taste in the Choice of a *Brocade*, and he was as *eminently remarkable* for the *elegant Fancy* of his *Cap*, as the *negligent Air* in the wrapping of his *Gown*: At last a formidable Rival rose against him; Mr. SIMPER began to appear at the same Coffee-House in a *Night-Gown* which immediately drew the Eyes of every one, and was by some thought to excel any Mr. DAPPER ever wore; DAPPER, alarm'd at this, hurry'd away to his Mercer, and bought a Piece of Silk of the newest Pattern that could be procur'd; in this he soon made his Appearance and secur'd his Reputation; 'till Mr. SIMPER receiv'd from *Paris* another Gown, Cap and Slippers, as extravagant in the Mode as they were costly in the Price: Now the *Rivalship* in *Morning Finery* was almost at its Crisis, and each *Beau* had his separate Party; the one was most admir'd for the *Richness* of his *Gown*, the other for the *Fancy* of his *Cap*: DAPPER was accounted to have the best chose Lining; but Mr. SIMPER had the neatest *Slipper*. The first saunter'd about to shew his generally 'till *Twelve*; but the latter, by eternally appearing publickly in his 'till *Three* in the Afternoon, was adjudg'd at last to have the *Superiority* in this *Beaulike Controversy* of the *Night-Gowns*.

As ridiculous as this Contention may seem, it took its Rise merely from an Ambition of being *most regarded*, and who should enjoy the greatest *Respect* from the *Publick*; for our *two Beaus*, like the rest of their judicious Fraternity, concluded, that they who drew on them most *Eyes*, had consequently most *Admirers*; and that Mankind judg'd of their *Merit* and *Understanding* from the *Finery* of their *Gowns* and *Elegance* of their *Caps*. From the same Kind of *Ambition* the *Ladies* are continually in the same Kind of *Contests*, and they who are Rivals in personal Charms are generally at the same Time Rivals in Dress: ARAMINTA and FLAVIA are the *Toasts* of the Neighbourhood they live in; they go to the same Church, and by Accident they sit in Pews exactly opposite to one another: As in *Beauty* they are pretty equal, they strive to outvie one another in the *Gaiety* of their *Appearance*. ARAMINTA reigns the confess'd Beauty one Week, by the Aid of a new *Brussels Head*; but FLAVIA has the superior Charms the next, having
drawn

drawn away the Eyes of ARAMINTA's Admirers by the Virtue of a *Diamond Necklace* : ARAMINTA recovers her Fame again by a *French Tippet* ; and, in her Turn, FLAVIA regains her Conquests by a *Pearl Pair of Pendants* : Thus they alternately conquer, and each claims a Precedence, according to the *Novelty* of her *Dress*, or the *Elegance* of its *Taste*.

BUT I must observe, that this *Rivalship* in *Dress* and *Contention* for *Esteem* among the Female Sex very often hurries them into some ridiculous *Resolution* ; as an Instance of which I will here insert a Letter I lately received.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

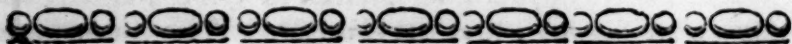
AS you are a *Censor* of the little Follies of the Age, I thought you was the most proper Person to animadvert upon a ridiculous Behaviour in two *Ladies*, whose Conduct is become the publick Discourse of the *Parish* they live in : As I mention not the Place, I may be allow'd to tell you, that one is the *Wife* of the *Churchwarden*, the other of the *Overseer* ; from the *Offices* of their *Husbands* there became a Competition for *Superiority* between the *Ladies*, which made its first Appearance in their *Dress* : Upon the Election of the first, his *Wife* appear'd at Church in a new *Mantua* the very next *Sunday* ; and the *Overseer's Wife* immediately follow'd her Example and rivall'd her in her Gown : Mrs. *Churchwarden* (if I may so call her) had recourse to a new-fashion'd *Mantelette*, trimm'd with *Gold*, and far surpass'd her Rival, 'till Mrs. *Overseer* appear'd in a *Queen Mary's Coif*. When the *Superiority* was not like to be soon decided by *Dress*, they started a fresh Dispute about who should have the uppermost *Pew*, and very strenuously urg'd this Controversy on both Sides ; their *Husbands* have engaged in it ; nor is it in the Power of our *Curate's Rhetorick* to prevail on a Reconciliation ; it is to be carried, for a Decision, into *Doctors Commons*, and in the mean Time neither one Lady nor the other will come to Church.—If you, Mr. *Spectator*, would inform these Female Disputants

- their *Punctilios* and *Ambition* for Pre-eminence were
- absurd, it might have a better Effect than a Judgment
- pronounced in the *Arches*, and at the same Time oblige
- several of your constant Readers.'

H. L.

L. F. &c.

THIS is an Affair of too great *Moment* for me to decide more in Favour of our Lady than the other; I know how resolute their Sex proves in *Punctilios*, where they imagine their *Honour* is concern'd: I would advise them to adjust this Quarrel in an amicable Manner, and that they *both* go to Church on the Sunday subsequent to the Publication of this Paper; that, by a settled Agreement, they *both* enter the Chancel at the same Time, and proceed, Step by Step, to two Stools, which shall be placed in a direct Line opposite to the Pulpit; and that they then keep that Ceremony and Place 'till the Year of their Husbands being in their Offices is expired. --If they are not content with this Arbitration, let them compromise the Dispute, and prudently return to the several *Præses* they before possess'd. This Letter has flung me into some Reflections on *Punctilios* among the *Fair Sex*; which, as they will exceed the Bounds of this Paper, shall be the Subject of my next.



Nulla fere causa est, in qua non fœmina litem
Moverit.

Juv. Sat. 6.

There's scarce a Process try'd at Session's Hall,
But it appears a Woman stirr'd the Brawl.

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn, Wednesday Evening.

I PROMISED my Readers, in the Conclusion of my last Paper, to consider in this the *Punctilios* which are frequent among the *Female Sex*, and with what resolute Constancy they maintain those Points in which they think their *Honour* is any Way concern'd: As nice and jealous as the Gentlemen may be in the Support

port and Vindication of their *Honour*, the Ladies are no less anxious or ready to shew a surprising Spirit for the Preservation of theirs ; and though the *Men* of Gallantry have Recourse to the fashionable and speedy Decision of any Controversy, the *Sword* ; yet the *Women* of true *Resolution* are not behind them ; for they make up, by an obstinate *Perseverance* in what they would maintain, the Want of an Opportunity to take a *sudden Satisfaction* for an Affront ; but I cannot omit observing, that *both Sexes* are too apt to shew more Zeal from an Influence of *false Honour*, than from the Principles of *true* ; and that, as there are *Men* who will sacrifice their Lives in a *Duel* for a trifling Occasion ; so there are *Women* who will break through the Ties of *Friendship*, *Kindred*, and even *Love*, in the ridiculous Resentment of some little *Punctilio* not observ'd, or some formal *Visit* not repaid. As a Proof of the first, I will give an Instance of a Gentleman some Years ago in the Army ; Capt. BRISK was a good-humour'd Fellow, facetious in Company, lov'd a Jest, not captious when it turn'd on himself, and not sparing to pass it on others ; any of his Companions might be as free as they would in censuring his *Morals* or his *Conduct* ; for the *debauching* a *Girl*, or not *paying* a *Debt*, were only *Jokes* which in no Manner affected his *Reputation*, and he might be told of them without having his *Honour* injur'd : One would imagine, that the *Captain* did not stand much upon *Punctilios*, or else the Liberty of his Friends would have caus'd a *Satisfaction* to have been requir'd ; yet so very *nice* was he in what most thought he least regarded, that a Gentleman accidentally treading on his *Toe* at the *Tilt-Yard*, the *Captain* thought his *Honour* was *touch'd*, and immediately sent the Offender a *Challenge* ; they met at the Time and Place appointed, and the *Captain*, for his nice *Punctilio*, was kill'd upon the Spot.

HILLARIA had as false a Notion of *Honour* as Mr. BRISK, and though she could not carry her Resentments to so fatal a Catastrophe, yet she shew'd an equal Regard for *Punctilios* : This Lady made a great Figure some Years ago in the *Beau Monde*, and took all the Liberties to which People of Fashion lay a Kind of Claim to be indulged in, without Censure : She had a Compa-

nion in all her Pleasures, called SEMPRONIA ; they were *Inseparables*, and where-ever the one went, the other as surely attended ; they saw the same Company, sat in the same Boxes, and had the same Rendezvous for their Intrigues : HILLARIA, being above taking Notice of the mean Way of Thinking of the common Rank of Mankind, knew, without any Concern, that what *she* and SEMPRONIA called *Gaiety*, the World termed *Indecency* ; and, that under the Name of *Intrigue*, they abused the Beds of their Husbands : But as *Gaiety* and *Intrigue* were the *fashionable Terms* for their Conduct, HILLARIA did not conceive they were any *Reproach*, or affected her Honour ; though she was so little scrupulous in this Point, yet she was particularly nice in the Observance of *Forms* and *Punctilios* ; how far she carried this Humour is evident by her Behaviour to SEMPRONIA : Though they were so intimate, yet HILLARIA thought, to preserve a Friendship, she must not break through *Decorum* ; therefore their *Visits*, though so very frequent, were always *reciprocal*, they paid them and repaid them in *due Form* ; but one Day SEMPRONIA wanting to engage her Friend in a Party of Pleasure. which she thought would be acceptable to her, broke through the usual *Decorum*, and ran up into her *Dressing-Room* without any previous Notice. HILLARIA was at her *Toilette*, which was cover'd with such *artificial Aids* to *Beauty* that she was willing should have been conceal'd, even from her *Confident* ; she rose up in some Confusion, and, notwithstanding SEMPRONIA's Apology, upbraided her severely with want of *good Manners* : Her Reflections raised a Resentment in her Friend, Words grew high, and they parted with mutual Protestations of *Revenge*, and never could bear to see one another after. HILLARIA, who thought, according to the *Punctilios* of *Honour*, she was injur'd by the Discovery SEMPRONIA had made, accused her in all Companies as an *ill-bred Creature*, who wanted *Complaisance*: SEMPRONIA, on the other Hand, ruin'd the Reputation of HILLARIA, by affirming she was a *painted Thing* that wanted *Beauty*.

HOW solemn a Thing the Observance of *Punctilios* is among the *Female Sex*, their *set visiting Days*, and all the *Peculiarities* which belong to them, may well testify.

Among

Among Persons of any Fashion it is the sole Employment of one Man to *register* the *Visits paid*, the *Howd'yes sent*, the *Messages left*; that the *Lady* may *repay* the *same Visits*, *return* the *same Howd'yes*, and send a *Servant* to leave the *same Messages*. Thus, to preserve them from any the least Breach of *Punctilios*, the whole *State* of the *visitant Account* is placed by way of *Debtor* and *Creditor*, and the *Lady* supervises her *ceremonial Ledger* every Morning, lest she should leave any *Debt of Honour* unpaid. By this Management of *Punctilios* it seems a Trade; and, indeed, the more so, because, if any of these *Fair Merchants* in *Complaisance* should not answer the *Demands* of *Visits* which are *drawn upon* her, she is immediately proclaim'd a *Bankrupt* in the *Beau Monde*, a *Commission* of *ill Manners* is issued out against her, and at once she loses her *Credit* and *Acquaintance*.

AS to the *Perseverance* the *Fair Sex* shews in Defence of their *Honour*, where *Punctilios* come to be disputed on both Sides, I shall give two Examples, the one from the *French*, the other from the *Spanish Nation*. The first Dispute was between *two Ladies*, and I shall relate their Story as I met with it inserted in the *State of Europe* for the Month of *February* 1696.

' THERE has happen'd at *Paris* a pleasant Adventure, which in the Midst of Things most serious may afford a little Diversion: The *Wife* of Monsieur FAYER, Auditor of Accompts, and Monsieur MARCEAUX, the *Treasurer* of *France's* Lady, met in their Coaches in the Street *des Coquilles*, both with a Design to pass through it; but because the Street is narrow, and for that one Coach was enter'd at one End, while the other was enter'd on the other, there was a Necessity for one Coach to put back to give the other Way; which, when neither could be persuaded to do, they remained firm in the same Place from *Six o'Clock in the Morning* till *Noon*; at which Time they sent their Lackeys for Hay and Oats for their Horses, and order'd their *Dinners* to be brought into their Coaches. You may be sure such a Novelty drew a Number of Gazers about them, every one being curious to see what would be the Issue of such *Punctilios*: At length a Citizen of *Paris*, who liv'd in that Street, returning home with a Cart laden with

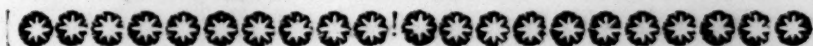
Wine, and finding he could not get to his House, either one Way or other, about *Four o'Clock in the Afternoon* went to the *Commissary* of the Quarter, to desire him to remedy the Disorder; the *Commissary*, perceiving the Ladies *obstinately resolv'd* neither of them to give Way, and not being willing to affront them, out of Respect to their Husbands, found an Expedient to make both Coaches put back at the *same Time*, so that neither of them should drive into the same Street again: This Accommodation was accepted, and performed to the Extremity of *Niceness*, each of the Ladies being weary of the Trouble they had run themselves into by standing on their *Punctilios*, quietly retir'd, each with the Satisfaction that she had preserv'd her Honour.

NOT less obstinate was the Resolution of a *Spanish Lady*, whose Story I'll transcribe from the same Book, and which happen'd the *July* following.

IN that Year the *Queen Mother of Spain* died, and when her Will was to be open'd, the *Constable*, and the rest of the *Grandeess*, according to Custom, assembled together; and being all sat, they sent for the chief Lady of the *Queen's Chamber*, who ought to be one of that Assembly; but she answer'd—*It was the Duty of her Employment to stay by the Body of her Mistress, and therefore they were to come to her, because she would not go to them.*—They answer'd—*That the Body of Grandeess could no more move than a Mountain: That every one in particular profess'd Respect to the Ladies; but being in a collective Body, it would be a Derogation to their Privileges.*—To this the *Lady High Chamberlain* sent back Word—*That she was no less resolv'd to maintain hers; that she was not a Woman who used to run after Men, and that she would stay in the Queen's Chamber.*—Eight Hours were spent in Messages between the *Grandeess* and the *Lady*; but at last the *Grandeess* held a Council, and the Expedient which they found out, was, that without rising from their Seats on which they sat, or moving themselves, they should be carry'd to a Room at an equal Distance between their own and the *Lady High Chamberlain's*, who was carry'd to the same Place, seated on a high Cushion,

‘ Cushion, in the same Manner as she sat in the Queen’s Chamber, to the End it might be said, that neither Side had made *one Step* to meet each other.’

THOUGH I have gone *forty Years* backward, and had Recourse to two different Nations for two Instances of *Female Resolution*, in maintaining their *Punctilios* of Honour; yet I could have produced some more modern Examples, of our own Nation, where Ladies have had a surprising *Perseverance* to keep up those *Privileges* and *Punctilios* they thought they had a Right to; but I may make Use of those when I consider this copious Subject further, in some *future Speculations*.



Quoque scelesti ruitis? Hor. Epod. 7.

Whither, Oh! Whither do you madly run?

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

July 16.

AS your Paper, on *Saturday* last, on *Punctilios* in the Female Sex was read in a mixed Company where I was present, it gave a new Turn to our Conversation; and from the common Chit-chat of the Tea-Table, we began a Discourse of the false Notions of Honour which prevail’d among the Gentlemen, and of some ridiculous *Punctilios* which they were more nice in adjusting, even than those Ladies who are the most strict in their Decorums. In Defence of my own Sex, which is the Female, I advanced all that I could against yours, and was not a little pleas’d to find, in debating this Argument, that you Men are full as extravagant Creatures in your Notions as we Women. The Character of a Man of Honour is what all your Sex has, or at least seems to have, an Ambition of attaining; yet they who are the most nice and strict about its Rules and *Punctilios*, have not so much as an Idea of what it is, and in what it consists: And those Men of Wit who have attempted a Definition of it, have found it on Examination so strange a Trifle, that they could not help being

merry on the Subject. Before I proceed any farther give me Leave to quote two Authors, whose Authority may serve to illustrate the subsequent Part of my Epistle : Dr. Garth, in his Dispensary, thus tells us ;

———*What Honour is, and whence it was :
Scorn'd by the Base, 'tis courted by the Brave,
The Hero's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave ;
Born in the noisy Camp, it lives on Air,
And both exists by Hope and by Despair :
Angry whene'er a Moment's Ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Return of Pain :
It lives when in Death's Arms the Hero lies ;
But when his Safety he consults, it dies :
Bigotted to this Idol we disclaim,
Rest, Health, and Ease, for nothing but a Name,*

THE Author of *Hudibras* somewhat differs in his Account of Honour, and thus describes it in that jocular Manner which is peculiar to himself :

*Honour is like that glassy Bubble
Which finds Philosophers such Trouble ;
Whose least Part crack'd, the Whole does fly,
And Wits are crack'd to find out why.*

SUCH, Mr. *Spectator*, is the Thing about which your Sex make so much ado, and are so strict in your Punctilios, that the least Breach of them may endanger your Lives ; but what to me seems unaccountable, as few of you agree in your Systems of Honour, so few of you consent in what Place it is seated : That it exists in some one Part of the Body, I think, is the unanimous Opinion of the Moderns ; and little Regard is paid to the Doctrine of the Antients, who affirmed it fixed the Soul : But then the Question is, In what Part it resides ? Some Criticks lay it down as a self-evident Proposition, that it is inherent to the Toe, and that the lightest Touch on any of the sacred Joints of the Feet is an Injury not to be put up without Satisfaction demanded : Others, like deep Philosophers, argue, from what, I think, they call, *a Posteriori*, and fix the Seat of Honour in a more natural Situation

tuation behind ; and say, that the Toe is not what receives the Affront, but what, by a vehement Calcation, gives it. Such is the Doctrine of two honourable Sects, while a third entirely rejects the Opinion of both, and proves, by very learned Arguments, that the Throne of Honour is placed in the Nose, as being a Part more evident and conspicuous than the other two : In Support of this they urge, that many a Man might be Philosopher enough to bear a private Tread on the Toe, or to put up with a hearty Kicking, who could never endure to be publicly led by the Nose. Where so various are the Sentiments about the Situation of Honour, we cannot but expect as ridiculous Notions among your Sex, as to the Punctilios of it. I will not enumerate a tedious Account of Absurdities, in relation to Punctilios among Gentlemen of Honour ; yet cannot pass over the Mention of some that are required in that barbarous Fashion of Men of Gallantry in fighting a Duel. When that Gothick Custom was more prevailing than at present, a Gentleman, who would not infringe on any of the Ceremonial Punctilios of Honour, always provided himself with proper Apparel to meet his Antagonist in the Field, and thought it was as great a Piece of ill Manners to meet Death in an improper Dress, as to pay a Visit to his Mistress in a Dishabille. And even now, your Men of nice Honour, when, on some sudden Quarrel, they meet in a hostile Manner in *Hyde Park*, behind *Montague House*, or at any other noted and fashionable Scene of Action, they retain some Punctilios which require adjusting. Whether the Engagement is to be Sword and Pistol, or single Sword ; if both, which of the Weapons to be fought with first ; who is to have the Chance of shooting his Adversary dead on the Spot by the first Discharge ; or who is to reserve his Pistol, and fire it into the Air, instead of levelling it at his Opponent. Some have thought it a Point of Honour to fight upon a spread Cloak ; while others, that I have heard of, who had nicer, and more elevated Sentiments of Honour, thought the true Criterion of Courage, and a true Regard to Punctilios, requir'd that the two Duellists should leap suddenly into a Saw-pit together, and engage immediately, with two loaded Blunderbusses. By the Custom of the Duel, some

think it necessary to appear at the Place appointed in a Pair of Pearl-colour'd Stockings ; while others think that the White are the more genteel ; yet all the Learned of the Sword agree in this Punctilio, that a Man cannot die with any Decency, if, when he is run through the Guts, he does not make the last Caper in a Pair of Pumps.

A S in the Breach of Honour there are such ridiculous Punctilios to revenge it, so, oftentimes, there are full as absurd ones to adjust it, by peaceable Treaties, and amicable Interpositions : Give me Leave, for the embellishing this Proposition, to tell an Instance, where the Story may not seem disagreeable.

AT *Madrid*, Signor ALVAREZ and Don LOPEZ, two *Spanish* Gentlemen, happen'd, in a publick Place of Meeting, to enter into a very warm Dispute on a very trifling Subject. One hot Word produced a hotter ; and Contradictions begot one another like *Jews*. Signor ALVAREZ finding his Blood grow hot, thought the readiest Way to cool it was to let out some of Don LOPEZ's ; and accordingly he caught up something, and broke immediately his Head : On this the Debate ended, and Don LOPEZ, instead of urging his Argument any farther, drew his Sword ; which Example was followed by the whole Company. The two Disputants put themselves in a Posture of Defence ; then, like great Generals, and wise Politicians, they renew'd their Debate, and began a Treaty Sword in Hand : On this their Friends found, that, by a proper Mediation, a Peace might be concluded, if they could hit on some Expedient to adjust some Punctilios of Honour : They disarm'd the Two Antagonists, and leaving them under the Care of two or three Friends, the rest retired to argue the Point. When Men of speculative Honour, and Casuists in Sword-Law, meet over such an Affair, one may be assured the Debates are very learned and very intricate : So in this, a great many Things were offer'd, and, upon weighty Considerations, rejected ; many Salvos and Punctilios were found out ; yet none satisfactory in the Judgment of their mutual Friends : This would too much derogate from the Honour of ALVAREZ ; that was not equivalent to the Affront Don LOPEZ had received. At last Signor CAMILLO,
a Man

a Man of great Sagacity, told the Company, That a short Memory was no more a Reflection to a Man of Honour than a Man of Wit: Therefore, if their two Friends would agree to forget all that was past, the Thing was at once adjusted. The Proposal was universally applauded, and two Persons dispatch'd to whisper it separately to the Parties concern'd; which they immediately came into. Upon this, Don LOPEZ and ALVAREZ were sent for in; and they entered, Hand in Hand, each smiling on one another. ALVAREZ address'd himself to Signor CAMILLO, and said, it had been reported he had struck Don LOPEZ on the Head; but he came there to do himself and the brave Don Justice, by declaring, upon his Honour, he remember'd no such Accident; and you may depend on't, cry'd LOPEZ, if I had remamber'd any such Thing, which, if true, I could not have forgot, I would have righted myself before now with the Blood of my Adversary; but Signor ALVAREZ is my worthy Friend, and a Man of Honour——By this Punctilio their Honour and Lives were both saved; and their Courage and Memory set on so equal a Level, that neither of them could reproach the other with the Want of either.

NOW, Mr. SPEC, I hope you'll allow, that your very wise Sex are full as ridiculous in their Notions of Honour, and their Punctilios about it, as that of

Your very humble Servant,

Constant Reader,

And frequent Admirer,

DEBORAH FAIRSTATE.

July 28.

P. S. As for your Story of the Ladies at *Paris* not giving Way to one another in a narrow Street, I shall only refer you to that Dispute of the *French* Colonel and Counsellor lately inserted in the publick Papers, which is equally absurd, and as ceremoniously determin'd.

Nec



Nec poterit farrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

OVID. *Metam.* 15.

*Not the sharp Sword, nor the all-devouring Teeth
Of Time can it abolish.*

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn. Wednesday Evening.

IT is a Custom, I think, among the *Clergy*, to lend one another their *Pulpit*, upon particular Occasions, by which they not only pay a Compliment to their Friends, but often oblige their Congregations with some Discourses they might not have been so great Masters of themselves. The same Thing is as frequent among us *Lay Authors*, whose *Miscellaneous Essays* close the Week, as among the more *Reverend Orators*, whose *Sermons* begin it; and very often with as great a Satisfaction, both to ourselves and Readers, we resign three Columns of our Paper to an unknown Correspondent, as they to their *Parishioners* Approbation and their own, resign their *Pulpit* to some Gentleman who is a Stranger. I know not how I fell into this Allusion, but it is no Way improper or unjust, when I inform my Readers that I shall postpone a little Essay of *Humour*, which I had prepared for this Day's Entertainment, to give Place to the following ingenious Discourse; which proves that the *Sacred Writings* are superior to those of the best among the *Heathens*; and that the whole Scope of the *Bible* tends to one Point only, which is, the *Glory of God*.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

THOUGH this is an Age which seems to pay little regard to *Religion*, yet the most profligate in it allow, that there is a *Political Necessity* that there should be a *Religion*.—In *Religion* there is also a *Necessity* to have a *Rule* proceeding from *God*, according to which *God* will

will be served ; yet some *modern Political Philosophers* look upon, with a Kind of Ridicule, the only Rule and undoubted one we have to worship a Deity, the *Holy Bible*. In Vindication of the *Sacred Writings* contained in that Book, and to prove they contain the true Rules for the Service of God and the Welfare of Mankind, I would, in the first Place, appeal to the *Antiquity* of them. Among the greatest *Empires*, and the most flourishing Kingdoms that have given Laws to the World, and among whom the *Liberal Sciences, Arts and Learning* have been most encouraged, has any one of them had a Law set down in Writing concerning the *true Service* of the *true God*? Is there among the *Assyrians, Persians, Greeks and Romans* a regular *History of Religion* from the first Creation of the World, continued down for several Ages? And has not all that little *Dawn* of the *Knowledge of God* among those Nations, arose from those Men who wrote the *Scripture* it self?

THE *Bible* begins at the *Creation* of the *World*, and of *Man*, it leads us gradually, from Time to Time, from Father to Son, and even to our *Blessed Saviour*; it shews us a Division of Mankind into *Jews and Gentiles*, into *Idolaters and Worshipers* of the *true God*; and their coming together again into one, after a certain Time, by a Mean appointed everlastingly to that End by *God*: The latest in the Canon of the *Hebrew Writers* is *ESDRAS*; yet he lived *three Thousand six Hundred Years* after the *Creation*, and a considerable Time before *SOCRATES* taught in *Athens*; what Rule of *Religion* was among the *Greeks* of that Age in which *SOCRATES* taught, is evident from his being condemn'd to Death for speaking of the *only One God*. *PYTHAGORAS, THALES, XENOPHANES* and the *Seven Sages of Greece*, lived about the same Time, who said some good *Sentences and Maxims* relating to the *Manners and Conversation* of Men; but of *God* they had such dark Notions, that they spoke but doubtfully; and that little Knowledge they had clean'd from the *Egyptians*, who gained their's from the *Children of Israel*: But, many Ages before *SOCRATES*, the *Israelites* had been taught by *MOSES*, that there was the *only One God*, and the *Rules* by which he would be served, when the rest of the World knew no *Laws*, or
at

at best a few trifling ones : The *Bible* we now have, set *Laws* which gave Bounds to *Religion* and *Policy*, instructed Mankind in their *Duty* towards *God* and their *Neighbours*, was every *Seventh Day* read openly to *all* the *People* ; which *Kings* kept before their *Eyes*, which *Priests* carried about them, which *Fathers* taught their *Children*, and *Masters* their *Servants*. At the best of *Times*, at *Rome* or *Athens*, what have we (I say not of *Religion*, but of *Order*, of *Justice*, of *Government*) that can equal them : Just as they were then, so have they continued down without *abolishing*, or *Variation* : As *JOSHUA* received them from *MOSES*, and gave them to the *Judges* ; so the *Judges* delivered them to *SAMUEL*, and he directly sent them down from *Generation* to *Generation*. On the contrary, what other *Law* was there ever made by any other *Lawgiver* ? What *Edict* was there ever published, in any other *Record*, that was not by themselves, or the next *Ruler*, *repeald* or *abolish'd*.

AS the *Scriptures* therefore. which are left to us by *MOSES*, *JOSHUA*, and the *Prophets*, are undoubtedly the most *antient* of all *Writings*, and void of any *Likelihood*, and even *Accusation*, of being *counterfeit* ; as, even from the *Beginning*, there has been a *Religion* revealed from *God*, and as we find none but *this* to have continued from the *very Creation* to known *Times*, we must infer, that *these Scriptures* are from *God*, because from *Age* to *Age* they contain his *Revelation* to *Mankind*.

BUT though the *Antiquity* of the *Scriptures* is some *Proof* that they are of *Divine Inspiration* ; yet what may the more fully confirm it is, that the *whole Contents* of the *Bible* tend altogether to one *Point*, that is, *the Glory of God* : For if we consider the *Writings* of the *best* and the most *antient* Authors among the *Heathens*, What are their *Subjects*, what the *Scope*, the *Sentiments*, the *Diction* of them, but such as illustrate the *Truth* of the *Scriptures*, at the same *Time* they shew how far, even in *Composition*, they are beneath them ? Some have wrote to celebrate their *Kings*, their *Rulers*, and their *Captains*, for great *Atchievements* in *Battle*, for *Nations* conquer'd, and whole *Empires* destroy'd ; where we read the subtle *Devices*, the brutal *Valour*, and the long *Speeches* of the *Generals* ; but of the *Almighty God*, who giveth *Battles*,
over-

overturns Empires, and *maketh* and *unmaketh* Kings, there is not the least Mention in whole Volumes, nor is it to be expected; they are the Writings of *Men*, and contain nothing but the *Passions* and *Devices* of *Men*.

ON the contrary, at the very *Entrance* upon the *Holy Writings*, we are immediately told of the *Power* of *God*: *In the Beginning God created Heaven and Earth*: By this the Reader must know he is not to expect a *Treatise* on the *Follies* of *Men*, but the wond'rous Works of an *Almighty Creator*. If we compare with this Introduction the Introductions of other Writings, How contemptible do they appear? *HERODOTUS* begins his History with a History of *himself*. *HERODOTUS* of *HALLICARNASSUS* hath spoken these Things. In the same Style and Manner *HIPPOCRATES* and *TIMÆUS*, the oldest Writers, begin their Works; but if they had not at the very first Words confess'd they were the Writings of *Men*, yet none could have thought they contained in them somewhat more than what was mortal. In the *Sacred Scriptures*, from one End to the other, there is a manifest Proof of a *Divine Knowledge*; we find nothing through the Whole but what is promised at the first Word, the wonderful Works of an *Omnipotent Being*, and his *Mercies* to *Mankind*; we see in every Chapter his *Power*, his *Justice* and his *Judgments*; the *Humble* supported, the *Proud* humbled, the *Tyrants* of the World cast down, and *Liberty* restored to them who were in Bonds. We find an extraordinary Wisdom given his *chosen People*, when all other Nations were in a barbarous *Ignorance*; we hear a *Law* deliver'd by *MOSES*, so clear, so comprehensive, that in *ten Sentences* we are taught whatever relates to our *Service* to a *God*, or *Duty* to a *Neighbour*. What do all those innumerable Volumes of *human Laws*, which have been since composed, without End, through the whole World, contain more than these, though they treat only of *Justice* and the *Government* of *Society*; these of the *Government* of *Man* and the *Religion* to his *God*? But even these *ten Sentences* are unfolded in *two*, plain to the meanest Capacity, without the least *Gloss* or *Comment* required to explain them. *Love God with thy whole Heart, and thy Neighbour as thyself*.----Now let the *Athenians* shew the *Laws* of their *Draco*, and the *Romans* those

those of the *Twelve Tables* ; let them produce all they ever wrote for a thousand Years, and there is not so much *Religion* and *Justice* in them all as in them *two Sentences*, which in so few Words at once comprize whatever is necessary for Mankind to live well in a *Civil Community*, and to pay to *God* that Service which is due to him as an *Omnipotent Being*.

AS in the *Bible* we find *Laws* given which far excel whatever the *Heathen Authors* have produced, so likewise have the *Holy Scriptures* a superior Excellence in all other Kind of Writings ; and though some *modern Infidels* have preferred the *Style* and *Manner* of the *Greek* and *Roman Historians*, and the *Imagination* and *Sublimity* of the *Heathen Poets* to the Writings of the *Bible*, I will, in my next, shew that the *Bible* exceeds all *human Compositions*, as much both in *Style*, in *History* and *Poetry*, as it does in its *Laws*. As I find the Examination of these Points will exceed the Bounds of your Paper, I desire you would insert this the first Opportunity, and the Remainder when you think most proper, which will oblige,

Your constant Reader,

— Col. Cant.

Aug. 15, 1756.

PHILOTHEUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.





Lingua fuit Damno.

Ovid. Met.

The Tongue had better been silent.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

THERE is not a truer *Apothegm* in all the Collection of the wise Sentences, both of *antient* and *modern Philosophers*, than that of the famous Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's, *Much may be said on both Sides*. All the Controversies both in *Religion* and *Politicks*, in *Poetry* and *History*, depend on this Sentence; and there is nothing so apparently true, but may be contradicted by many Arguments, and a tolerable Shew of Reason. This whole Epistle will be an Instance of this; for by this I would prove, that the *Use of Speech*, which is universally thought so necessary a Thing, is rather prejudicial than useful to a great Number of his Majesty's Liege Subjects. I may seem to have advanced a strange *Paradox*; yet I have a good deal to say in Defence of my Doctrine, having long observ'd, that very many true Britons employ their Mouths with a tolerable Grace upon any Exercise except that of *Speaking*: There is a learned *Counsellor* at the Bar, and a very orthodox *Divine* in the City, who are both of my Acquaintance: The Professions of both absolutely require the *Use of Speech*, yet they are both so unhappy as to *mumble* over an Oration or a Sermon in a very aukward, unintelligible Manner; yet no Man has more Address than the Lawyer over a Haunch of Venison, nor can any one more eloquently eat a Piece of Sir-loin than the Doctor. These two Gentlemen, therefore, should consider their Jaws only as Engines given them to chew with, and their Throats meerly for the Purpose of swallowing. This Lesson, as ridiculous

as it may seem to them, would be of Service to the Publick, if put into Execution, and at the same Time wonderfully conduce to their own good Character; for whoever look'd on the wise and solemn Countenance of the Counsellor, must suppose him a great Lawyer; and those who don't hear the Doctor speak, would in Charity suppose him a learned and eloquent Divine. Nor is the considering the Mouth only as an *Organ of Eating or Drinking* so very absurd, when so many esteem it only as such. A Country Gentleman, whom I was once a Neighbour to, learn'd this Doctrine from his Infancy, and put it into Practice with everlasting Success: He is about three Yards round the Middle, and has not spoke a Word this eight and thirty Years, but to praise his Hounds, and call for more *Stout* and *Otober*; his only Son and Heir he has educated in the same Principles, who closely follows the Steps, Stupidity, and Taciturnity of so worthy a Father and Instructor, and never commits the unnatural Crime of *Talking*, unless it be when he enters into a Confabulation with his *Beagles*, who are the only Creatures that understand his Language; but it is not to be wonder'd at, for he can talk in no other Style than theirs. I know there are, indeed, in that Country, several People who will alledge, that they have seen his *Worship* and the young *Squire*, on some Occasions, very earnest in Discourse; but then they are those who don't understand *Logick* and Distinction; for they only roar'd and bellow'd, which, in the Opinion of the Criticks, is not *Talking*: I own that I myself have seen them open their Mouths, though they were neither at their *Table*, nor in their *Kenel*, and seem'd, to all Appearance, as if they were *Speaking*; but when I attended, with great Wonder, to what they utter'd, I found it was the same Note, Accent and Words they used in the *Parlour*, as they hallo'd in the *Kenel* or the *Field*; therefore I immediately acquitted them from the Imputation of *Speaking*.

THE *Use of Speech* is said to do an Honour to Man, as it is a Faculty in which he excells the rest of the Creation; but I cannot think it does much Honour to that Man who only talks to demonstrate to the World that he can only speak Nonsense, and yet this is the fatal Case of a great many fine accomplished Persons. A *Beau*, at an Assembly

Assembly or the Drawing-Room, if he would hold his Tongue, might conceal his *inward Nakedness*; but while he prates, we see his Mouth is well furnished with Teeth, but that his Head is a Kind of a dark *unfurnished Garret*. I wish I could, for their own Sakes as well as those of the Publick, persuade several hopeful young Gentlemen who frequent *Dick's*, the *Widow's*, and the *Grecian's*, and who are distemper'd with an Opinion of their good Parts, to grow wise and hold their Tongues: If they have Temper and good Sense enough to take my Advice, I am confident it would be a *Secret* to many who may only *see them*, that they are destitute of Reason, and cannot speak three Words of Sense in three Hours Conversation.

I HAVE great Compassion on those poor unhappy Gentlemen, who are through the whole Town to be met with, and are distinguished by the Name of *Coffee-House Orators*: They daily strain their Throats, and exhaust their Spirits for the Interest of their Country, settling the proper Measures for Foreign Princes to act by, and fixing the Peace and Tranquility of *Europe*. This *Political Talk* is one of the worst Kinds of Madness, and which most moves my Pity, not only as it is incurable, but as generally the distemper'd Person is in himself a good-natur'd Man, and what he says is from a Zeal for the Good of *Great Britain*; therefore it gives me the greatest Anxiety and Concern when I see them so *judiciously* distribute their *deep Ignorance* and *Conjectures* to such as stand round them, and have the Courtesy to bear Witness that they talk like *Idiots*.

THERE was a *profess'd Politician* the other Day at *George's Coffee-House*, instructing a Couple of young Beau-like *Templers* in *State Affairs*, and the Point he was then pressing home to his Pupils was, *That it was most consistent with good Policy for Prince, Power, or Potentate, to make a Campaign rather in the Spring than Summer, and rather in Autumn than Winter*. This notable Stroke of *Machiavelism* he seem'd to rejoice at, and brought some undeniable Arguments to prove to a Demonstration what he had advanced; and you may be certain they were very new. One of the young Sparks, who seem'd greedy of Knowledge, to shew how much he was improv'd by his

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his Instruction, answer'd, *Yes, Mr. ———, I take it the Thing is plain, and if so, I take there is no Manner of Dispute in this Affair, for the Spring, Sir, is undoubtedly cooler than the intense Heats of the Summer, and so one Part of your Argument is prov'd. The other Templer, on his Brother Pupil's ceasing there, immediately proceeded in these Words: ——— Nor is the other Part of your Argument less demonstrable; for I entirely hold with your Manner of Reasoning, which is, I take, self-evident; for the Autumn is warmer than the severe Colds of the Winter; therefore, upon the Whole, the Spring and Autumn are the most proper Seasons for any Prince or Potentate to have his Armies in the Field. During these judicious Specches of the young Politicians, they did not take above three Pinches of Rappee apiece; but when they had finished, they looked round on the Company for them to bestow their Approbation on their admirable Talent of Reasoning.*

IT would be the greatest Instance of Prudence in the *Fools* of this *Metropolis*, if they would learn *Sense* enough to conceal their *Nonsense*; and it would be a Comfort to all who come within Ear-shot of them; besides, by keeping their *Tongues between their Teeth*, will be assigned as a Proof of their *Good Sense*, which is never *forwaid*; but if their *Tongues* shew a *soft Head*, the World is not to blame in passing Sentence of Folly on them, when by every Sentence they speak they confess their Guilt.

I HOPE now, Mr. SPEC, that you and your Readers will agree to my first Proposition, that the *Use of Speech* may be *detrimental* to some Part of Mankind: But lest I should shew my *Impertinence* as much by Writing as others by Speaking, I shall abruptly conclude with telling you, I am sincerely,

Your humble Servant,

And constant Reader,

Covent-Garden,
Sept. 4.

MICHAEL ODDPROOF.

To CHLOE's Looking-Glass.

DEAR *Mirror*, tell me by what Art
You *bear* her *Image*, yet are *whole* ;
When the same *Image breaks* my *Heart*,
And subtly pierces to my *Soul*.

To CHLOE, who said her Glass flatter'd her.

BLAME not *this* *Glass*, it does its *Duty*,
Nor can it *flatter* so much *Beauty* ;
Others, indeed, thro' *Policy*,
Shew *Faces fairer* than they be ;
Give new false *Vigour* to the *Eyes*,
And bid *Ten Thousand Charms* arise :
But was each *Belle* to look in *this*,
And see her *Face* just as it is ;
She'd blame your *Glass* for shewing *true*,
Dislike *Herself*, and envy *You*.

On CHLOE's Picture.

HER *Face*, her *Mein*, are drawn exactly forth ;
What *Lines* or *Colours* can express her *Worth* ?
So from the *Rose's* *Shade* we view a *Rose*,
But all the fragrant dewy *Odour* lose.





*If Fortune has a Niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to Thrift, not Luxury;
And wisely make that Kind of Food thy Choice,
To which Necessity confines thy Price.
Well may they fear some miserable End,
Whom Gluttony and Want at once attend;
Whose large voracious Throats have swallow'd All,
Both Land and Stock, Int'rest and Principal.*

Dryden's Juv. Sat. 11.

To the Author of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

I AM just come of Age, and thereby to have the sole Management of my own Fortuné, which is very considerable; therefore I would desire your Advice about ordering my Expences, and let me know, whether it were more consistent with Prudence to live as my Father did, considerably beneath my Estate; or, like the gay young Fellows of the Town, to the utmost Extent of it: It may seem impertinent, Mr. SPEC, to trouble you about private Affairs; yet, if you was to give the Publick your Thoughts on domestick Oeconomy, it might not be unprofitable for them; but at the same Time it would certainly prove acceptable to many, but to none more so than

Sept. 20.

Your humble Servant,

J. TOWNLY.

BEFORE I take this Letter under Consideration, I think it proper to add another from a young Gentlewoman, which has lain by me some Time for Want of an Opportunity to insert it with any Propriety.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

IT is an undoubted Proof of the good Opinion which the World has of you, when they take the Freedom to reveal to you, what from all the rest of Mankind they would have conceal'd. To you the Female Coquettes confess they are sensible of Love, and the old Maids, that they are no real Enemies to Matrimony. Women to you allow they are ugly, though they endeavour all they can to make Art supply the Defects of Nature; and 'tis to you alone that our Sex is free enough to mention their true Age, and ingenuously own, that they begin to grow old. There is something or other which every Woman would gloss over, nor do I accuse my Sex of what I am not myself equally guilty. There is one Thing, which, with the utmost Industry, I conceal from the Knowledge of the World, yet what with the utmost Frankness I will discover to your Worship: 'Tis not the Want of Beauty, of that Nature has given me a sufficient Share; but the Scantiness of my Fortune, which is not equal to the Figure I would make in the World; and which, if truly known, might spoil all the Schemes which I have laid down for my future Happiness. I live, Sir, above my Fortune, with a Prospect that the gay Manner of Life is the best Method to obtain such a Husband as may raise me into that Splendor which I am ambitious of: But, Mr. SPEC, my Uncle, who has the Care of my Money, and who knows my Circumstances, tells me I am acting a silly Part, and preaches much about Economy, and takes a great deal of Pains to make me understand, that there is a wide Difference between Four thousand Pounds, and Four thousand Pounds *per Annum*.—I believe he is right in his Arguments, but I have now introduced myself into such a Set of polite Company, that it would almost break my Heart to make a mean Kind of Retreat; however, your Advice, Mr. STONECASTLE, will have more Power than my Uncle's; and that Word Economy, which I laugh at in him, might from you have another Effect on

Your humble Servant,

HARRIOT AIRY.

IN

IN relation to both these Correspondents I shall, as an Answer to their Letters, give them my Sentiments of that *Œconomy* which is absolutely necessary for every one to possess. It is a difficult Thing for Persons of an open, gay and easy Nature, to keep within the Compass of their Fortune; there is either a Shame or Unwillingness to be observ'd to be below others, or a vain false Ambition of being above them, which draws many into an Extravagance they would not otherwise have been guilty of, and too frequently ends in their Ruin; so that a Man should not of any Thing take more Care than of what I may term a *Mispending*. This in Time alters the very Frame and Temper of his Mind; for as Want comes on, he that was profuse grows easily rapacious, and she who wanted *Œconomy*, may want Virtue. In Expences, therefore, we should neither be too parsimonious, nor too prodigal; yet rather inclining to Frugality, than Profuseness; for the first shews Judgment, but the other an inconsiderate Levity. With the Wise 'tis no Reflection or Disgrace to make a Man's Ability his Rule to govern himself by; for every one will laugh at those who exceed it: We ourselves are the best Judges what we may do, others only look at the Stream of our Expences, but are not concern'd how the Fountain may supply it; they indeed may take it kind that we spend so much in Complaisance to them; yet, we ought to take Care for what may be convenient for ourselves. He who spends to his Proportion is esteem'd as gallant and generous as a Duke, and a Duke or Prince who exceeds that is a profuse Prodigal: That cannot be call'd Gallantry which is beyond what is proper, but rather Madness; and he who in an unseemly Gaiety wastes his Fortune, at the same Time shews himself a Prodigal, both of his Wealth and his Wit. They who spend too much when they should not, shall, when they would not, have too little to spend. It was a witty Reason of *Diogenes* why he ask'd but a Halfpenny of a thrifty Man, and a Pound of a Prodigal; the first, said he, may give me often, but the other will very soon have nothing to give. One Occasion of Extravagance among People of a middling Rank, is from an Ambition of keeping Company with Persons of the first. It is, I own, a commendable and profitable

able Ambition of being the Companion of those of a better Fortune than ourselves : But then there is a Prudence necessary to make Choice of proper Persons, and not to exceed the Expences which your Fortune will allow ; but the Unhappiness is, that People seldom consult the Man they want to be acquainted with, so much as his Title or Estate, and think less of what they can afford to lavish away, than what they may fling away with an Air of Gaiety. WILL BROCADE was some few Years ago a 'Prentice to a Mercer on *Ludgate-Hill*, but had a stronger Turn of Mind to make a Figure in the *Beau-Monde*, than to unfold Silks behind a Counter : The first Step he made to accomplish himself as a fine Gentleman, was to drop in at the Playhouse at the last Act, and for a Shilling to look about him for half an Hour in the Pit. One Season pass'd over, and he was very well contented with this Sphere of Gallantry ; but the next was scarce begun, before he had an Ambition of lolling in a Side Box, or sauntering behind the Scenes among the Actresses. This he had not Audacity enough to indulge himself in except on a Benefit Night, when those Places were more frequented by Persons of a lower Rank. During these Visits which he made to the Theatres, he had learn'd the Nature, Quality, Fortunes and History of every Person of Distinction, and talk'd as familiarly of Lady FANNY, or Lord WILLIAM, as he would of Mrs. BRIDGET, the Chambermaid, or JACK, his Fellow 'Prentice : His Ambition did not stop here ; he wanted to be intimate among those Persons who make a Figure in the *Beau-Monde*, nor could he bear the Thoughts of a *Shop* when he reflected on the Pleasures of a *Drawing-Room* or a *Ridotto*. About this Time a Relation died, and left him Three Hundred Pounds a Year. Immediately he agreed with his Master to give him up his Indentures ; launch'd out into the gay World, dress'd, drank, gam'd, and was soon known to all the young raking Men of Fashion about Town. Meet him wherever you would, he always had an *Honourable* or *Right Honourable*, a *Baronet*, or a *Peer*, in his Company ; he was engaged with such a *Lord*, or had an Appointment with such a *Courtier* : With this Three Hundred a Year he was equally profuse with those who had Three Thousand, and that ridiculous

Prodigality which he imagin'd would gain him Esteem, made him an absurd contemptible Blockhead, not only to the People of Quality, but a standing Jest among their very *Footmen*. This Scene of Folly he maintain'd about two Years by the Money for which he mortgaged and sold his Estate; but when that was near expended, he hinted to one of his Men of Quality, he should be glad to accept of some pretty Place at Court: My Lord look'd very cool upon him, and ever after took Care to shun him, as did all the rest of his fashionable Companions, when he could no longer find Money to accompany them in their usual Extravagancies; deserted by them, press'd by his Creditors, a Bankrupt in his Fortunes, he was drove to the utmost Necessities, and when he expected some Relief from his Companions of Quality, he receiv'd this only Comfort from them, *That his Misfortunes were what they had long foreseen. and were the Consequences of his own Folly.* The small Remainder of his Fortune would not near pay his Debts; he therefore suffer'd himself to be flung into Gaol, from whence he had no Prospect of Redemption, and where he was supported by the charitable Contribution of his Relations, with this happy Reflection to console him, that he had ruin'd himself in an *elegant Manner*, and had been once acquainted with *Persons of Quality*.

THIS late History of *Will Brocade* carries so plain a Moral, that it cannot but be instructive not only to my two Correspondents, but to all those young Persons, who, from the Gaiety of their Heart, have too soon an Inclination of keeping Company with those who are much superior to their own Rank, and commit Extravagancies themselves, in imitating that which can't be call'd an Extravrgance in another: I wish also, that some young *Attornies* would take Warning by *Will's* Example, and rather diligently attend the Seals at *Lincoln's-Inn*, than saunter in the *Mall*, and oftner appear with a Bag under their Arm at *Westminster-Hall*, than a Bag at the End of the Wig at the *Drawing-Room* at *St. James's*.

—Variarum



—Variarum Semina rerum.

Ov. Metam. l.

The Seeds of various Things.

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn.

To oblige some importunate Correspondents, I shall, in this Paper, insert their several Letters, some of which Subjects will be more copiously consider'd at other Opportunities, as they may occasionally offer.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

Mr. Spectator,

AS you are at present the only profess'd *Knight Errant* who have enter'd into the honourable Service of relieving distress'd Damsels, I hope, I am, as well as others, entitled to the Assistance of your Pen. Without farther Preamble my Case is this: I am under the Care of an Uncle, who is my Guardian, and as indulgent to me as Prudence will allow; I have all the Liberty that I can wish, because I desire none but what is proper; but my Aunt, who is a rigid Moralist, is eternally lecturing me about the unseemly and indecent Behaviour which I shew for a young Gentlewoman of my Years. Now, *Mr. Spec*, you shall be Judge, whether, in my nineteenth Year, it is unseemly to be seen in a Side Box, or indecent to make one at a Party of Quadrille; whether singing an innocent Ballad is any Reflection on my Virtue, or peeping into a Play-Book, a Contempt of Religion: My Aunt affirms, they are all in themselves bad; I have often appeal'd to my Uncle, and he affirms, they are all in themselves innocent Amusements; but as the Lady pays very little Deference to the Judgment of her Husband, she has given me Leave to make you the Arbitrator, on Condition that I shall,

while I am under her Husband's Guardianship, abide by your Judgment, and conform strictly to your Opinion.— I hope, Mr. *Spec*, you will not delay answering this important Letter, because my whole Course of Pleasures has receiv'd a Stop 'till you either give a farther Sanction to this Severity, or a pleasing Relief to

OE. 11.
Soho-Square.

Your humble Servant,

FLAVIA.

N. B. My Uncle is a Man of very *Good-Sense*, but the Unhappiness of our Family is, that the *Grey Mare* is the better *Horse*.

THIS Case of *Flavia* has before now been under my Consideration, therefore I shall only repeat the same Opinion that I before gave on another Occasion; that either *seeing* or *reading* a Play, making one at a Party of *Quadrille*, or humming a Tune, may (as Lady *Grace* says in the *Provok'd Husband*) *All be done* SOBERLY, without the least Reflection on any Lady's Virtue or Religion: Therefore, if *Flavia's* Aunt pays any Deference to my Judgment, I insist, that upon her reading this, she immediately reinstates the young Lady in those Liberties she has here mention'd; and tho' I find that she has the sole Power at home, I hope she will not contend with my Power, to which, as I am a *Universal Spectator*, she has so willingly referr'd.

To the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

I KNOW not whether you have made an Observation which is not very common, tho' very just, that there is an Ambition among the Women to seem *over modest*, as there is among the Men to appear *over witty*.

THAT

THAT a false Appearance of Chastity is as ridiculous as a false Appearance of Wit, I believe your Worship will readily consent to, and be as willing to reform an Absurdity among the Ladies, as among the Gentlemen. To do this, it may not be amiss to insert the Character of a Gentlewoman, who is the very Essence of this Kind of *false Modesty*; and tho' the colouring of the Picture may be pretty strong, it will, I assure you, be too general a one to be thought any particular Reflection.

FEMALE Reputation is sometimes very unjustly attack'd, and a free Look, or familiar Air of speaking, tho' entirely innocent in themselves, have given Occasion for scandalous Tongues to construe them into indecent Liberties; This is an Observation which Mrs. *Primly* has made in her Knowledge of the World, and therefore will guard her Character with the most consummate Art against any injurious Attacks; she labours to seem what she would have the World think she is, and though she takes Pains to shew her Modesty, it is what Prudence, she thinks, requires; if a Man should only cast an accidental Glance towards her, she frowns as if she thought a Look could mean nothing but an Introduction to a Rape: If any one touches her Hand, tho' she has a Glove on, or tho' it was to help her over a Channel, she starts away, looks with a stern severe Aspect, as if Temptation and Unchastity were situated at the Ends of one's Fingers; If the Word *Stockings* is mention'd, she is very uneasy in her Chair; at the Name of *Petticoat*, she changes Colour in the utmost Confusion; but at the Sound of *Linnen*, she swoons, she expires, she dies. — But, Mr. *Spec*, with all this cold, shy, veffel Virtue, she thinks it no way inconsistent with her Modesty, to meet her *Cousin* privately at her Milliner's, and be as free-hearted with the *dear Captain* as any Woman of Intrigue among them all. — To the *World*, and to her *Husband*, she is eternally talking about her *Honour* and her *Virtue*, that she may talk herself into the Reputation of having what she has so long lost.

SIR, what I wish you would insert this Character for, is, that the Lady for whom it is meant, or any other to whom it may any Ways appertain, would not, for the future, endeavour to appear with greater En-

dowments of Modesty than the rest of the Sex, who in Reality are more virtuous than themselves; therefore the Publication of this would much oblige

A new Correspondent,

OA. 9.

WILL. PLAIN-TRUTH.

AS the next Letter has a near Relation to this Subject, I shall insert it before I say any Thing about the other.

To 'SQUIRE STONECASTLE, of Lincoln's-Inn.

S I R,

AS I come in Manner of a Client to you for Advice, I will open my Case at once to prevent Delays in other People's Business. — You must know I am a Husband to a fine Lady. — Yes, that she is, as fine a Woman as any in the City of *London*. — But, alas! she is not contented with having more *Beauty* than any of her Neighbours, but she will be thought to have more *Virtue* too. What is strange to me, is, that tho' I never seem'd jealous of her Conduct, yet she is herself always defending it: From this superior *Virtue* she claims a superior Power; and, to shew, she is not a Jilt, she demonstrates she is a Tyrant. — If I speak a Word, she replies, *What d'ye mean by using a Woman of my REPUTATION in this Manner?* — If I deny any Thing, she demands — *Is this a suitable Reward for a Woman of my VIRTUE?* — In short, these Words, *Honour, Virtue, and Reputation* are, it seems, to frighten me into any Thing: Now, Sir, I would have you just hint to her, that it is no ways necessary for a virtuous Woman ever to mention a Word about her *Virtue*, and you'll oblige,

From near St. Paul's,

OA. 13.

SIMON LUSTRING.

IN my Opinion, a Woman who boasts of her *Virtue*, is as much to be suspected, as a Man who boasts of his
Courage:

Courage; for none sure, but those who really want the Reputation of chaste Women, would needlessly defend their Chastity, as none but those who were really Cowards would mention their Valour: It is a Thing entirely unnecessary; for every Woman, 'till she is known otherwise, is to be esteem'd virtuous; as every Man, 'till his Courage is disprov'd, is to be thought brave. I would therefore advise the Fair Sex not to talk of what they are known or supposed to have, lest what they would establish by Artifice, they may lose by Scandal. As for Mrs. *Lustring*, it particularly behoves her to alter her Conduct; as her Husband, at the Conclusion of his Letter, seems in a ready Way to entertain some Thoughts of her, which she may not in the least deserve.

To the AUTHOR of the SPECTATOR.

S I R,

SOME Time ago you favour'd your Readers with a Differtation on the Art of *Modern Conversation*, in which several Follies, which Persons are too apt to be guilty of, were justly expos'd; but, Sir, having lately been very much teized with impertinent Visitants, and all the dull Fatigue of our Modish Chit-Chat, I wish you would write a Discourse to recommend to the Publick one Art with which they seem very little acquainted; and that is, *Self-Conversation*: If you could once perswade your Readers into the Practice of *conversing* with themselves, it might introduce them into an Acquaintance with their own Hearts, and make them intimate with what they are at present entire Strangers to; by this Means also, no one need ever want Company, but always have such as they may justly be pleas'd with, and consequently prevent their seeking a dull Entertainment abroad, when it is in their own Power to create a better to themselves at home; if you could bring this Scheme to bear, it would not only be of moral Benefit to every private Family, but a publick Happiness in general: I expect soon to see

something on this Subject, or you shall never more hear from

Yours, at present,

DEBORAH HINTWELL.

M R S. *Deborah's* Request shall be comply'd with the first Opportunity ; as shall that of the following Correspondent,

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;* AUTHOR of the
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

IT was a pretty Humour of your Predecessor to consider the dull, the foolish, or the impertinent, under the Characters of *dead Men* ; as you have given the Publick lately a Paper on the *Abuse of Speech*, if it would not seem too servile an Imitation, it would furnish you with Matter for a *Spec*, if you were to consider our present Set of *Talkers* as so many *Mutes*. Upon the System, that they who speak *ill*, speak *not at all*, you will have Latitude enough to consider, in a satirical Manner, all Classes of People ; but, Sir, as I am to request, that you would do this, not direct you how, your own Manner of performing it cannot but be agreeable to

Your constant Reader,

EZEK. SILENT.

When



*When were the Dice with more Profusion thrown?
The well-fill'd Fob not empty'd now alone,
But Gamesters for whole Patrimonies play;
The Steward brings the Deeds which must convey
The lost Estate: What more than Madness reigns,
When one short Sitting many Hundreds drains?*

Dryden's Juv. Sat. 1.

To the Author of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

AS the present Age seems very much devoted in general to some Kind of *Play*, or *Gaming*, it may not be improper to consider the Nature of *Gaming*, and how far it may be allow'd as an innocent Relaxation; or, when we should avoid it, as inconsistent with *Prudence*, *Content* and *Frugality*.

THE *antient Gaming* was instituted by the Civil Power, and the *Commonwealth* thought, that under a proper Regulation it might not only be a private Amusement, but a publick Benefit. The *Olympick Games* of *Greece* were design'd merely to promote *Honour* and *Exercise*, and therefore, though they wanted not *Wealth*, they did not win *Money* or *Treasures*, but a *Pine Wreath* or a *Parsley Garland*, fully satisfy'd their *Desires*: In Process of Time, indeed, they who were most successful, had *Pensions* from the *Publick* for Life, but yet their *Gaming* was not to be blamed. as the Institution was noble, and the Intent good. Happy had it been for Mankind, had their *Diversions* continued in the same Course of *Innocence* and *Simplicity*; but as the Ages grew more corrupt, instead of *playing* for some Reward due to their *Merit*, Men made the whole Intent of their *Gaming* to be *Lucre*. From an inordinate *Avarice*, what should have been an *Amusement*, grew into a *scandalous Art*;

and from a Pretence of avoiding being entirely *idle*, they became entirely *wicked*. Tho' *Gaming* for *Money* is said to be owing both to *Idleness* and *Avarice*, yet it frequently cheats the Intention of both: For who are more *busy* or *intent* than they who are engag'd, either with the Management of their Cards, or anxious about the Cast of the Dice; their *Senses*, their very *Soul*, seem lost to every Thing but their *Play*; and, instead of the propos'd *Gain* with which they flatter'd themselves, they often lose even what they possessed. How often does the *bigotted Gamester* cast away, in a few Throws, what his Forefathers had been some Years in collecting; and, instead of obtaining an additional Plenty, he entailt Want, Beggary, and Ruin on his Issue. Two Things which are the most conducive to the *Life* and *Well-being* of Men, are *Time* and *Treasure*, and of both these *Gaming* deprives them; for they who are infatuated with an Itch of *Play*, cannot be quiet without it; it is the *Ignis Fatuus* which still allures them on to Destruction, while they flatter themselves it will lead them out of Danger. A Man who loves *Gaming*, may think it a sufficient Excuse, that every Man has some *one Folly*, and *that* is his; and that if he indulges himself at *Play*, to make amends, he is neither a *Drunkard* or a *Whoremaster*. But let me tell him that in his *own single Vice* he has all the Inconveniencies of the other two: He who is a *Cully* to a *Gaming Table*, may as well be one to a *Harlot*; he minds as fondly some lucky Spots on the Dice, as the other could doatingly admire the alluring Eyes of a Woman: For that he neglects all other Occasions; his *Business*, his *Friends*, his *Children*, and his *Wife*: And tho' he mayn't be intoxicated with *Wine*, he does at *Play* what the *Drunkard* does at *Drinking*; plays down the *Evening Star*, and plays up the *Morning* one: The Sun may make his Circuit round the World, and yet find him in the same Room and at the same Table, with the same earnest Looks, and the same Anxiety at his Heart. And to what Purpose is all this? To be a *Lofer* if he should even *win*: For if he wins, it makes him wanton with his good Fortune, enters him into new Ways of Extravagance, which makes Prodigality habitual, and Poverty the almost certain Consequence: Besides, he cannot be
easy

easy with his *Purchase*; they from whom he won will again try their Luck with him, and the Remains which *blind Chance* or his own *Art* gave, *Chance* and *Art* may again deprive him of. There is a Folly in this Vice which makes it exceed all others, that is, there is no sensible natural Pleasure in the *Action* of it: for what Pleasure can it convey to the *Ear* or to the *Eye*, to hear two Pieces of Bone rattle together in a Box, or to see a Square run round, and the Fortune we are possessed of flung into a Lottery, to try whether we shall hold it any longer or not. Tho' so many of our *Nobility* and *Persons of Fashion* are passionately addicted to this *fashionable Vice*, I cannot but affirm, that their inordinate Desire of *Play* is inconsistent with the Maxims of *Honour*, and that they who have a generous Way of Thinking, should neither *play much nor deep*: By being too far engaged in the *Interest* of a *Game*, the *Pleasure* is forfeited, and the Person of *Quality* insensibly sinks into the *Gamester*: If he *wins*, he knows not whether the other can afford to lose; if he can't, a generous Mind would scorn to take from them who may *want*, and make another *suffer* for his Gettings: If he *can spare* it, he should disdain to be *supply'd* by the Purse of one who is his *Equal* or *Superior*. But if *he himself* should *lose*, and not be able to spare it, it proclaims him very unwise to put himself under *inconvenient Necessities*, only to indulge his Will and Humour; neither is it *honest*, for he injures all about him, forfeits his *Word* with his *Tradesman*, his *Tranquility* with his *Family*, his *Love* to his *Wife*, and his *Affection* for his *Children*, his *Ease*, *Content*, and *Happiness* with *himself*. Whoever *games high*, be he never so rich, commits a Folly, tho' he should *win*, and a Vice if he *loses*; for Wealth is not imprudently to be wanton'd away; there is some Share of it due to common Society, to his distressed Fellow-Creatures, and to the publick Good of his Country.

I SHOULD think it a proper Antidote to this Malady, for any one to be a Witness of what *Heats*, what *Fears*, what *Disorders*, what *Madness* and *Vexation*, an *unlucky Hand* at *Play* plunges some Men into; sure they would never hazard their own Peace of Mind, to run the Danger of such *Phrenzies* by playing, which dis-

compose

compose the whole Frame of our Nature, and render *Men* incapable of their *Reason*, their *Honour*, and *Humanity*. What *Mischiefs* does it not produce? What a *Chain* of the worst *Ills* immediately flow from it? From a *Chagrin* it raises *Anger*, from *Anger* flow *Oaths*, *Imprecations*, and *Rage*; from *Rage*, *Injuries*, *Quarrels*, *Wounds* and *Death*.

THO' I have so far confin'd what I have said of *Gaming* to the *Men*, it is equally applicable to the *Women*; and the *Vice* in them is heighten'd, as their *Characteristic* should be *Industry*, *Carefulness* and *Frugality*. The *Regard* which I have for the *Fair Sex*, makes the *Reflection* to me very melancholy, when I think to what a *Degree* this *Passion* for *Gaming* has reign'd among them, and continues still in as much *Vogue* as ever. Besides the private *Parties* which the *Ladies* form among themselves at their own Houses, there are several Houses which are kept on Purpose for their *Gaming*: The fatal *Inconveniencies* of which Places, and the *Love* of *Play* in the *Fair Sex*, shall be the Subject of another Letter, which I shall entirely dedicate to their Service.

BEFORE I conclude, I must observe, that as severe as I may seem against *Gaming*, I am not an *Enemy* to *Recreations*; the *Cares* and *Labours* of the *World* require them; but all that I would have *Mankind* to beware of, is, that they would not make their *Recreation* a Kind of *Trade*, but to play for no more than they may lose with *Content*, and without *Prejudice* to themselves or others: This is the whole *Intent* and *Scope* of my writing; which, if it has any *Effect* on the rational Part of *Mankind*, will be a sensible *Pleasure* to

Your humble Servant,

PHILANDRES.

Me



Me *Venus* artificem tenero præfecit amori
Tiphys & Automedon dicar amoris ego.

Ov. *Arte Amandi*, Lib. 1.

Love's *Tiphys* and *Automedon* I'm call'd,
 Being by *Venus*' Patent so install'd.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq; AUTHOR of the
 UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Worthy Sir,

HAVING often read, in your *Lucubrations*, the
 Cases of your *Female Correspondents*, who, by
 the Publication of them, have receiv'd either a
 private Pleasure themselves, or have contributed to the
 Emolument of the Publick, by the Observations which
 you made upon them: It is from hence that I desire you
 would indulge me in my Ambition of having this Epistle
 inserted among others which have been wrote by my Sex;
 and tho' it mayn't be the most *instructive*, it may not be
 the least *diverting*.

YOU must know, Sir, that with a tolerable *Person*,
 very good *Fortune*, and *Lovers* in abundance, I have a
 particular Humour to *live and die a Maid*; this Way of
 Thinking, I protest, does not arise from my not having
 it in my Power to have *any Man*; but from my not ha-
 ving seen *any one Man* who had those *Accomplishments*
 which I think necessary for a *Husband*. Perhaps you
 will imagine that I don't know myself what Sort of a
 Man *I wou'd have*; but, Sir, to evince the contrary, I
 have sent you a Description of a Person whom, notwith-
 standing my present Humour, I would willingly marry,
 and bring him *Ten Thousand Pounds* for my Portion.
 When there are so many *Fortune-Hunters*, *witty Sparks*,
pretty Fellows, and *grave Widowers* about this Town, I
 doubt not but I shall at first strike some Thousands with
 a flattering

a flattering Hope that they will easily carry me off; but to silence their Claims, thus follows the Description of the *only Man* that I will have, which you may justly entitle,

The Character of a MAID'S HUSBAND.

THOUGH it is generally too fatal a Maxim among *Women*, to *please* their *Eye*, if they *torture* their *Heart*; yet I am so far of that Opinion, that I must have such a Person, whose *Form*, *Shape*, *Air*, and *Mein*, are entirely *graceful* and *engaging*: The Features of his Face must be regular, and though regular, agreeable, which as yet I have never seen; for where the Fancy of Nature has produc'd the Agreements of Regularity, those compleat Beauties had something in them to be *admir'd*, yet wanted that *secret something* which makes up the *engaging*. His Eyes must be lively, sparkling, and affecting; and over the whole Face there must appear a clear Complexion, a healthful Air, and a cheerful Smile: His Stature must be of a rising Height, easy and well proportion'd, a Gate free and genteel, without the short, pert Trip of the affected Beau, or the haughty, tragick Stalk of the more solemn Fop: His Behaviour *serious*, but *natural*, which is neither *too open* nor *too reserv'd*: His *Laugh*, his *Speech*, his *Action*, and his whole *Manner*, must be *just* without *Affectation*, and *free* without *Lewity*.

BUT the *Form* of his *Person* is the least which I shall consider as a Charm; let me now speak of the necessary *Endowments* of his *Mind*, without which all that I have describ'd of his Person will avail nothing. His *Genius* and his *Knowledge* must be extensive, but not rambling into an Immenfity, not skill'd in one Science, yet ignorant of all others, not conversant in *Books*, yet knowing nothing of *Mankind*; not a mere *Scholar*, a mere *Soldier*, or a mere *pretty Fellow*; but *Learning*, *Freedom*, and *Gallantry* must so nicely be mingled together, that I might always find in him an improving *Friend*, a gay *Companion*, and an amusing *Gallant*. In Conversation he must say nothing with *Study*, nor yet nothing at *Random*; the *worst Thing* he utters must raise an *Attention*; nor in the *best* must there appear any *Labour* for them:

His

His Thoughts must flow from him naturally ; yet not without that *Delicacy of Expression* which is necessary to give them a genteel Turn.

WITH the Talents of his *Mind*, let me mention the necessary Qualities of his *Soul* ; it must be *generous* without *Prodigality*, *humane* without *Weakness*, *just* without *Severity*, and *fond* without *Folly* : To his *Wife* endearing, to his *Children* affectionate, to his *Friends* warm, to *all Mankind* benevolent. *Nature* and *Reason* must join their *Powers*, and to the Openness of his Heart add *Oeconomy*, making him *careful* without *Avarice*, and giving a Kind of *Unconcernedness* without *Negligence*. With *Love* he must have *Respect*, and, by a *continual Complaisance*, always win upon the Inclinations ; as he *first* charm'd, he must still endeavour to retain his Conquest, and eternally *look* and *speak* with the *same Desires*, the *same Affection*, tho' somewhat *more Freedom*.

IT is said that Experience proves that the Soul attains a Kind of Blindness by *loving*, and *Love* never establishes his Power without destroying our *Reason* ; but the Man I chuse must have Power to make his Sentiments become more *passionate* as his Knowledge becomes more refined, and the *Passion* which in others is looked on as a *Mark* of *Folly*, be in him the *true Effect* of *Happiness*.

TO these Qualities I must add, that the *Charm* which is to be consider'd before all the rest, still remains unspoke of : He must have what is so very scarce in this Libertine Age, RELIGION ; but though *devout*, he must not be *superstitious*, though *good* not *melancholy* ; far from that unhappy Infirmary which makes Men uncharitable *Bigots*, averse to that severe Temper which insensibly diffuses into the Heart of Man a morose *Contempt* of the *World*, and an *Antipathy* to the Pleasures of it : He must not be such a *Lover* of *Society* as to mix with the Assemblies of *Fools*, *Knaves*, and *Blockheads*, nor yet of an Opinion that he ought to retire from human Society, to seek God in the *Horror* of *Solitude* ; but he must think that the *Almighty* may be found amongst Men, where his *Goodness* is most active, and his Providence most employed ; there his *Religion* must enlighten his *Reason*, perfect his *Manners*, regulate his *Conduct*, both in the *Cares* of *Salvation* and the *Duties* of *Life*.

WITH

WITH *such a Man* a Woman might enjoy *Pleasures* in *Matrimony*, which none but Fools would deny; her *Husband* would always be the same, and always *pleasing*. The best good natur'd Man in the Marriage State grows sometimes morose, and they who have most Wit and Vivacity, rather grow impertinent with it, or malicious; but the *Man* which I have describ'd will, and must please at all Times, and his eternal Equality never afford a Moment's Distaste: Other Wives are glad with their *Husbands* to find one agreeable Hour; but with this, a disagreeable Minute would be impossible. In whatever Condition, on whatever Occasion I should see him or speak to him, it must be with a certain mutual Pleasure, and assur'd mutual Satisfaction,

NOW, Mr. Spec, let your *smart, dressing, scribbling conceited* Fellows, whether of the *Temple*, of the *University*, of the *Army*, or of the *City*, who would be glad of having no disagreeable Woman of *Two and Twenty*, with *Ten Thousand Pounds* in her own Disposal, read *this Character*, and if any *one Man* will say and prove it to be his, my Fortune shall be his, as the only Man who deserves it: But, I believe, Sir, I have made a Description of a *Man*, as some Painters do of a *Monster*, a Thing which is not in Nature; which neither is *now*, ever *was*, or ever *will be*; therefore I fancy, Sir, I may as well make myself contented, nor repine at dying a *Maid* (and I hope an *old one*) since I must not expect a *Husband* to the Wishes of

Your humble Servant,

Reader and Correspondent,

TAMAR SINGLE.

A HYMN

A HYMN to DULLNESS, in Imitation of Mr. COWLEY'S
HYMN to LIGHT.

O FFSPRING of *Chaos*, who unform'd did'st come
A heavy Mass from old *Night's* Womb!
Who when they saw the *Monster* Child,
Chaos and *Night* seem'd pleas'd, and o'er thee grimly smil'd.

Thou Flood of *Nonsense*, which no Bounds do'st know,
But seldom ebbing, ever flow!
Thou art the Golden Show'r of *Jove*,
It was in *thee* he did descend, with *thee* make Love.

Hail drowsy Nature's Joy, and Life, and Health!
Fountain of Honours and of Wealth!
Hail to thy Husband *Cold*, and Thee!
Thou the World's Fav'rite Bride, tho' the dull Bride-
(groom he.

Hail happy Pair! whom a large Issue crowns,
And all confess to be thy own:
For want of Beauty and of Fire,
Slow Dullness gave 'em Birth, and frosty *Cold* their Sire,

O Genial Dullness! who to modern Wit
To be the Parent hast thought fit:
Who hast thyself oft charm'd the Age,
Thou, thou alone shalt still preside, and rule the Stage.

Thou in the *Peer's* bright Chariot, proud and gay,
Do'st Sons of Wit on Foot survey;
Triumphant thou do'st roll along,
And blest'd with Want of *Thought*, do'st hum an *Op'ra*
(Song.

Thou, *Statesman-like*, in solemn State are found
Thoughtless of all thy Train around:
And still as thou in Pomp do'st go,
The still more *thoughtless* Fools attend thy Pageant Show.

Nor yet 'mid all these Honours do'st thou scorn
Far humbler *Statesmen* to adorn;
Now thou in *Caleb* do'st appear
(O Greatness without Pride) now in the *Gazetteer*.

At

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At thy Appearance, *Sense* itself is said
 Lowly to bow her subject Head :
 And *Eloquence* her Cause forfook,
 Unable to withstand the Terrors of thy Look.

At thy Appearance *Folly's* self grows bold,
 Her Tongue is loos'd, her Tale is told :
 Frighten'd at *Wit*, at Sight of *thee*
Chloe's pale Cheek grows warm, and firm her tott'ring
 (Knee

Goddeſs, could I all thy Perfections bring
 To Sight, and all thy Praises sing,
 The first of modern Bards among
 Lofty as the *Laureat's* Ode, should be my Song.

Like *him* I'd tune my soft *Prosaic Rhime*,
 Like *him* I'd reach a new *Sublime* ;
 Each Stanza shou'd thy Pow'r commend ;
 Like *him*, with *thee* begin, like *him*, with *thee* I'd end.



*There was a Saying, that Artifice is the Woman's Province,
 tho' Man is more skilful at throwing the Lance ; so that
 if the Prize was to be given to Craft, we should have
 absolute Dominion over the Men.*
*For it avails so in the Female Heart,
 That it makes Pow'r itself submit to Art.*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq; AUTHOR of the
 UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

IT has been a frequent Wish among the *Female Sex*,
 (and which, as I am of that Number, I have often
 join'd in) that there was a *Parliament of Women*, as
 well as one of *Men* : But the Objection of the Gentle-
 men is, when such a Thing is mention'd in their Com-
 pany, that the Ladies have not that *Depth of Reason*, and
 Weight

Weight of Experience to enter into such *Debates*, and constitute and enact such *Laws* in a *Female Parliamentary Sessions*, as would procure Honour to themselves and Profit to the *Commonwealth*. I am, indeed, no great *Politician*, and know no more of our *modern Parliamentary Proceedings*, than to have heard a *Speech* at a *Committee of Elections*, or read one in a *Monthly Magazine*; but for aught that I could ever hear or see, I am confident our *Debates* would be as much to the Purpose, and tho' we might have as much *Warmth*, we should have less *Partialities* and *private Views*. Were we *Women* to have such a Sitting, it may be wonder'd what *Business* we could find to transact: Why e'en as much as the *Gentlemen*; we would enact some *Laws*, and repeal others; confirm our own *Privileges*, have our several *Committees*, consider the *present State of the Beau Monde*, pass the *Money Bills*, and then be *prorogued*; nor would we in the least interfere either with the *Business* or *Politics* of St. STEPHEN'S Chapel; our *Committees* should enquire into the *Abuses of Assemblies*, and settle and adjust *Punctilios of Honour* in relation to *visiting Days*. Instead of the *State of the Nation*, our Enquiry should be no farther than that of the *Beau Monde*; and, instead of the *Conduct of EMBASSADORS*, we should consider that of our *Millinary and Mantuary RESIDENTS and ENVOYS* at the Court of FRANCE: When they went on the *Sinking Fund*, we would examine into the *Fund of modern Wit*; when they enter'd on *Ways and Means*, and passed the *Malt, &c. Bills*, we would pass a *Bill* for the better *Payment of our Pin-money*; and when one *House* thought proper to *punish Mutiny and Desertion of Soldiers*, the other *House* would enact a *Punishment* for the same Crimes of *Disobedience and Disloyalty in Husbands*; and, lastly, when with *Fatigue, Labour, yet with Resolution*, we had run through all the *Business* which should be thought proper for that Session, our *House*, like the other, should stand *prorogued to the next*. But, Sir, as this Scheme is rather *speculative* than *practical*, and could never be brought to bear, being a *Novelty of Government* which the *Friends to the antient Constitution* would never admit of, a Party of us have lately resolved to come as near it in Intention as the *Laws and Statutes*

Statutes of this Realm will allow and justify. It has been some Years a Custom among the Men to have their *Clubs*, and at every Club to have their peculiar *Statutes* and *Ordinances*, according to their different Form of Government, several of which have been very humourously described by that ingenious Author, the FIRST SPECTATOR. On this Plan we have regulated an *Assembly* in the *North* of *England*, and have form'd our own *Laws*, drawn up our *Edicts*, and resolved, *Nem. Con.* that no one, either *Belle* or *Beau*, shall be admitted without they voluntarily subscribe to our *Ordinances*, which are wrote out on *Gilt Paper*, as *fair*, and as well *spelt*, as I, their *Secretary*, could pen them. That you may see *we Women* are not the worst *Law Givers* in the World, I have transmitted to you, according to the *Order* of a *General Court*, a true Copy of all those *Edicts* which we, as yet, have thought proper to make; by publishing them in your Paper they may be of universal Use, as the Scheme may be followed and improved by the *more judicious Ladies* of BATH and LONDON: However, it will be an Obligation to our *Assembly*, and more especially to their *Secretary*, who is

Your constant Reader,

PHÆBE STATUTE.

Certain EDICTS and ORDINANCES, instituted and made in a full ASSEMBLY of Ladies, kept at the Long-Room of Mrs. MARTHA MATTADORE, this present Wednesday, being the Third of November, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-six.

Imprimis, **B**E it enacted, and it is hereby enacted, that every Lady have a free *Liberty* of *Speech*, that being the fundamental Maxim on which all Female *Rights* and *Liberties* depend.

Item, No Lady who is not a known avow'd *Toast*, shall speak defamatory of the *Beauty* of any other who is; nor shall she, by any bye *Hint*, or suspicious *Inuendo*, draw a *Reflection* on her *Behaviour*: Provided this Clause shall

shall no Way affect any Lady who is in *known Rivalship* with another.

Item, No Female Member of this *Assembly* who useth the *Art Cosmetick*, otherwise term'd *Beauty Painting*, shall find Fault with her *Limner*, that he has not done her Justice in her *Picture*, unless she will own that she herself makes a *better Face* of herself every Day she lives.

Item, That no Lady, who abstemiously keeps at home, denying to come to this *Assembly*, shall be esteemed a *Contemner of Vanities*, when the real Cause is, the want of *fashionable Cloaths* to appear in.

Item, That no Lady in the *Assembly-Room* shall stand before any *Pier* or *Looking-Glass*, under the Pretence of adjusting her Dress, or any other Pretence whatsoever, above the Space of *Three Minutes*, unless she has no Admirers, Male or Female, beside herself.

Item, No Lady who with an easy free Sprightliness of Wit and Humour, keeps up the Conversation of Company, shall be termed *immodest*.

Item, Nor shall any Lady who sits silent for want of Wit, be thought to have more *Wisdom* or *Modesty* than the *Speaking Members*.

Item, Whatever *Maiden* or *Married Lady* boasts of her *Virtue* and *Honour*, shall be immediately suspected of having made a *false Step*.

Item, Nor shall any Lady be complimented for her *Chastity*, who never was suspected to have had the *Question ask'd* her.

Item, No Lady, when speaking of a *Gentleman*, shall, with a contemning Familiarity, call him *Fellow*, unless there is a *known Intrigue* between them, of a long Date; or unless speaking of a *Beau*, they term him a *pretty Fellow*.

Item, The Lady who is always fondling her Husband in publick Company, shall be deem'd to have, at that Instant, a *Gallant* waiting to meet her in private.

Item, It is resolved, *Nem. Con.* after the *Question* put, that it is in the *Power* and *Jurisdiction* of this *Female Court*, to extend their *Laws* to whatever *Men* do or may frequent this *Assembly*.

Therefore it is agreed, by the *whole Court*, that no *Beau* who has no other *Worth* to recommend him than a *French Suit* of *Cloaths* and *Solitaire*, shall dare to make his *Addresses* to any *Lady* in his own *Behalf*; but shall be allowed only to *chit-chat* of the *News* of the *Drawing-Room*, or deliver a *Message* or *Billet-Doux* for his *Friend*.

Item, Among the *fine Things* which the *Sparks* may whisper to the *Ladies*, no one shall talk of *Flames* or *Fires*, but from the *Beginning* of *November* to the *End* of *February* inclusive; nor shall they mention *Hearts* as cold as *Ice*, and *Breasts* as white as *Snow*, but from *July* to *August*.

Item, No *Wit*, or *reputed Wit*, that begins to *argue* with a *Lady* and wants *Sense* to carry him through the *Dispute*, shall attempt to redeem his *Credit* by putting her to *Silence* by *obscene Discourse* and *double Entendres*, under *Penalty* of being *expell'd* the *Assembly* with the *utmost Disgrace*.

Item, These *Articles* shall stand in full *Force* till *repeal'd* by the unanimous *Consent* of every *Female Member* of this *Assembly*; and that the *General Court* will now end their *first Meeting*, and *prorogue* themselves to this *Day se'nnight*; when they will again meet to take some other *weighty* and *important Affairs* under *Consideration*.

Nov. 3, 1736.

PHÆ. STATUTE, Sec.
and Cler. Fem. Parl.





Militat omnis amans.

OVID.

Love is a Warfare.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

AS your Paper is sometimes made Use of to publish either the *Pleasures* or *Resentments* of *successful* or *unsuccessful* Lovers; as to you, without Reserve, is reveal'd the *Tyranny* of the *Women*, and the *Falsbood* of the *Men*; and as you are made the sole Umpire of Love Affairs, I cannot think my *Case* and *Letter* any Way improper to have a Place given them among other *Lucubrations* of the like Nature. I am, by Profession, a *Soldier*; and have rather the manly Roughness of an *old Campaigner*, than the *polite Effeminacy* which too generally reigns among our modern *pretty Fellows* of the Army: But as there is no resisting the Power of Beauty, I make, and have long made, my Addresses to a Lady who has too many Charms to have only a single Swain to languish at her Feet: I have a Number of Rivals, but *two* only I reckon dangerous; the one a *smart Spark*, who relies on the *Trimming* of his *Cloaths* and his *Knowledge* in the *Fashions* to gain her *Affections*; the other, a *Temple Wit*, who, with a *brisk Repartee*, and *jingling Sonnet*, is telling her she has as much *Sense* as *Beauty*; and would secure the Possession of her Person by praising the Endowments of her Mind. The other Day we all *three* drank Tea with the Lady, who seem'd to indulge herself in having *three* of her most humble Slaves at once, paying their Devoirs to her: With all the Art of the most finish'd Beauty, and most accomplish'd Coquette, she gave us a publick Kind of Audience, where, from each, she expected the *ceremonial Forms* of a *Lower*, though we might not enter into the *particular Secrets* of our Commission. The *Beau* complimented her on the Elegance of her Taste, which we had shewn by the

Dress she appear'd at Court in on the *Birth-Day*. The *Wit* made his Address by acquainting her, that the *Simile* she made at the Drawing-Room, on the Appearance of Miss *Aukward's Dutch Head* was universally approv'd. As for *myself*, I only humbly mention'd, that she had done as much *Execution*, at the *Levee*, on our *General Officers*, as the *French* had formerly done at *Blenheim* or *Ramillies*; when the *Beau* immediately smil'd, and the *Templer* whisper'd something which did not seem in Approbation of my Compliment. You must, Mr. SPEC, know, that I am not a little jealous of my Honour; and am as sensible, as any Man in *England*, when I am put upon: Therefore I should immediately have kick'd my sneering Pair of Coxcombs down Stairs, had not the Privilege of the Place given Sanction to their Ill-manners; but for this Reason I bore with this Impertinence, as well as another which they ran into, by severally recommending to the Lady, before my Face, their own Accomplishments. The Man of Dress couped before the Pier-Glass, humm'd an Air out of *Atalanta*, adjust'd his Peruke, rail'd at the fine Widow *Sprightly* for marrying Sir *Grimly Alamode*; and concluded, that no Woman of *Taste* could like any Man but a Man of *Dress* and *Fashion*. *Wit*, my Dear, replies the *Templer*, is more absolutely necessary to gain a *Lady's Esteem* than any Thing in the World; provided she is a Woman of *Sense*, and knows the Value of it. How contemptible must that Man appear, who cannot say *smart Things* to divert her, or who, in mere *Prose* only, can give a Proof of his Passion without being able to *soar* to a *Sonnet*, to shew the Ardour of his own Address; or launch into a *Lampoon*, to shew the Insipidity of his Rivals? Did not my Lord *Spinryme's* pretty Genius for Versification gain him the Heart of Lady *Sapphy Lyrick*? And did not Mrs. *Haughty's* Opinion of *Jack Keenwit's* Satire make her prefer him with a single Hundred *per Annum* to Mr. *Wrongbead's* Settlement of a Thousand? It is *Wit* only can make an Impression on the Heart of a Woman of *Understanding*; by the Aid of *Wit* her *Beauty* more triumphantly reigns: Therefore it is nothing but what is just, that *Beauty* should be the Reward of it.

AS both my *Rivals* had kept strict to *Character* in their several Commendations, I could do no otherwise ; and advanced, that *Valour* in a *Soldier* would have a stronger Effect on the Heart of a *sensible Woman*, than the *unmeaning Foppery* of the *Man of Fashion*, or the *dull Verses* of the *Scribbling Poetaster* ; But, as I had not Patience to enter into a Debate with two Fops, on whom I would have rather demonstrated the Force of Courage, than enter'd into an Harangue on the Power of it, I deferred what I had to say on the Subject, in Hopes you would, Mr. *Spec*, give a Place for it in one of your Papers ; which *Belinda* might read with more Attention over her Tea, in the Morning, than there, amid the Impertinences of the Tea-Table, in the Afternoon.

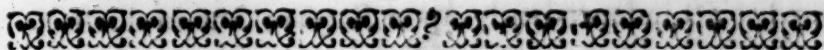
I AM of Opinion, that nothing is more necessary to procure, or merit, the Love of the Fair Sex, than *Valour* ; and I am glad I am so, as it gives me not a little Consolation in my Amour with the most deserving of Women. It is a Proof of a Lady's good Judgment, when she prefers a Man of *Courage* to a timorous Fopling ; for he who dares shew his *Valour* to a *Man*, will consequently shew his *Courage* to a *Lady* ; and it is most political in the Fair Sex, to esteem that which is capable of giving them *Protection* : Besides, a *Soldier* would not make all those idle *Punctilios* of *Ceremony* which the more bashful Lover thinks needful ; a *Lady*, by him, would be prevented of putting on *Pride* and *Disdain*, which she is often forced to, when they are foreign to her Heart : For the *cold Pride* in *Women* generally arises from the *base Servility* of the *Men* ; for as *Cowards* in a Quarrel grow valiant on those whom they find are *mere Cowards* ; so *Cowards* in *Love*, from their servile Fear in asking the Question, give *Women* the *Courage* to deny them ; and, by their own Doubts, teach them that they ought to be hard to be obtain'd : This kind of *Bashfulness*, or rather *Fear*, is far from *Men* of *Valour*, and especially from *Soldiers* ; for they are forward, and confident, losing no Time, lest they should lose an Opportunity ; for on the Vigilance of the *Lover*, as of the *Soldier*, the Success of an Amour, as well as of a Military Expedition, depends : Besides, I know that *Women*, like *Enemies*, are apt to dis-

seem ; therefore they will never believe them when they *deny*. That experienced Master in Love, who wrote the *Art* of it, lays down, as his first chief Rule, that every *Lover* is a *Warrior*, and that *Cupid* has his Camp : It was upon this *Principle* that our Forefathers regulated their *Amours* ; and before the late *Gothick* Ages of *false Wit* and *false Gallantry* broke in upon us, there was no Way known to win a *Lady* but by *Tilting*, *Tournaying*, and *Riding* through Forests in Search of Adventures, and to prove their Passion by hardy Deeds at *Arms* ; in which Times, had our modern Lilliputian Gallants liv'd, they would scarce have been held of Ailities and Strength enough to have held a Lance as a Page to the Knight, or have supported the weighty Train, as an Attendant on his *Lady*. Let us review those Things which are at present call'd Accomplishments ; to be accounted *handsome*, *well-dress'd*, or *witty*, sure should be no Title to claim a Woman on : But for the *Soldier* who is esteem'd *brave*, his Acts ought to be esteem'd *Merit* ; and what Woman of *good Nature* and *good Sense* would not be proud to hold him safe in her Arms, who had run through numberless Dangers, and ventur'd *Life* to arrive there.

MEN have a Privilege in Valour ; in Dress they imitate Women : And the Men of *Mode* (those *Women* in *Mens* Apparel) are too like Women, to be belov'd by them. As for *Wit*, it rather begets *Approbation* than *Love* ; and the common Sort, utter'd by the young Fellows about Town, is a Noun Adjective, which cannot stand by itself, nor is it to be seen, felt, heard, or understood : Such a Thing can never be esteem'd by a Woman. But as I would recommend Valour to the *Ladies*, I must keep to the Character of it, and be a Man of *few Words* ; therefore I shall not in the most regular Manner conclude, that I am

Your humble Servant,

HEN. PLUME.



Ira furor brevis est, animum rege, qui nisi paret
Imperat. Hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catena.

Hor. lib. 1. ep. 2.

*Anger's a short Frenzy: Then subdue
Your Passion, or your Passion conquers you.
Let lordly Reason hold the guiding Reins;
And bind the Tyrant with coercive Chains.*

Francis.

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq; AUTHOR of the
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

IT is the Business of *Philosophy*, and consequently of
your *Lucubrations*, to teach Mankind to govern
their *Passions* by *Reason*; for *Reason* is the only
Guide in *moral Life*, to shew us what is evil or what is
good; But when *Reason* has pointed out to us the Track
which we are to follow, it is by the *Passions* only
that we are byas'd, either to pursue the *Right*, or de-
viate into the *Wrong*: It is *Reason* which shews us the
Goal, but the *Passions* animate the Race, which is won
or lost, just as the *Laws* and *Precepts* which *Reason* gives
us are regarded or neglected.

AS there is nothing more lawless and ungovernable
than the *Passions*, when they are left to themselves, what
a miserable Slave must that Man be, who voluntarily re-
signs himself up to the Tyranny of their Dominion?
His whole Study is their immediate Gratification, let
the Consequence be what it will; either an *infamous*
Death in this World, or an eternal one in the next.
One, mad with *Wine* and *Wrath*, runs his Sword thro'
a poor Man's Heart with all his Sins upon his Head, and
perhaps, at the same Time, makes Beggars of a Widow
and a House full of Children, whose Dependance and
Maintenance entirely lay on that one Life: Another,
who is under the absolute Governance of *Pride* and *Am-
bition*, ruins his Fortune and Family by Expence or
Equipage, and makes himself little by attempting to be
great, and grows poor by endeavouring to be rich:
Many more Instances might be given of the mad Mis-

chief which is done by the *Passions*, when they are suffered to act independantly upon *Reason*; but in this Letter I would shew only the fatal Inconveniencies of the *Passion of Anger*.

AS this is the most *foolish* and *brutal* *Passion*, when let loose, it is no Wonder that it generally disappoints itself and misses its Ends, by chusing the most violent Means, which are seldom successful; this is so true, that if you would effectually defeat a Man in his Purposes, the surest Way is to make him *angry*. Every one may observe, that in *controverted Points* and *Disputations*, a good Cause is often lost, and a superior Understanding worsted, by no other Force or Stratagem than that of a *cool Temper*. An Adversary, however bad his Cause may be, is certain to gain Ground in Proportion to the Heat he puts you in; and the most shrewd and dangerous Antagonists are such as cannot be provoked: *Fury*, indeed, is not so formidable as it is ridiculous; for it acts Nonsense, as well as speaks it; and it would be very strange if he who has his *Reason* about him cannot be too cunning for Absurdity, and escape the Effects of it.

HANNIBAL, and most other great and successful Commanders, were celebrated for *Calmness of Temper*, and beat their Enemies, without being *angry* at them: They broke their Heads, as *Country Fellows* do one another's at a Wake, out of *Love*. This *Hannibal* knew so well the Folly and Inconvenience of the contrary Disposition, that he study'd nothing more than to *provoke* the *Roman Generals*, and make them *quarrelsome*; and when he had rais'd their *Choler* so as to offer him Battle, or in the more modish Phrase, to *challenge* him, he drubb'd them with all the *Calmness* of a *Philosopher*; and tho' he shew'd not the least *Anger*, he shew'd much *Fortitude*: This sober sedate Policy made him for many Years victorious over the former Conquerors of the World, 'till *Fabius Maximus* stopp'd his Career, by practising his *own Arts*: This *General* was a brave old Fellow in Reality, but from a Command over his *Passions*, was falsely call'd a *Coward*; and, by the Waggs of that Age, *Fabius* the *Slow*: But that *Dullness*, as the *Romans* call'd it, sav'd their *Commonwealth*; for the Insults and Reproaches of his

his own Officers, could not make him *angry* enough to do a rash Thing, but he broke the Power and Measures of the *Carthaginians*, by persevering in a good *Humour*.

THERE has another *General* liv'd since, who was of our own Nation; and when, I say, that with all *Hannibal's* Temper and Policy, he exceeded him in *Conquest* and *Success*, every one will know that I must mean the late *glorious Duke of Marlborough*.

BUT *Anger* is as mischievous in other Arts and Professions as in *War*; I wish our Divines and Polemical Disputants would learn a little more *Calmness* in their *Controversies*; it would be a certain Proof as well of their Prudence as Christianity; for that Man who makes *War*, while he would inculcate *Religion*, will gain but little Esteem among those who are either *godly* or *good-natur'd*. In all Things where *Anger* has a Pre-eminence, *Reason* is subjected to *Wrath*; like a Ship in a Tempest, it is hurry'd away by a violent Current and outrageous Waves, 'till it sinks in an Eddy, or founders on a Rock.

W.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq*;

S I R,

BEING in the Country on Saturday Evening last, I went to visit my Friend and Neighbour, Sir *Benjamin Rakeswell*: When just as we had concluded our Tea, your Paper was brought in; we could not suffer the Servant to discharge the Tea-Table, or bring the Evening Bottle; but dismiss'd him the Room, 'till we had paid the Respect to your much esteem'd Amusement: On perusing the Letter from Mr. *Singleton*, Sir *Benjamin* desired me to write on the same Subject, *viz.* in Favour of the Ladies; and thinking Mr. *Singleton's* Letter capable of Improvement, I am willing (tho' not as yet of Age) to engage in the Service of the Ladies, being well assur'd there are still amiable Remains in that Sex of Virtue, Modesty, native Humility, Beauty, Love and Affection, and that in as strong and justifiable

Terms as in past Ages, notwithstanding what may be urged by such, who not having due Qualifications to introduce them into their Favour, too often are apt to rail and throw whole Shoals of Calumnies on the Sex in general, without Favour or Distinction to the truly Valuable; an unhappy Case! when the Fault is really in themselves; for were *they* altered in the Disagreeableness of their *Manners* and *Conversation*, the *Ladies* would soon act in quite another Manner: and what these Gentlemen lately condemn'd for *Pride*, *Cruelty*, *Scorn*, *Contempt*, &c. would now appear lovely and agreeable; so greatly depends the Conduct of the *Ladies* on the prudent *Actions* and *Behaviour* of the *Gentlemen*.

WHAT Mr. Singleton advances in their Favour as to their being created *equal*, I shall in some Measure pass by, not being fully convinced of any Consequence it can *now* import to them; neither at this Time of Day is that Notion too much prevailing to be urg'd: As to their being endow'd with *Souls* equally capable of *Study* or *Learning* as the *Men*, I cannot affirm; neither would I advise any young Lady to attempt any Thing of that Nature, as being too rigid for their more lovely Composition, and very likely to deprive them of that which simply in itself would appear much more agreeable: I shall conclude by speaking to Mr. Singleton (as *Raphael* did to *Adam*, when the latter seem'd too much of the same Opinion) in Mr. Milton's Words;

———What transports thee so,
 An Outside? fair no Doubt, and worthy well
 Thy Cherishing, thy Honour, and thy Love;
 Not thy Subjection; weigh with her thyself,
 Then value: Oft times nothing profits more
 Than Self-Esteem, grounded on Just and Right,
 Well manag'd; of that Skill the more thou knowest,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,
 And to Realities yield all her Shows:
 Made so adorn, for thy Delight the more,
 So awful, that with Honour thou might'st love
 Thy Mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.

I hope no Lady will suffer me to lie under their Re-
sentment for my being willing to have their valuable
Perfections establish'd on a true and right Foundation, it
being the most *unlikely* to miscarry. I desire you will
insert this, which with the Hopes of one Day sharing
the happy Product of this World with some *pretty Nymph*,
will sufficiently recompence my joining my *Youth* to the
aged good Intentions of Mr. Singleton.

I am, Sir, yours,

Nov. 28, 1736.

TELEMACHUS.



*I feel my honest Indignation rise,
When with affected Air, a Coxcomb cries,
The Work I own has Elegance and Ease,
But sure no Modern should presume to please.
Then for his fav'rite Antients dares to claim
Not Pardon only, but Rewards and Fame.*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

THERE is a particular *Folly* which I have observ'd
in Men, as to their Opinion of our *modern Times*
and those of the *Antients*; some are so fondly con-
ceited of themselves and the extraordinary Abilities of
the present Age, as to think every Thing that's *antient* is
obsolete, and what is *modern* is *polite*; which shews that
they judge of Opinions in Arts and Sciences, as they do
of Fashions in Cloaths, where Novelty is the Sign of Ex-
cellence: Others on the contrary, with an awful *Super-*
stition are devoted to *Antiquity*, and take every Thing for
undoubted *Truth* that comes from the Pen of an *Antient*.
There is a *Medium* betwixt both, and tho' we ought not
to condemn the Knowledge of Cotemporaries, yet we
should pay a due *Respect* to *Antiquity*: How far this *Re-*
verence for the Antients may be carried, shall be the Sub-
ject of this Letter.

ANTIQUITY is ever venerable, and demands *Re-*
verence without *Superstition*; we may assent to their
Opinions often as wise Men, but not as *Oracles*: How-

ever great our Opinion may be of the Capacities of those who liv'd some Hundred Years before us, we do them an Affront, by rather admiring their Errors, than opposing them ; for we must entertain but a *disbonourable* Notion of those Men, who would rather have us *Fellowers* of them, than of *Truth*. The greatest Respect which we can shew to our *Ancestors*, is to follow their Example, which was not with a fond Admiration *jealously* and *superstitiously* to receive the Maxims and Learning of those who went before them, but to examine their Writings to avoid their Mistakes, and to use their Discoveries for the farther Improvements of their own Knowledge. *Aristotle*, whose *Ipse Dixit* among some Men of Learning now passes for an undeniable Proof, paid himself no such Deference to any of the *Philosophers* who were *Antients* to him ; no Man took a greater Liberty in reprov'g their supposed Errors, and therefore I do not see why he, or any other, should assume greater Privileges in Knowledge. than they would allow to their *Predecessors*.

A S for what is really *Truth*, it will be eternally so ; *Time* can make no Alteration, and the nicer the Scrutiny after it is, the more strong it will appear. Those Things which we reverence for *Antiquity*, were originally *true* or *false*. If *false*, *Time* cannot make them *true* ; if *true*, *Time* cannot make them *more* so : *Time* therefore, in Respect of *Truth* or *Error*, is insignificant ; for as a Length of Years cannot prejudice *Error*, so *Novelty* cannot prejudice *Truth*. I must confess, indeed, that *Novelty* has been declar'd against in all Ages ; but if a Deviation from the Opinion of our *Ancestors* is a *Crime*, how can we be so lavish in our Praises to the first Civilizers of Mankind, the Inventors of Arts and Sciences, and Founders of Government ; they improv'd the Rudeness of *Nature*, and still left something to be improv'd. That *Time* rather improves Knowledge by Experience, than diminishes it, the *wisest* of Men confirms, who in Search after natural Knowledge went from the *Shrub* to the *Cedar*, found out that *one Day certifieth another* : So one Age rectifies the preceding, and the *Morrow* hath the more Wisdom, as it has more Experience than the *Day before*. I cannot but be pleas'd with an odd Observation

vation of a great Wit, who found out that we *Moderns* are the *Antients*, and those who liv'd some Thousand Years ago were the *Moderns*: As ridiculous as this Paradox may seem, it is in Reality Fact; for those Ages which we commonly term the *old World*, were indeed the Infancy of it; and tho' as to Relationship of Father and Son, they who liv'd *before* us are our *Ancestors*, yet if you count down from Age to Age, according to the *Longevity* of Things, we are more properly *Antients*: Hence, as my Lord Bacon observes, we have generally a wrong Notion of Antiquity; for, says he, *to speak truly, Antiquitas seculi, inventus mundi*, that which we call *Antiquity* is only the *Nonage* of the World. If therefore we were *superstitiously* to follow the Dictates of the *Antients*, 'tis but rational to believe we break the Force, and stunt the Growth of our own Genius, and fixing our Notions just to the Standard of others, we can never rise among them, however contrary to the Progress of Genius and Nature: Thus he who spends all his Time in translating or painting Copies, will never reach to an Original of any Worth.

IT is surprizing to observe how delighted some Men are in propping themselves up by the Learning and Knowledge of other Men, which appears by their many and frequent Quotations out of Authors, and that upon every trifling and impertinent Occasion; we not only see Quotations from the old *Philosophers* and the *Poets*, the *Historians* and the *Fathers*, to support in printed Books what is as evident as Light at Noon-Day, but in Sermons also an Apothegm from *Cato* or *Tully* has given notable Instances of a great Divine: This Humour, indeed, prevail'd more some Years ago than at present; tho' now it is not quite out of Use among those Pedants who affect the Reputation of Learning, and being esteem'd great and *deep-read* Scholars. Every Reader or Auditor will be tir'd with *Preacher* or *Author*, who runs upon *Quotations*; they expect that he should say something of his *own*, for it can be no great Satisfaction to hear only what I have read over and over; besides it is the most *idle* and *superficial* Kind of Learning; for what can be easier than to say *Cicero* has these Words, or thus *Aristotle* or *Plato* expresses it: This is a *Parrot Kind* of Excellence,

cellence, nay worse, for it is making *others* speak what you cannot utter *yourself*. When I hear one of these supposititious Scholars, they put me in Mind of Sir *Martin Mar-all* in the Comedy; their *Learning* is like his *Musick*, who as he could not play on the *Lute* himself, made his Man stand behind him, and play to his Mistress at a Window, while he held another, and *represented* playing, but never so much as touch'd the Strings.

BUT to return: In Favour of *Antiquity* it is urged, that *Poetry* and some other Sciences are now rather *decreas'd* than *improv'd*: Well, let it be granted; but then *Mathematicks* and the *Mechanick Arts* are made infinitely *superior*, and it is an excellent Reason which has been given to shew why they have gain'd Growth, because their Progress has not been retarded by this *superstitious Awe* to former Discoveries: Here every Man acted without any Restraint or tyrannical Tax on his Intellectuals: No Man imputed it as a Crime to *Galilæo*, that he saw further than the *Antients*, and chose rather to believe his *own Eyes* improv'd by Art, than the natural ones of *Aristotle* or *Ptolemy*. The *Optic Glasses*, which now are so useful in Astronomical Observations, are not less valuable because the *Antients* knew nothing of them, nor is there less Credit given to their Informations, because they may be called of a *modern Date*. The *Polar Virtue* of the *Loadstone* was reserved to the Knowledge of latter Days, and yet no Man is so foolish as to think the vast Advantages which accrue to Mankind from it, are therefore less to be esteem'd; besides our own Sir *Isaac Newton's* Discoveries, I could quote several others in which the *modern Ages* transcend the *Antients*; but I have said enough to prove how ridiculous it is to be bigotted to the Opinion to the *Antients*, only because they liv'd *before* us, and look with Contempt on our *Cotemporaries*, only because they *live* with us. I know this Discourse is not so entertaining as some of your humorous Lucubrations, yet if you will let your Paper be for once serious, I will in my next be a more jocose Correspondent.

Yours,

PHILO-MODERNUS.

Scire



Scire tuum nihil est ?

Pers. Sat. 1.

Is your Knowledge of no Value ?

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

IT was a wiser Man than either you or I who gave it as an undoubted Axiom, that *all we know* is, that *we know nothing* ; therefore I have often wonder'd at the impertinent Curiosity which runs through the general Part of Mankind, in a Search after Knowledge : Tho' the Desire of Knowledge is commendable in itself, yet there is a Medium that every Man ought to keep to in the Pursuit of it, or else, that which he thinks may constitute his Happiness, will be the real Occasion of his Misery. There is nothing which wraps up Man in such a Mist of *Errors*, as his own *Curiosity* in searching Things beyond him : How happily do they live who know no more than is necessary to know ? The Search of Knowledge in most is vain ; for the Knowledge they attain is to shew their *Ignorance* ; their most studious Enquiries end in the Discovery, that something still remains which they cannot know. Learning is like a River, whose Head being far in the Land, is at the first Rise little and easily view'd ; but still as it flows on, it opens into a wider Stream, and cannot be confined but with higher Banks. To pursue the Allegory, the Windings are pleasing and delightful ; but the farther you pursue the Course of it, the Channel is deeper, the Torrent swifter, 'till it terminates in the unfathom'd Ocean, in an unbounded Prospect of Water, but no Shore to confine the liquid Vastness. In many Things we may sound Nature in her Shallows ; we may trace her to second Causes ; but beyond them we meet with nothing but what puzzles
our

our Soul, and dazzles the Understanding. While we speak of Things that are, that we may dissect, and may have Power and Means to find the Causes, there is some Pleasure, some Certainty; but when we come to Metaphysics, long buried Antiquity, and unrevealed Divinity, we plunge into a Sea, where there is a greater Depth than the short Line of Man's Understanding can reach: Much indeed, may be attained by a studious Inquisition; but more, far more will ever remain that Man can never discover. I am surpriz'd at a Sort of Men who pretend to a universal Knowledge, as if they were ashamed of the least Ignorance; but where can the Shame be for a Man not to know what is not in his Possibility to know? It is owing to this false Shame that the World has been fill'd with such contentious Disputes, such obstinate Contradictions and Defences of Things, which would be more Honour to confess an Ignorance of. Some have pretended to know the Disputations of our Saviour among the Doctors; others, what became of *Moses's* Body: Some, in what Place Paradise stood; others, where was the Local Hell. These, indeed, are ridiculous Suppositions, which all human Knowledge could never ascertain; but of what might, what has been demonstrated, how many absurd Notions have been broach'd and obstinately maintained. Former Writers, Philosophers, and Geographers, asserted, that the *Zones* were inhabitable; but by Experience, we now find them temperate. *St. Augustine* would by no Means allow of the *Antipodes*; we are now of nothing more assured; every Age confutes old Errors, and at the same Time begets new. The more we struggle to get free from the human Toils of Ignorance, the more we are entangled in the Marshes; and the further we go, the nearer we approach a Sun that blinds us. It has been made a Question, and not without some Foundation, Whether the Progress of Learning has done more Hurt or Good in the World? Whether the Schools have not started more Questions, than they have decided? Where have we such peaceable and flourishing Commonwealths, as we have found among those who have not so much as had the Knowledge of Letters? Surely then, without carrying Things to an Extremity, there may be a Curiosity in Knowledge, which is fruitless,

less, impertinent and ridiculous, in the Pursuit of which Toys we forget the Prize we run for. In Things where we have any Certainty, we should labour to be instructed ; but where Reason loseth herself, we should be content to retire with Admiration. As the Intent of this Epistle is only to reprove your Dabblers in Sciences, who pretend to know every Thing, and know nothing, I hope these impertinent curious Researchers will take the Advice of an old *Epigrammatist*.

*Judice me, soli semperque perinde beati
Sunt, quicunque sciunt omnia, quique nihil :*

If I may judge, they only happy show,
Who either all Things, or who nothing know :

And it will be of Service to them, as it has been to

Your very humble Servant,
TIM. WISEACRE.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

Squire,

YOU are the only Person in the World whose Judgment I rely on in Cases of like Nature to mine ; therefore I desire of your Worship to know how I shall act : I am what they please to call a Toast and a Fortune, and am consequently tormented with a Number of impertinent humble Servants. — But one is the Plague of my Life, not only from his Assiduity, but his Conduct and Behaviour ; he seems to have a Design to bully me, or fright me into a Compliance, for he courts me Sword in Hand ; and, on my first Frown, he draws, and tells me, if I am in the least cruel, he will, before my Eyes, stab himself immediately. — Now, Mr. SPEC, I am terrified at the Apprehension of a Man's killing himself for me ; I have a thousand Fears about seeing a bloody Ghost at my Feet Curtains in the Dead of Night. — Yet I cannot bear the Thoughts of lying all Night in the Arms of the Man I scorn, detest, abominate. What shall

shall I do?—Shall I let him kill himself?—Do you think he will kill himself?—If he is Coward enough to fright me, can you imagine him valiant enough to keep his Word? ——— Your Sentiments and Advice about this threatening *Felo de se* Lover, would oblige,

Your's,

CHARLOTTE LANGUISH,

THE best Advice I can give the Lady will be contain'd in the following little Tale, which, though it has been already in Print, yet I believe it is now very little known, and exactly suits the Circumstances of this killing despairing Lover.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

Distracted with Care,
For PHYLLIS the Fair,
Since nothing cou'd move her,
Poor DAMON her Lover,
Resolves in Despair;
Resolves not to languish,
And bear so much Anguish:
But mad with his Love,
To a Precipice goes,
Where a Leap from above
Wou'd soon finish his Woes.
When in Rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The Sides did appear,
And the Bottom how deep;
His Torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a Lover forsaken
A new Love might get;
But a Neck when once broken
Can never be set:
And that he cou'd die
Whenever he wou'd;
But that he cou'd live
But as long as he cou'd:

How

How grievous soever
His Torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At the Thoughts of the Pain ;
He calmly return'd
To his Cottage again.

To a young Lady who affects Cruelty, and the Love of a long Courtship.

DE A R CHLOE, with your scornful Eyes,
You will not even conquer *Fools* ;
For now we all are grown too wise,
To follow dull romantick Rules.

When first the blooming Charms unfold,
'Tis then the proper Time for Courting ;
Who'd take a fond Coquette, when old,
When Girls are now so fond at Fourteen.



Stability is the fairest Gift of the Gods.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

THE Inconstancy and Mutability of the *Female Sex* have often been the Topick of your Lucubrations, but I don't remember that either you or your Correspondents have taken any Notice of the Fickleness and Inconstancy of the Temper of *Men* : This, I suppose, arises from the Power you imagine you have over the *Women*, by having the Pen in your own Hands only ; therefore

therefore you'll draw what Foibles you please in one Sex, and conceal what you please in the other. But, Sir, tho' a *Woman*, I have engaged to give some Instances of the *Mutability* of your Sex, and know no Paper so proper as yours to have them inserted, and no weekly Author so complaisant besides yourself to give them Admittance.

WOMEN, for the fickle *Mutability* of their Minds, have been compar'd to *Weathercocks*; but no Weathercock under *Heaven* is so variable as an inconstant Man; every Breath of Wind turns his Purpose, as if his Mind was so near a Kin to the Air, as it must, with every Motion, be in a perpetual Change; like a Musical Instrument cunningly play'd upon, he will rise and fall, and all on a sudden.

I COULD inveigh sententiously against them for a long Time; but as that may seem too dogmatical, I will give a *Picture*, which, though one Person only sat for, I don't doubt, it may have a strong Resemblance of a great Number of Gentlemen in this Town.

HARRY *Mutable*, about the Age of Twenty-two, is, at present, one of the gayest young Fellows about Town, and at the same Time one of the oddest, ficklest Creatures that ever liv'd. To give a regular Account of his Character is impossible, for 'tis so unaccountable, that one knows not where to begin: In the Morning he lays out a thousand Schemes for the Diversion of that Day, which he a thousand Times varies, and at last pursues neither. To dress is the Business, and the only Business in the Morning.—He puts on black Stockings—Looks at his Legs—Damns his Footman, and calls for white—The white are chang'd again for black—His Cloaths, that's another difficult Article—First a Frock—Then a Cloth full Suit—Then his Velvet, and at last determines on his Newmarket Coat and Oaken Stick—His Servants are always new—His Friends new—His Taverns new—And his Mistresses new—His Mind is perpetually changing; he resolves, alters, affirms, denies, consents, dissents, loves, hates, is good-humour'd, ill-humour'd, gay, melancholy, every Thing and nothing, all in ten Minutes.

NOW, Mr. *Spec*, this very Gentleman is often rallying some Ladies on the Levity and Inconstancy of their Temper;

Temper ; therefore, I hope, as soon as he sees this Picture, he will cease his Raillery on this Subject, and own that he at least can come up to, if not excel,

Your humble Servant,

LYDDY FICKLETHOUGHT.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

SIR,

IN some Company where I was the other Evening, the Conversation turn'd upon *Modesty*, when a Gentleman advanced, it was a *Vice* as well as a *Virtue*: The Arguments flung me, when I came home, into some Reflections on this Subject, which produced the following Kind of an *Essay*.

MODESTY may justly be divided, and be both a *Virtue* and a *Vice* ; or rather, when it is blameable, a *foolish Bashfulness* ; for then it betrays us into all Inconveniencies : How many *modest* Men have been undone, because they have not had *Impudence* enough to deny the Request of a seeming Friend ? But *Modesty* in real Friendship may be called a *Vice*, when it lets the Man one loves run into Absurdities, for fear of displeasing him by telling him his Fault. In all Accidents of Life a Man may have too much, or too little *Modesty* ; but he that has too much, will always suffer the most. A foolish Simplicity hurts itself, while daring *Impudence* will push its Way through the World ; even what may be called *Bashfulness* is commended by all ; but *Boldness*, though it may not have so much Commendation, has more *Reward*. Yet, if *Modesty* is not advantageous for Profit, it is for *Virtue* ; for I cannot see, how the real *modest* Man can be a wicked one. I am persuaded many had been bad that are not, if they had not been bridled by a *bashful Nature* ; for there are divers that have *Hearts* for *Vice*, who have not a *Face* for it. *Modesty*, when a *Virtue*, restrains us from licentious Company and ill Enterprizes ;

it

it teaches us to esteem Merit; it awes the uncivil Tongue, prevents a Man from vain boasting, and makes a wise Man not to scorn a Fool.

I H A V E often heard a Man ridicul'd for *blushing*, as if it was an Instance of *Folly*; but that Man who can blush at Obscenity, Impudence, or any other Vice, which too freely passes on unthinking *Minds* for Gaiety and Wit, gives a Proof of an *ingenuous Honesty*, which every one, who has the least Sense of Virtue will recommend. It was very justly said by one of the *Cynick Philosophers*, that *Virtue* was of a *blush Colour*. And on this Foundation *Aristotle's* Daughter shewed herself a better *Moralist* than *Naturalist*; for when she was ask'd which was the best Colour, answer'd, *That which Modesty produced in ingenuous Men*. I cannot see why this manifest Sign of *Modesty* should be jested at in one Sex, yet so universally allowed as the most agreeable Beauty in the other; to the Lady's Features it gives additional Charms, and this occasional Force of *Nature* far excels all the *Power of Art*.

H O W E V E R commendable *Modesty* may seem in Men, it is more so in Women: They should not only consider it as what will gain them Esteem, but as the chief *Charm* to the other Sex, and the chief *Protection* of their own; it is like the Angel's *flaming Sword* to keep Man out of the Paradise of their *Chastity*. So pleasing is it, that though it is not *genuine*, yet it invites Affection strongly, and it was a true Observation of old *Plautus*,

Meretricem pudorem gerere magis decet, quam purpuram;
Magis quidem Meretricem pudorem, quam aurum gerere
(condecet.

‘ E V E N in a common Mistress, a *seeming Modesty* in *Look and Behaviour*, is far more engaging and tempting, than all the *Finery* and *Gold* she can wear.

I F that then is so alluring, which is but counterfeit, how much more so will it be when it is real?

Y E T, notwithstanding that I maintain *Modesty* is so great a *Virtue*, yet I cannot but allow it is sometimes a *Vice*, at least a *Crime*; for what else can we call it, when

when it puts a Restraint upon a Man from doing a good Action, or speaking an honest Thought? I allow that a great many Things, though not vicious, carry a Kind of Shame with them; but sure, in resisting Villainy and Vice, where *Courage* is required, *Bashfulness* is, at best, but a weak and treacherous Virtue.

Z

On the Death of the late LORD CHANCELLOR.

LET others raise the Monumental Stone,
And have false Panegyricks 'grav'd thereon;
Their Blood, their Virtues, and their Fame to tell,
How lov'd they liv'd, and how lamented fell;
To shine with future Honour not their own:
When hated, living; and, when dead, unknown.

You, TALBOT, want no Marble to record,
How just thy Thought, how sacred was thy Word;
How firm thy Honour, and how great thy Mind;
The Love, the Pride, the Glory of Mankind,
Beyond Description, and above all Art,
Thy Honours are engrav'd on ev'ry Heart;
All Britain's Grief, while Britain is, shall be
An everlasting Monument to thee.



— Numeros animosq; secutus

Archilochi, non res—

Hor. lib. 8. ep, 19.

And warm'd with great Archilochus's Fire,
His rapid Numbers chose, but shun'd with Care
His Style.

Francis.

From my Chambers, LINCOLN'S-INN.

THE great Beauty of Poetry consists chiefly in its Numbers and Images. By its Numbers it is render'd harmonious and delightful to the Ear; by its Images, it pleases and engages the Imaginations. A Gentleman, whom I was in Company with the other Day,

Day, who has employ'd himself in the severer Studies of Philosophy and the Mathematicks, and cannot well be suppos'd a competent Judge of the Matter, declaim'd with a good deal of Warmth against Poetry; and among other Things affirm'd, that it had nothing to distinguish it from Prose but its Numbers: I told him he had forgot that its Images, though not always essential to Poetry, were a much greater Recommendation of it, and very often its highest Perfection; that as there was Poetry, which had nothing but Numbers to give it that Denomination; so there was Poetry, which, when depriv'd of its Numbers, would still deserve that Title, and could never be sunk to a Level with Prose, but would always retain its Dignity, put its Words into what Form and Dress he pleas'd. I will not trouble the Reader with any more of our Conversation upon this Particular, but endeavour to shew him what Numbers are to Poetry in general, and what that Poetry is, which is not to be destroy'd, even with the Loss of its Numbers.

NUMBERS of themselves very often give a great Beauty to Lines, which have little else to support them. Poets cannot avoid sometimes to depend entirely upon them: When this is the Case, their Matter is too low to admit any Thing great and elevated. Numbers are the same to Poetry, as a fine Tune to a Song; an indifferent Song may pass off well enough when it is set to good Musick: But a good Song loses vastly when it has not the Advantage of a good Tune to recommend it. Two Sentiments of equal Dignity appear in a quite different Light with good and bad Numbers, and please more or less, according to the different Degrees of Harmony there is in expressing them. Thus two Ladies, of almost the same Shape and Features, are very differently look'd upon and regarded, if they differ much in their Air and Manner; if the one excels, and the other is defective in what is the great Source of Admiration, and the Soul of every Thing that is beautiful. A Friend of mine says, that Poetry differs from Prose, just as fine Dancing differs from Walking. Write, says he, ever so beautifully in one, you will never come up to the Beauties of the other; this being as impossible as it is for a very fine
genteel

genteel Lady to display her Charms as agreeably when she is walking in the Park, as when she is dancing at a Ball. Oh! says he, what Charms are there peculiar to her Action in dancing! the Regularity of each Step and Measure, the swimming Delicacy and Softness of some of her Motions, the Briskness and Vivacity of others, the glowing Warmth of her Cheeks, and the uncommon Sparkling of her Eyes, are Circumstances only to be had from so graceful and elegant an Exercise! Look at the finest Creature in the Universe the Day after she has been dancing: How will she be sunk in her Charms! How many of the Graces, that before attended her, will be gone from her? She is then like fine Poetry, reduced to the Form of Prose: And our Eyes have as great a Loss when she is out of her dancing Gestures and Motions, as our Ears when the most exquisite Pieces of Poetry have their most delicate Numbers taken from them. I would add to my Friend's Observation, that as some Ladies charm us with the Musick of their pretty Voices, who, when they are silent, have nothing else uncommon to make us admire them: So there are many Places, even in the best Poets, which we are pleas'd with for their Numbers, which, without Numbers, would be as spiritless and unaffecting as Prose. When we read the Beginning of the *Æneid*, how are we pleas'd with its Smoothness and Harmony!

*Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinæque venit
Litora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto,
Vi superum, sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram;
Multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem,
Inferretque Deos Latio: genus unde Latinum,
Albanique Patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.*

*Musa, mihi causas memora: quo numine læso,
Quidve dolens Regina Deum, tot volvere casus,
Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores,
Impulsi? tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

BUT now put this into Prose; and see how its Beauty is diminish'd.

Cano arma virumque, qui, profugus fato, primus ab oris Trojæ venit Italiam Lavinæque litora : ille multum jactatus et terris, et alto, vi superum, ob memorem iram sævæ Junonis, et bello quæque multa passus, dum conderet urbem, et Latio Deos inferet : unde genus Latinum, et Patres Albani, atque mœnia altæ Romæ.

Musa, memora mihi causas ; quo læso numine, quidve Deum Regina dolens impulerit virum, insignem pietate tot casus volvere, et tot labores adire ? tantæne iræ animis cælestibus ?

THAT the *English* Reader may be a Judge of the Observation that is now made, I will give him an Instance of it from our celebrated Mr. *Pope* ; who has not only a peculiarly fine Ear for the Harmony and Powers of Numbers, but has a very noble Genius, always ready to exert itself in the pompous and grand Parts of Poetry. It shall be the Beginning of the *First Epistle* of his fam'd *Essay on Man*.

*Awake, my St. John ! leave all meaner Things
To low Ambition, and the Pride of Kings.
Let us (since Life can little else supply,
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this Scene of Man ;
A mighty Maze, but not without a Plan.
A Wild, where Weeds and Flow'rs promiscuous shoot ;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden Fruit.
Together let us beat this ample Field,
Try what the Open, what the Covert yield ;
The latent Tracks, the giddy Heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
Eye Nature's Walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise ;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the Ways of God to Man.*

OBSERVE now how this beautiful Address fades and languishes without its sweet and fine Numbers.

My St. John! awake; leave all meaner Things to low Ambition and the Pride of Princes. Let us (since Life can afford little else than just to look about us and die) freely expatiate over all this Scene of human Nature: Which is indeed a mighty Maze, but not without a Plan: A Wild where Weeds and Flowers shoot promiscuous, or a Garden that tempts us with forbidden Fruit. Let us beat this ample Field together, try what the Open and the Covert will yield us; let us eye the Walks of Nature, shoot Folly flying, and catch the living Manners rising; where we must, let us laugh; where we can, let us be candid; but be sure to vindicate the Ways of God to Man.

FROM the Examples, here produced, of these two great Masters, it sufficiently appears, that Poetical Numbers are not only, in many Cases, essential to Poetry, but vastly contribute to give poetical Performances the Preference to Prosaic. But for the farther Recommendation of Poetry, I will let you see, by some other Instances, of a different Kind, that it owes not its Excellency to Numbers only; but that some of its Images have such a commanding Influence and Force in them, that their Greatness and Sublimity are not dependent on the Harmony of Numbers. Pull to Pieces, in what Manner you please, the beautiful and harmonious Construction, and you will still find a Grandeur in its Sentiments, and a Dignity in its Expressions, to convince you that there is a Spirit in it which will never evaporate by any Changes you can make in it, by any Alterations whatever in its verbal Position. Let us produce a few Lines of *Virgil's* Description of the Prodigies, preceding and following the Death of *Julius Cæsar*, in the first Book of his *Georgics*.

*Quoties Cyclopum effervere in agros
Vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Ætnam,
Flammarumque globos, liquefactaque volvere Saxa?
Armorum sonitum toto Germania Cælo
Audiit, insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes;
Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita silentes
Ingens, et simulacra modis pallentia miris*

Visa

*Visa sub obscurum noctis: pecudisque locutæ;
Infandum! sistunt amnes, terræque debiscunt.*

NOW put these Lines into the Form of Prose, and you will find that they still retain a poetical Greatness and Dignity. There will be a surprizing Magnificence discernable in them, even in their Ruins; the Materials, of which they are compos'd, being truly excellent and noble.

Quoties vidimus undantem Ætnam, ruptis fornacibus, effervere in agros Cyclopum, et globos flammæ et saxa volvere liquefacta? Armorum sonitum toto cælo audit Germania; motibus insolitis tremuerunt Alpes; vox ingens quoque vulgo exaudita est per lucos silentes, et visa sunt simulacra miris modis pallentia, sub obscurum noctis: et pecudes locutæ sunt; amnes sistunt, infandum! et debiscunt terræ.

IT is but Justice to our excellent Countryman, to let the Reader see an Example of this Nature from him.

*So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly Breasts with human Passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes, arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud Arms:
Jove's Thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around;
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing Deep's resound;
Earth shakes her nodding Tow'rs, the Ground gives
Way,
And the pale Ghosts start at the Flash of Day.
Rape of the Lock.*

I LEAVE it to the Reader. to imagine, in what Way he pleases, the poetical Construction of these Words destroy'd, and their Numbers entirely lost. He will find an unperishable Majesty and Greatness reigning in them, let him invert and transpose them as much as possible.

They are such Passages as these, of which, as *Horace* finely observes,

Eripias si

*Tempora certa modisq; et, quod prius ordine verbum est.
Posterius facias, præponens ultima primis;
Invenias etiam disjecti membra Poetæ.*

EVERY one, who has read *Homer*, knows how distinguish'd he shines in the Sublimity of his Sentiments, and the Strength and Boldness of his Imagination. If I did not mention an Instance, to my present Purpose, out of this great Poet, I might be thought very strange in overlooking the greatest Genius that ever was; who was born with an Elevation of Spirit so peculiarly great and noble, that they who are the nearest to him, in this glorious Character of a true Poet, must be own'd to be vastly short of him. How prodigiously great (as that great Critic, *Longinus*, observes) are the Images he gives us, in *Il. B. 20. of The Combat of the Gods*, to which Mr. *Pope* alludes in the last Verses cited from him!

Δεινὸν δ' ἐς πόλιν αἶψα παλιν, &c.

I SHALL content myself (without transcribing the rest of the Passage) with Mr. *Pope's* excellent and admirable Translation of it; from which, they who understand not the *Greek* Language, may conclude what the Spirit of the Original must be, when the *English* Version is so great and animated.

*Above the Sire of Gods his Thunder rolls,
And Peals on Peals redoubled rend the Poles:
Beneath stern Neptune shakes the solid Ground;
The Forests wave, the Mountains nod around;
Thro' all their Summits tremble Ida's Woods,
And from their Sources boil her hundred Floods.
Troy's Turrets totter on the rocking Plain,
And the toss'd Navies beat the heaving Main:
Deep in the dismal Regions of the Dead,
Th' infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid Head,
Leap'd from his Throne, lest Neptune's Arm should lay
His dark Dominions open to the Day,*

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And

*And pour in Light on Pluto's drear Abodes,
Abborr'd by Men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.*

THE Description which *Horace* gives us of a true Poet, is, in a most eminent Degree, applicable to *Homer*; who is the Prince of Poets, and the great Father of Poetry.

*Ingenium cui sit, cui mens diviniore, atque es
Magna sonaturum, Dis nominis hujus honorem.*

OUR great *Milton* is very justly celebrated for a very strong and sublime Spirit; which very often raises his Descriptions to a most amazing Height, and fills the Imaginations of his Readers with the uncommon Greatness of his Ideas. See how he surprizes and pleases, at the same Time, in his Description of the Creator's returning to Heaven, after his making the World!

*Up he rode,
Follow'd with Acclamation, and the Sound
Symphonious of ten thousand Harps, that tun'd
Angelic Harmonies: The Earth, the Air
Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
The Heav'ns, and all the Constellations rung:
The Planets in their Stations list'ning stood,
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant:
Open, ye everlasting Gates! they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your Doors; let in
The great Creator, from his Work return'd
Magnificent, his six Days Work, a World.*

THEY who have Souls capable of being fir'd and transported with such poetical Beauties as these, and have read what an Author, of Sixteen, has done in his noble Poem on *Sir Isaac Newton*, may hope to be finely entertained with reading an Epic Work, that will shortly be publish'd by him; and I have Reason to congratulate the present Age on the Honour of producing so great a *Genius*.

Scrutare



—Scrutare viros.

Juv. Sat. 2

Examine the Man.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. STONECASTLE,

I HAVE seen, or think that I have seen, among your Lucubrations, some Letters sent to you from young *Ladies* and *Gentlemen*, complaining of the Conduct of their *Papa's* and *Mamma's*, who used them ill: It was this Belief that caused me to become your Correspondent, in Hopes I might engage you in my Behalf against my *Papa*; who, I think, treats me in a very unkind and imprudent Manner. You must know, Mr. *Spec*, that I am an only Daughter, and my Father excessive fond of me; he can give me a very large Fortune, and has often and often assured me, that my *Happiness* was his only Study, and my being *well married* would be the *Comfort* and *Pride* of his *Old Age*. Now, good Sir, I always understood that he meant by my being *well married*, my being married to a Man where our Loves would be mutual, and where a mutual Liking would constitute a mutual Happiness; yet I was not forward to make any Choice for myself, and beheld with an indifferent Eye all the young Gentlemen who at various Times made their Addresses to me: My *Papa*, at last bid me look on a young Gentleman in our Neighbourhood as the Person who was intended to be my future Husband, and introduced him to gain my Heart, as he had before gained his Consent: I had for some Time no particular Esteem for my young Suitor, and heard all the fine Things he could say, rather with Contempt than Pleasure; but I know not how, nor by what Artifice gain'd, I at last listen'd to him with Pleasure, my Heart felt an unusual Fluttering, and my Blushing, my Eyes and my Tongue, all confess'd that I returned his

Passion with an equal Ardour and Sincerity. None seem'd now half so happy as myself, and I not only indulg'd myself in my present Joys, but flatter'd myself with future unbounded Felicities, in having a Husband whose Love, Honour, Sense, and Conduct all my Sex might envy, and a Father whose Care and Indulgence sought out for me such a Man, and approved of such a Match. — But observe, Mr. STONECASTLE, how miserably I am disappointed; a *Baronet*, who is a *Widower*, of a greater Estate than *EUGENIUS*, and who has offer'd to settle on me a larger Jointure, has prevailed on my Father to admit him to be his Son-in-Law. The Man who had engag'd my Soul is kept from my Sight; and I am told, this *Baronet* only shall be my Husband; and it is for my Happiness, and my future Good, that such a Resolution has been taken: But how can I be happy with a Man I detest? Where consists my Good, in having a greater Equipage, and a heavier Heart? My Papa may think *Wealth* may produce at least Content; but what is bare Content to those Nuptial Joys which mutual Love and Endearments raise in generous Minds? — Sir, your Thoughts on this Subject might have some Effect on my Papa, who has a great Esteem for your Writings, and it would be a generous Piece of Service to a distressed Pair of Lovers, one of whom is,

Your constant Reader,

March 3, 1736-7,

CLEORA.

THIS Subject has been several Times consider'd at large in the Course of my Lucubrations, yet as it is proper to subjoin something more on the young Lady's Request, I will take this Opportunity to insert the following Letter, which I lately received from an ingenious Correspondent, and which will be a very proper Comment upon it.

— Quid

—Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames? — *Virg. Æn. 3.*

O sacred Hunger of pernicious Gold,
What Bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold? Dryd.

To the AUTHOR *of the* SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WHATEVER the Manners of that Age were that gave Birth to the above Exclamation, I think those of the present as justly call for it, when Pride, Luxury, Avarice, and Hypocrisy combine in hideous Assemblage, and engross the Bulk of Mankind. I have sometimes imagined to myself a Superior Being, entering on the Stage of this World, and forming a Judgment of its Inhabitants from their Writings. In these he would find Benevolence treated with the highest Regard, represented in most beautiful Colours, own'd to be an eternal Obligation, and confes'd to be the most amiable Ornament of Man, as it is even the most amiable Attribute of God. This Being would certainly expect to discern strong and lively Marks of Kindness and social Love in the whole Tenour of human Actions; and to find the Actors engaged in the generous Contest of excelling in good and kind Offices to each other. On a nearer Inspection, how disagreeably surpriz'd would he be to find what was generally admired as generally neglected; and that the Aim of almost the whole Species was directed to quite opposite Views, viz. The Acquisition of Wealth, in order to gratify the sensual Appetites, to enable them to shine in Pomp, and rest in Luxury and Debauch; the general, and almost sole Pursuit of that Set of Mortals, who compose, as they are proud to term it, the *Beau Monde*: How would he shrink with Horror to see the same Persons who declaim in Favour of Benevolence, make Rapine, Fraud, and Oppression the Steps by which they rise to Grandeur and Riches, while they sacrifice Honour, Honesty, and Humanity to a curs'd Thirst of Wealth and Power? How would he grieve to see even those whose Hearts retain the Seeds of Compassion and Goodness, actuated by the same Thirst, check the generous Risings of the Soul, and make its kind Resolutions vain and abortive? Would he not cry out, *O curs'd Avarice!* full of thy baleful Influ-

ence, what Miseries are suffer'd unredress'd? How few are moved with human Woe? How many avert their Eyes and Memories from their unfortunate Friends, and leave them, unassisted, to struggle with Grief and Disappointments, rather than damp their own Gaiety and Happiness by entering into their Distress, or hurt their Interest by relieving it?

BUT of those whose Unhappiness is owing to this reigning Vice, none to me seem more the Objects of Pity, and yet are less pitied, than Lovers: My Friend SYLVIVS, whose Good-Nature, Good-Sense and agreeable Person, gain him the general Esteem of both Sexes, is destroyed by a successful Passion, and has long dragg'd a hated Life, because the Father of CÆLIA thinks his Fortune, though competent and capable of answering all the necessary genteel Conveniencies of Life, is not equal to what his Daughter may expect; though naturally good and compassionate, he cannot prevail with himself to make the least Abatement in his Prospect of Wealth and Grandeur for her, though to save the Life of this Gentleman, and restore him from a depth of Misery to a Happiness which bounds his utmost Wishes. *Pride* and *Luxury*, the Parents of Avarice, have introduced so many unreal Wants, and made it so hard to purchase what the depraved World calls the Conveniencies of Life, that Parents betimes insinuate to their Children, that neither the Beauties of the Mind or Body can cancel the Defects of Fortune, and therefore are not to be look'd upon with favourable Eyes, but when that is annex'd: Hence Thousands, whose Purity of Sentiments and Inclinations declare them formed for each other, are for Life separated, and for Life unhappy; because their Fortunes are not equivalent, or not affluent enough to secure to them what the World calls a genteel Life; while others are joined for Life, with no other Parity than their Fortunes, and who being thereby incapable of entertaining each other with any tolerable Satisfaction, in vain seek to make up the Loss of Love and Friendship in the Glitter of a Drawing Room, the Glare of Jewels, Dress and splendid Equipage, or the Lull of an *Opera*: Wretched Exchange! How inferior in Bliss to the following Picture of Life, as it is beautifully

beautifully described in a Manner peculiar to the ingenious and justly celebrated Author.

But happy they ! the happiest of their Kind,
Whom gentler Strains unite, and in one Fate
Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings blend :
'Tis not the coarser Ties of human Laws,
Unnat'ral oft, and foreign to the Mind,
That binds their Place ; but Harmony itself
Attuning all the Passions into Love :
Where Friendship full exerts his softest Pow'r,
Perfect Esteem, enliven'd by Desire
Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul,
Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will,
With boundless Confidence ; for nought but Love
Can answer Love, and render Bliss secure.

Thompson's Spring.

I am, S I R, Yours,

C. O.

To the A U T H O R, &c.

S I R,

BY inserting the following LITANY, you'll oblige,
Yours,

B. R.

*A New Political-Theological-Poetical-Satirical, Brief,
Temporary Litany, for the Year 1737 : Calculated
for the Use of the devout Inhabitants of the Cities of
London and Westminster, and recommended as a proper
Prayer for the Kingdom of Great-Britain in general.*

By B R I T O N R I M E R, Esq;

A N E W L I T A N Y.

FR O M Religion, when nothing but mere outward
(Form :
From Patriotism loud, when 'tis but luke-warm ;
From the Mitre's e'er being a constant *dead Weight* ;
From false Publick Spirit, when a low Trick of State.

O Genius of England ! for ever and ever,
Thy Sons of this Island protect and deliver.

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From ev'ry Divine *Apostolick Professor*,
 Who to a great *See* to be mov'd from a *lesser*,
Votes 'stead of *Spiritual* for *Temporal* Nation,
 And at *Levees* alone makes his due *Visitation*.
 O Genius of England! for ever and ever,
 This Isle from such *Prelates* protect and deliver.

From *Commendams*, *Sine Cures*, *Non-Residences*,
 From Princely *Revenues*, with Princely *Expences*;
 By whatever Title distinguish'd and known,
 With *Episcopal Sleeves*, or but *Doctoral Gown*.
 O Genius of England! for ever and ever,
 This Isle's *lofty Clergy* protect and deliver.

From haughty Oppression of *Rector* or *Vicar*,
 From being oblig'd to some *Clown* for their *Liquor*;
 From the Fear of th' Attempt of *reforming* a *Sinner*,
 Lest the *Squires* in *Revenge* should not ask them to *Dinner*,
 O Genius of England! for ever and ever,
 This Isle's humble *Curates* protect and deliver.

From a *Taste* into *Foreign Dominions* to travel,
 To bring home *new Customs*, or *new Secrets* unravel;
 From the Rents of our Gentry *abroad being spent*,
 From their still coming home just as wise as they went.
 O Genius of England! for ever and ever,
 Thy Sons of this Island protect and deliver.

From a *Justice of Peace*, with more *Power* than a *King*,
 Who the *Sense* of the *Law* to his own *Sense* may bring;
 From *Political Projects*, new vamp'd in *Disguise*,
 And each Courtly *Lure* that may dazzle our Eyes.
 O Genius, &c.

From the *Devil*, tho' he puts on a kind pleasing *Mein*;
 From his soft smiling *Face*, while his *Clowen Foot*'s seen;
 From all double Arts in the same Point which meet;
 From *Excises* when *sour*, and *Excises* when *sweet*.
 O Genius, &c.

From

From paying off all *Publick Debts* of the Nation,
If such Payment should bring *private Debts* more in Fashion,
To make Laws 'gainst *Beggars* from having more Need,
And from most in the Realm being *Beggars* indeed.

O *Genius*, &c.

From Speeches of *Knights* full of Fury and Zeal,
Who study their own, 'stead of *Britain's* true Weal;
From all *Wits* who on Arts of *Courtiers* refine,
And are the *Dark Lanthorns* of th' other's Design.

O *Genius*, &c.

Though we now our Numbers change,
And to meaner Subjects range!
May it please thee still to hear
Our Request with kindly Ear.
 Britain's *Genius*! with good-Will,
We beseech thee hear us still.

As the HOUSE, in wise discerning,
Gives *Encouragement* to *Learning*;
That our *Learning* may revive,
That our Authors *eat* and *live*.
 All inspir'd by this *kind Bill*,
We beseech thee hear us still.

That the Foplings of the Times,
Spinners out of modern Rhymes;
With smooth Rhymes, and to the Ear,
Rhymes so pretty which appear,
 May no more their Poems fill,
We beseech thee hear us still.

That the Numbers chose for Sound,
Running in eternal Round;
Purling Streams and shady Hills,
Shady Vales, and purling Rills.
 May no more a Joy instill,
We beseech thee be't thy Will.

That

That the Writers for the Stage,
 Knowing what's satiric Rage,
 May no more their Pieces grace,
 With old worn-out *Common-Place*,
'That all great Men must be ill,
 We beseech thee hear us still.

But that all whoever write,
 All who humble Rhymes indite :
 Something may produce that's new,
 Something, witty, something true :
 Or aside may fling their Quill,
 We beseech thee hear us still.

British Genius, we beseech thee,
 This our last Request may reach thee ;
 From *false Patriots* and their *Tools*,
 From all humbler writing *Fools*,
Deliver us and set us free,
 If that such a Thing can be,
 So *England's* Sons their *England* shall adore,
 And *Discontent* and *Dulness* be no more.



From my Chamber, Lincoln's-Inn.

THE following Letter I deferr'd 'till this Week,
 as it is more properly an Essay for the solemn
 Time, than any Subject of a ludicrous Nature,
 and I have subjoined a Copy of Verses on the Passion of
 OUR SAVIOUR, which was sent last Year, but came too
 late to be inserted.

— Amoto

—Amoto quæramus feria ludo.

Hor. Sat. 1.

Let us lay aside Mirth, and be serious,

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

THERE is a Part of our Species whose Taste is so unaccountably refined, that to be serious, is by them deemed affected, as if there was no Subject in Nature on which such a Disposition could with any tolerable Propriety be employed: This I take to be the Case of the Witlings of the Age; but to you who have, without any Sense of Shame, so long and so publickly dared to pursue Wisdom, I may venture, with some Countenance, to address so unfashionable a Discourse as I intend for the Subject of this Letter, without any Apprehension of being counted ridiculous.

I HAVE for some Time been employed in considering the Difference between Appearance and Reality; and was it not for the Decay and Dissolution which daily Observation assures us attends the Body, I don't see a Possibility of our receiving sufficient Credentials of Mortality; or of determining whether Mankind be in Earnest in their Professions of Faith in Death and Judgment to come; or whether they are Terms made Use of only to serve the Purposes of Diversion and Amusements; because however sincerely they would be thought to acknowledge these great Truths, if we attend to their Conduct, we shall find them more earnest in providing for their Stay in this World, than in preparing for their Departure out of it; though if there be a God infinite in Power, Knowledge and Justice, to whom every created Being is accountable, how necessary, and of what Importance is our greatest Care in preparing to appear before him? And how questionable do we render our Belief in him by wilfully practising those Things which we acknowledge are contrary to his Commands, and for which (he being Judge) we must be ultimately condemn'd. How awful, and of what Significance is the Thought to a considerate Mind! that when we are stripped of all those little Advantages and Superiorities which gain us the Love or
Fear

Fear of our Fellow-Creatures ; we must appear naked and bare before that Tribunal from whence there can be no Appeal ; neither will the loftiest Looks byass Judgment. This one would think might be with Justice allowed to be a very serious Subject, and worthy of our greatest Attention ; and however it may be treated by the *Wits*, the *Hobbs's* and *Spinoza's* of the Age, there is nothing more our Duty, nor nothing can be so much our *Interest* : To prove which, we need only consider what a mean and contemptible Figure a Man of Pleasure makes when he is near quitting the Stage of Life ; he, who during a State of Health and Prosperity, fearlessly trod in the Path pointed out by the wise Man, *rejoicing* in his *Youth*, and *walking* in the Ways of his *own Heart*, and in the *Sight* of his *Eye* ; and slighted, if not brav'd and despis'd the necessary Caution annexed to it, *But know thou that for all these Things God will bring thee unto Judgment* ; which dreadful Truth, now he is no longer capable of having Recourse to those Pleasures with which he used to stifle Conviction, he begins to experience ; for how little is he acquainted with himself, or that *Consciousness* which is alone sufficient to support the drooping Spirits in this Time of Trial ? He is now engaged in Work quite new to him, and must act his Part in a Scene which he could never so much as think of without Aversion and Terror : What is become of that *Intrepidity*, that *Resolution* of Mind with which he asserted the most daring *Impieties* ; that *Courage* which supported the *Practice*, sinks beneath the *Reflection* of it, on this his nearer Approach to, and Expectation of a Day of Recompence, and all is Darkness, Doubt and Horror round him : At best he leaves this State of Being with the *gloomy* and *comfortless* Prospect of sinking into *nothing*, or the more fearful Apprehension of being worsted by the Exchange : How amazingly dreadful is such a Situation, and how much is it our Interest to avoid it ? It therefore appears, the only true End of *Living* is to learn to *Die*, a Lesson too solemn to admit of any imaginary Assistances ; there will then no Pleasure arise from Reflections on how loud we have *laugh'd*, how much we have *eat*, or how *frolick* or *facetious* we have been in Conversation ; because then even the most lawful and desirable Enjoyments of Life will only

only tend to aggravate our Distress and Disappointment in the Loss of them : It is not therefore the Part of a wise Man to endeavour, by a criminal Conformity, to reconcile himself to others ; but rather always to agree and be at Peace with himself, as the last Companion he will have to converse with. In these solemn Moments there will be no Reflections so satisfactory, as to have been an obedient Child, a faithful Father, and a true Friend to Mankind ; such Considerations as these support the Mind above the Wreck of Nature, and give it *Calmness* and *Felicity* not to be obtained from reflecting on the most applauded Character, or the highest Pitch of human Greatness. A Mind thus situated, and bless'd with this Experience, will have no gloomy, no unpleasing Apprehensions ; when Nature, over-tir'd by Time or Accident, shall quit the frail, the uncertain Stage of Life, and drop into a State in which (be it what it will) it must be *happy*.

I A M often lost in the pleasing Consideration of the Tranquility of such a Departure, when after having ran through ten thousand Dangers which arise from Gratification, and the near Alliance of Sin and Inclination, we are arriv'd at the desir'd Port in Safety. How exalted ! how exquisite must be the Pleasure ! when we are just going out of this World, that we can satisfy ourselves it has been our principal Concern to answer the End of our coming into it ; and when we find how far the *gayest*, and what is falsely call'd the *most polite* Part of our Conduct, is from contributing to the Satisfaction of a *Mind* in full Expectation of the Pleasures of *Eternity*, how *tender* and full of Pity will our Sentiments be of those we are leaving behind us, who consider not the unbounded Difference between *Sensuality* and *rational Enjoyment*.

Newcastle, March 14.

1736-7.

H. W.

An ODE on CHRIST'S PASSION.

O TEACH me, sacred Muse, to sing
 The Death of Heaven's eternal King;
 And all thy sadly moving Strains inspire,
 And all thy solemn and Seraphic Fire;
 While I tell the mournful Story,
 And the more than mortal Glory
 Of the Son of God, who dy'd;
 Who the Stings of Death defy'd,
 On the shameful Cross, who bore
 Pains that Man ne'er felt before,
 That he Mankind from Misery might save,
 And make the Wretched triumph o'er the Grave:
 For that the dreary Paths of Death he trod,
 'Till Nature seem'd to die with Nature's God.

Now I strike the trembling Chord,
 Now I sing of Heaven's Lord.
 Those Pains that in all Hearts must Pity move;
 Those Mercies which in all must raise a Love:
 Wonders, that are past explaining,
 When e'en God is not disdaining
 To Death's Pow'r his Life to give,
 Who made all the World to live;
 But the World's great Maker dies,
 That we may from Death arise:
 No human Wit these Wonders can define,
 They're all mysterious, and they're all divine:
 Or how could he slay Death in Hell, when dead;
 Or how Captivity be Captive led?

Search not what you ne'er can know,
 But in moving Numbers flow;
 O! trembling Muse, and in sad Strains relate,
 On *Calvary's* high Top a Godhead's Fate.
 Shudder Man, while this you're seeing,
 View the first Eternal Being;
 View the Origin of Things,
 Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,

On the ignominious Tree,
Fix'd with all Humility.

Lo ! from his Side the sacred Blood is shed ;
Lo ! he with Blessings gently bows his Head :
Hark how he does th' Almighty Father sue,
Forgive them—ah ! they know not what they do.

Lo ! behold the Thorny Crown !
Lo ! the Blood-drops flowing down !
Pain knits his Brow, and Anguish heaves his Breast,
Yet on his Face mild Patience sits confest ;
All his Mercies he confessing,
Gives at every Pang a Blessing ;
While at Hands and Feet he bleeds,
For his Murd'ers intercedes ;
Sighing out his latest Breath,
He resigns himself to Death.
Behold, O Mortal ! the mysterious Flood ;
View on his purple Sides the sacred Blood ;
Then let thy Heart with Pity Joy receive,
When God himself thus *dies*, that thou may'st *live*.



— Quis iniquæ
Tam patious urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se.
Juv. Sat. 1.

*To view so lewd a Town, and to refrain,
What Hoops of Iron cou'd my Spleen contain !* Dryd.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

I AM a young Gentlewoman whom my Father has brought to Town to see this famous Metropolis, and to leave me here with a Relation if I should have any Desire to stay longer than his Affairs may permit him : This kind Intent not only proceeds from his usual Good-

Good-Nature and Indulgence, but in Hopes from the Companies which I shall be introduced to, and from the Opportunity I shall have of seeing what is call'd the *polite World*, that I may receive some necessary *Accomplishments* which I could not acquire in the Country. I have been so very *unpolite*, as to chuse to return to our own Mansion-House in *Staffordshire*, rather than stay to gain those *Improvements*, which a great Number of young Ladies think entirely necessary to make a Figure in *Life*; but such is my unhappy Prejudice of Education, and antiquated Notion of *Politeness*, that I cannot conform to the modern Sense of being *well-bred*, finding on mature Deliberation that whatever is generally call'd *Taste*, is in Reality nothing but *Folly* and *Impertinence*.

WHEN I first came to Town I was in the highest Expectation, when my polite young Cousins told me my Lady *Modern*, Madam *Gaymonde*, or any other *fashionable Ladies* were to make their Visits, and that they were esteem'd the *best-bred* Women in *England*: I immediately fancy'd I had nothing to do but observe their *well-bred* Carriage and Conversation, in order to learn every Thing requisite to finish a compleat Gentlewoman.

BUT how was I deceiv'd, when after a little Observation in a few Visits, I found that the *Town Language* was quite different from mine, and that my *Country* Ideas of being *well-bred*, were the very reverse to what they have at *London*. Good Breeding and *Politeness* it seems consists here in making what they term an *elegant Figure in Life*, in knowing the *secret History* of the *Town*, the *Cabals* of the *Court*, and the *Intrigues* of the *City*; in having a *Taste* for *Ridotto's*, *Opera's*, *Oratorio's*, and *Masquerades*, and Ability to appear in a very handsome *Equipage*, and singular Way of Dressing; and, with all this, a sufficient Stock of *polite Good-Nature*, to ridicule all your Acquaintance when absent, and compliment all Strangers while present.

NOW, Mr. *Spec*, I never, from an Oddity in my Nature, can arrive to any Degree of this *modern Politeness*; for though our Sex may reasonably be allow'd to trifle away some Time in idle Amusements, yet I cannot think

I think a *well-bred* Woman should devote all her Time to *Dress*, to *Visiting*, to *Plays*, to *Opera's*, to *Quadrills*, to *Tea*, and to *Scandal*, and value herself on being eternally idle.

I F you should happen, Sir, to be of my Opinion, I wish you would give us some of your Thoughts of *good-breeding* in Women, which might be of some Service to your Female Readers, and at the same Time oblige and instruct

Your constant Peruser,

SYLVIA.

T H O' I cannot agree with this young Lady, that the Characteristicks which she has given of modern *good-breeding* are general, yet I am sensible the Reflections she has made on the false Notion of *Politeness*, are in some Degree just; and the common Acceptation of the Phrase of being *well-bred*, means no more than to have those Qualities which she has describ'd: *Sylvia*, be she who she will, has given me a great deal of Pleasure in seeing the different Way of Thinking from a proper Education in the Country, or a more courtly one within the Air of St. *James's*, or the City; her *Reflections* are just; and far beyond the narrow Sentiments of a *London fine Lady*.

T O be thought *well-bred*, I believe is a universal Ambition in the Fair Sex; but while false Sentiments of *Politeness* are the Customs of the reigning Mode, they will pay little Deference to the Opinion of a *Philosophic Bachelor*, nor think a *Barrister* at Law sufficiently qualify'd to be elected *Master of the Ceremonies* to the *Beau-Monde*.

B U T if any Lady will pay Regard to my Judgment, I would recommend to her to endeavour at obtaining a real *Personal Worth*, and true *Knowledge* of the World, as the only Means to be thought truly *well-bred*. A Woman who would gain this Character, must have *good Sense*, and some *Reading*; must be able to speak on other Topicks than *Dress* and *Defamation*, or else there may be no Difference between her and her Chambermaid: Mrs. *Abigail*, if in her Cloaths and her Side Box, might supply

ply her Place at the Play-house, and run her Round of Visits with equal *Politeness* and good *Sense*.

THE modern *well-bred* Ladies, in my Correspondent's Acceptance of the Word, are such who are of no Use to Society, as they can neither be careful Wives, nor indulgent *Mothers*; their *good Breeding* cannot admit them to think of *good Housewifery*, and they had much rather neglect the Care of their Family, than forfeit the Character of being polite. I would therefore humbly intreat my fair Readers to form their Ideas of good Breeding to the better Sense of the Expression, and to have a more refin'd Notion of *Politeness* than to esteem *Folly*, *Taste*, and *Impertinence* good Manners.——The same Advice will equally hold good to the Gentlemen, for the following Correspondent makes the same Kind of Complaint.

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,

THERE is an Acquaintance of mine who thinks himself, and would be thought by others, to be a Man of *Taste* and *good Breeding*; but whether a ridiculous *Pride* is not construed into *Taste*, you may judge from his following Character, which, as it may suit more than him, it will not be improper to give a Place in your Paper, as it may in some Measure reform a false Notion of *Politeness* among some of our modern young Sparks.

Will. Wronghead, with a very little Fortune, and less Understanding; with little Knowledge of the World, but great Acquaintance with Persons, has an immoderate Ambition of being thought *polite*, and to have an Elegancy in his *Taste*: To fix his Character as a *Man of Taste*, he talks of none but of Lords and Persons of Distinction as his Intimates, and is as prone to belie their Acquaintance as he is to make false Reports of Ladies Favours; without the least Ear for *Musick*, he is a prodigious Connoisseur at the *Operas*, and though he has but

a Guinea in his Exchequer, he will give half of it to be in the Pit the first Night of one of Mr. *Handel's Oratorios*; nor is he an inferior Critic in Dramatic Poetry, than he is in Dramatic Musick: The damning, or at least endeavouring to damn, every new Play or Farce that comes out, is a considerable Drawback from his moderate Annuity: But besides several other kinds of fashionable Expences which he in Reality cannot afford, he is one of the most positive supercilious Coxcombs breathing, and is eternally affecting a *Taste* in Conversation, and grows perfectly unintelligible to shew he is perfectly polite: Besides his Affectation in his own Discourse, he is from his own Opinion of his *Taste* and *Good Breeding*, so exceeding nice, that nothing any other Person can say can please him; he finds Fault with every Sentence, the Propriety of that Word, the Obsolescence of another; or the Pedantry of a third: Common Discourse is too mean for him, and at an Expression which conveys Sense in easy Words, he will lift up his Hands, and blessing himself in Company, seem from his *superior Taste* to look down with Pity and Contempt on every Body that speaks, and sneer at every Thing that is said; he exercises the same Talent of *well-bred Severity* on every Book or Pamphlet that is publish'd. He finds Fault in all, whether *Politicks* or *Religion*, or *Poetry*, or *Mathematicks*, or any Thing; whether on this or that Side of the Question, whether Orthodox or Heterodox, whether Epic or Hudibrastic, or Theatrical or Satirical; nothing can be approv'd in the least by him, 'till he has heard it spoke well of in the *Drawing-Room*, or recommended by a Peer of *Great-Britain*.—Such is the *Taste* of *W. Wronghead*, Esq; But let me subjoin this only to finish his Character, while he prides himself in the Elegance of his own *Taste*, nothing is look'd on with more Contempt by others, especially by,

Yours,

T. MIRROR.

THE next Letter being on the same *Topic*, I can at no Time more properly give it a Place than at present.

To

To HENRY STONECASTLE, of Lincoln's-Inn, Esq;

S I R,

I AM a Woman, and like all others, am very fond of Female Chit-Chat; but a Lady, whose Company I'm very often oblig'd to be in, quite distracts me with her *vehement Vociferation*; for *Nature* having endow'd her with a most *excellent Pair of Lungs*, she never omits, on the least Dispute, to extol her *Voice*, and get the best of the Argument by her *obstreperous Manner* of discoursing on it. I should not complain to you, Sir, on such an Accident, but that she values herself on her being a *very well-bred Woman*, which I believe you will not think this an Instance of; and by your being of another Opinion, it will have a great Effect on her, and be a particular Pleasure to

Yours in Seriousness,

RUTH SILENCE.

THERE is a noisy Kind of Wits among the Men, but I never before heard it was introduced into the Conversation of the Ladies: I have no more Room now than to observe, that an excellent Pair of *Lungs* are no Proof of *Wit*; nor a sonorous *Distention* of the *Thorax* any Instance of *Good Sense* or *Good Manners*.



— linenda cedro, et lavi servanda cupresso.

Hor. de Art, Poet.

Works to be preserv'd by being sprinkled with the Oil of Cedar, and kept in Cases of Cypress.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Learned Sir,

THE *Fragments*, or the imperfect Remains of ancient Writers, have been held in great Esteem among the Moderns, and perhaps look'd on with more Veneration than if their whole Works had been delivered down to us compleat. There is in human Nature an unaccountable Curiosity, which, if it is left unsatisfied, we immediately form to ourselves greater Ideas of that Something we know nothing of, than if we were come to the Knowledge of it we should entertain: It is hence a Poem or Piece of Humour handed about in *Manuscript*, very imperfectly copied, and in some Places not legible, is cry'd up as inimitable, and there is a vast Desire immediately to see the Original, or at least a genuine Copy of it. Many of such spurious Productions have been esteem'd as valuable, which if they had appeared in Print, and with the utmost Care corrected from the Press by the ingenious Author, might have quietly remain'd on the Bookseller's Counter or Shelf, untouch'd and unask'd for. Tho' I am assur'd this Observation is just, yet I am no Enemy to *Fragments*, and wonder the fertile Invention of the Moderns have not improv'd the Science of *Fragment-Writing* to a greater Height than they already have: One of the greatest Genius's this Age has produc'd, was well acquainted with the Force of a beautiful breaking off, and leaving the Mind in an Anxiety of knowing what possibly could have come next; every one, I think, must immediately see that I mean

mean the *humorous Dean of St. Patrick's*, where the judicious *Hiatus's* in *MSS.* have an admirable Effect on the curious Reader.

YOU may wonder, Sir, to what I tend by this Recommendation of Fragments: To be ingenuous, it is to introduce some Fragments of a late Author into the World; but which are not merely Fragments through any intended *Art*, but loose Hints which were occasionally flung together, with an Intent, I imagine, to be rang'd in a more proper Order before they appear'd in Publick. The Papers having fallen into my Hands, I shall, from Time to Time, convey some Fragment to your Journal, which may have something of Humour, and though not carried into Perfection, may give some Amusement to your Readers, from the Variety that may run through them-

THE first Thing I would recommend is a satirical Kind of Catalogue of *modern Manuscripts*; but whether these Manuscripts were wrote by the Author himself, or his Friends; whether they were only Hints to write on these Subjects; or whether they were Treatises which had receiv'd his last Hand, is out of my Power to determine.

A CATALOGUE of the Manuscripts of ESDRAS HUMDR****, *Esq;*

1. **H**ICKATHRIFTIADOS; or, the *English Worthy*. An *Epic Poem*. Containing the Actions, Sayings, Prowesses, Life and Adventures of *Tom Hickathrift*. In 4 Volumes, Folio; in each Volume twenty-four Canto's: The whole 1,724,800 Verses, besides Arguments in Prose, and compleat Indexes to the whole.

2. THE PERPETUAL MOTION; or, a *Project to pay off the National Debt*. Dedicated to *** B****, Knt. To which is added, by Way of *Appendix*, The CAMELEON; or, the *Art of living upon the Air*. Patriotically inscrib'd to all Orphans, Widows, Younger Brothers, &c.

3. THE

3. THE COMPLEAT REGISTER; or, *England's Folly anatomiz'd*. A Fragment of 3000 Volumes, Folio. Chart. Max.

4. THE POETICAL MILL; or, *Modern Art of Versification*. From the Designs of the ingenious Mr. Bailey, by which any Person may turn Verses, with the utmost Facility and Dispatch. For the Use of

5. A *Treatise of CHIROMANCY*; or, *Palmistry improv'd*. In which is set forth the courtly Art of Fortune-Telling; informing you how, by properly crossing the Hand, you may arise to great Riches and Honours.

N. B. A Work very useful to all such who apply to publick Offices, and calculated for every City, Town, and Borough that returns*****

6. SOLOMON's a FOOL; or, the *Art of Political Thinking*.—By an impartial Hand.

N. B. This curious Pamphlet, with very little Variation, will serve as a Satire on any Ministry, or a Panegyrick on any Opposition —

7. MODERN ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY: or, the *Orthodox Lewee Hunters*. In which the Practice of *Commendams, Translations, Sine Cures*, are largely consider'd, and fairly compar'd with the antient Usage of the Primitive Doctors. Dedicated to the *Right Reverend* *****

8. PAGINOLOGY; or, the *Art of inventing Titles*: Demonstrating that a Title Page should be the Quintessence of the Volume; for the Use of the Trade in general. By that publick spirited Gentleman Edmund C——l, Bookseller, and Title-vamper in Ordinary and Extraordinary.

9. RELIGIO BIBLIOPOLÆ; or, the *Encouragement of Learning*: Being some *Orations and Arguments of Gothamiath Bookwit*, Citizen, pronounced at Sta—'s Hall, tending to prove, that no *Poet* could write well, if not in a Garret; and that *Robinson Crusoe* and *Quarle's Emblems*, were as good Authors as *Dean Swift*, and *Mr. Dryden*.

10. AN ARGUMENT *against* PERRIWIGS: Being a Dissertation on the Use, Legality and Beauty of Natural

tural Hair. Wrote at the particular Desire of some young *Petit Maitres*, who wear their Hair curl'd up in Papers 'till Noon.

11. APOLOGIA, *Prosaica-Poetica, Politica & Rhetorica*: Being an *Essay* to save a Tragedy from being damn'd. Humbly inscrib'd to the younger *Students* of the *Inns of Court*, by C. C——r, P——t Lau——t.

12. MULTUM in PARVO; or, the *Power of Gold*. Being a short practical Treatise of Rhetoric, containing all that can be said on a Political Debate to the Purpose. By the Right Honourable *****

13. PARVUM in MULTO; or *Senatorial Oratory*, shewing a Knack of talking an *Hour*, yet saying *nothing*. By Sir *William* *****.

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc præscribere longum est.
With many others which it would be tedious to mention.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq*; AUTHOR of the
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

HAVING lately seen some of your *Lucubrations*, fill'd with *Nothing*, with *Verses* having *Nothing* of *Poetry*, and *Letters* *Nothing* to the Purpose, I was apprehensive that your Paper would soon come to *Nothing*, therefore as I have in my Time communicated some little Pieces which have accidentally fell into my Possession, I was willing, before you quite *departed*, to send you the following *Nothing*, which was sung on *Drury-Lane Stage* this Winter, and I believe was never yet in Print: If you should not like this *Nothing*, you may do *Nothing* with it; for whether laid aside or approv'd of, it is *Nothing* to

Yours,

TIM. PLAYWORD.

A BALLAD.

A BALLAD on NOTHING.

COME hark to our Ditty, which shall not be long,
For we've *nothing* new, Sirs, your Time to prolong,
So we e'en have made *nothing* the Theme of our Song,
Which Nobody can deny.

Nor let the grave Critick of our *nothing* complain,
Though *nothing* of Wit should be found in our Strain;
From *nothing* all know there can *nothing* remain,
Which Nobody can deny.

From this *nothing* the Courtier Assistance must borrow,
By this he the Arts of his Levee goes thorough;
For a Promise To-day stands for *nothing* To-morrow,
Which Nobody can deny.

'Tis from *nothing* young Patriots oft catch at a Hint,
Thunder out a bold Speech, and then get it in Print;
'Tis their only Misfortune that there is *nothing* in't,
Which Nobody can deny

Of their Purfes and Gold the *French* have been free
To reward *Farinelli*——By this we may see
Other Climes are as much charm'd with *nothing* as we,
Which Nobody can deny.

When *Ward*, without Art, a fam'd Doctor is grown,
When *Mapp* excels Surgeons in setting a Bone,
That your Doctors and Surgeons are *nothing* you'll own,
Which Nobody can deny.

Some Wits to the Stage will their *nothings* commend,
Full of *nothing* they write, and to *nothing* they tend;
So beginning with *nothing*, with *nothing* they end,
Which Nobody can deny.



To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq*; AUTHOR of the
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

THE Method you take of conveying to the Publick, in an *Epistolatory* Manner, the little *Essays* of private Authors, who might not have either Courage or Leisure to engage in Works of a larger Kind, has tempted me sometimes to send you some *miscellaneous Epistles*, which you have favourably receiv'd : This has been a strong Inducement for me to continue the Correspondence, and therefore I hope you will not think worse of the following Thoughts, irregularly slung together, than you have already of others from

Your humble Servant,

A. Z.

Scribimus indocti doctique, *Hor. Ep. 1. Lib. 2.*
Or skilful or unskilful we all write.

IS a known Truth for many and many Centuries, and will remain so for as many more : To *write* seems a natural Disease that rages among Mankind, and whoever is once infected with it may be deem'd incurable. There have been, indeed, many Physicians who have prescrib'd Remedies, but their Patients have fail'd of a Cure by not keeping a *Regimen* and due Abstinence from Pen, Ink and Paper ; but far greater have been the Number of *Literary Quacks*, who voluminously treated of this Distemper, and unfortunately shew'd themselves infected with the very same Malady which they would cure in others . As for myself, I have not Assurance enough to term myself a *regular Physician* ; nor yet will I, through a false Modesty, take on me the Name of *Quack* ; therefore I will consider, in this *Essay*, the Nature and Consequences of *Writing* in general.

IT

IT may seem surprising that such incredible Numbers will *write* through an *Ambition* of being *Authors*, when it is evident that he who writes in hopes to begin any Reputation, as an *Author*, is seeking a Preferment that is already possess'd ; for there are so many that justly claim a Pre-eminence in all Manner of *Wit* and *Learning* before him, that he may immediately conclude that the Reputation he may gain is not worth his Labour : If he would attempt making the World either more *honest*, more *wise*, or more *witty*, how ridiculous the Endeavour ! Men are not now a Days so easily inclined to be instructed in order to their Improvement, all thinking themselves honest enough for the World, and conceiving themselves as wise as they could wish, without farther Assistance ; besides, I look on it as impossible, that one Man's Pen should give Satisfaction to the World, as that his Sword alone should be able to conquer it : Mankind will have their Opinions, and Writers must be content to enjoy their own ; they may, indeed, offer their Judgment for the publick Good and Emolument, but they must not hope to impose it by the Power of their *Pen* ; for the World oftner pronounces an unjust arbitrary Sense than an equitable or a wise one. It is not a very difficult Thing to obtain the Character of a Man of very good *Sense*, fine *Learning*, great *Genius*, and vast *Wit* and *Humour* ; but then the Person must confine his Abilities to *Conversation* only, and lay it down as a fundamental Maxim never to *write* : Several *reputed Wits*, who have been look'd on with Esteem, have suddenly sunk into Characters of very dull Fellows, by being only inadvertent enough to publish to the World the very Things which rais'd their Reputation from being privately spoke and shewn among their Friends. *Private Fame* among our Acquaintance may sometimes be the Effect of *Justice*, but I fear too often of *Complaisance* ; granting it be the first, yet let him consider twice, before he trusts his Reputation to the *Caprice* of *critical Readers* ; for he who publishes what he writes, hath as much Need of *Fortune* as *Merit*, let his Work be ever so deserving : Besides partial Prejudices to the Author, either to *himself*, his *Subject*, his *Party*, his *Religion*, his *Friends*, and a thousand other Follies, there is a *Risque* of a *real Dulness* in

the *Age*, and a general Want of *Taste* to esteem what may claim a deserved Applause ; that this is not merely the Vanity of Writers to advance, Demonstration will prove. How many Authors of great Value have scarce been read, while insignificant stupid Triflers have had their Works run through several Impressions : In such Success the *Pilgrim's Progress* of *Bunyan* has far exceeded the *Ecclesiastical Polity* of *Hooker* ; and the heavy *Emblems* of *Quarles* were universally admir'd, while *Milton's Paradise Lost* lay neglected by the Publick, and was only the Wonder and Delight of those very few who had a better Knowledge and higher Genius. I am in hopes this our present Age will not hereafter lie under any such Imputation, when every one seems to be thought to have a Taste for Literature, and an eager Willingness to do Justice to any Genius who may deservedly lay Claim to their Approbation and Encouragement : If such, in Reality, is the Turn of Thought of the present Age, I cannot but take this tempting Opportunity to congratulate them, that they have now an *Occasion* offers to do Justice to the Merit of a modern Writer, I mean the Author of a new Poem, lately published, called *Leonidas*. I heartily wish his *Cotemporaries* may not suffer him to trust to a posthumous Fame, and, by a too common Way of Thinking, convince us of a fatal Truth, that *Fortune* prevails over the Writings of *Men* as well as *Mankind* themselves, and raises up to vulgar Dignity the worst, while the best are buried in an unhappy, tho' a glorious Obscurity.

I HAVE shewn my Thoughts on the Discouragements that there are to *Writing*, yet, by the Mention I have made of the Author of *Leonidas*, you must see that I would not have any one desist from publishing what may beneficially be communicated for the Good of his Country ; he who acts so, is like one that dies rich, but does as much as in him lies to make Nobody so after him, which is neither just nor charitable, since it looks as if they envy'd the World the Talents of their Knowledge : This Moroseness of Humour has often been found in several of great Abilities, while others of no Abilities at all have been so prodigal of their Pens, as not to have a Thought which they do not commit to *Writing*, thinking the World might lose an inestimable Treasure if their
least

least Imagination and Dawn of Wit was not faithfully recorded and published.

FROM *Writing* in general let us curiously view the *Subjects of Writing*: Every Author thinks that Subject on which *he* writes to be of the highest Importance to Mankind: The *Historian* prefers himself to the *Divine*, the *Divine* to him; the *Mathematician* looks with Contempt on the *Poet*; the *Poet* reverences them all, because they all center in himself: They all, impartially speaking, have their Excellencies; nor can I see which, if excellent, can claim a *superior Esteem*; they are all useful to Mankind, and all, if their Talents are properly made use of, equally contribute to the *Glory of God*. Common Accusations are therefore ridiculous, for there have been *impartial* as well as *partial* Historians, Heterodox as well as Orthodox *Divines*, impertinent as well as useful *Mathematicians*; and though there have been *licentious*, yet there have been *moral* and *sacred Poets*. I shall not now enter into a Discourse on these several Kinds of Writings, they may be the different Subjects of some future Letters.

NEXT to the Choice of Subjects, the *Stile of Writing* demands Consideration: A *plain* and yet *eloquent* Stile should be endeavour'd, as the best to convey to the Reader the Thoughts of the Author; he who writes obscurely, is hardly worth the Study of his Reader, who may even want a *Glossary* for the Explanation of his Words: In Prose-Writing, an affected long-winded Sentence, with the Verb generally tinkling in the Close, is Pedantry, instead of Oratory; and where such *study'd* Writings are design'd to shew the Author's Art, they conceal in dull Obscurity a Sentiment, which, if plainly deliver'd, might not be thought displeasing; nor is it alone in *long Periods* that there is such Inconvenience, but there is full as much in too great *Brevity*; for, from as equal an Affectation to be *concise*, the Writer becomes equally obscure: In Poetry the Stile should be adapted to the several Species of it; but as to the Words in general, they should not be chose all entirely in present *Use*, much less the greater Part of them so *antique*, that few are acquainted with their Meaning. Some of our Poets have thought to honour *Antiquity* by the reviving such Words

as were grown obsolete ; but too often what should have been only the Result of a *cautious Judgment*, run into the Unhappiness of an *affected Humour* : In this *Spencer* has been too free with *Chaucer*, and *Milton* with them both : Mr. *Dryden* judiciously observ'd their Error, and has fortunately steer'd between the two Rocks, for he seems entirely to have follow'd the excellent Observation of *Ben Johnson*, that the *eldest* of the *present* and the *newest* of the *past Language* was the *best*, which gives the establish'd Improvement of the modern Age, and yet pays sufficient Respect to Antiquity : Some, indeed, have thought they write not *deep* enough, if they do not drown the Apprehension of the Reader ; but surely to write *well* is to write *intelligible*, and 'tis better to convey plain Reason, than puzzle a Reader with a sublime Rhapsody of hard Words : An Author, whose Sense is mean, though he clouds it in pompous Language, deserves the lowest Contempt. In short, our Writing should, in my Opinion, resemble our Dress, not *antiquely ridiculous*, nor yet *modernly foppish* ; it should be *grave*, without a *stiff Formality* ; and it should be *easy*, without a *fantastick Lightness* ; it should distinguish the *Man of Sense* from the *Humourist*, and the *fine Gentleman* from the *Coxcomb*.



— Ecce Iterum.

Juv. Sat. 4.

Once more behold.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

YOUR giving a Place to my last on the Subject of *Fragment-Writing*, and inserting the Catalogue of my late Friend's *Manuscripts*, encourages me to communicate to you some other of his Pieces according to my Promise.

DEDI-

DEDICATIONS of Authors is a Topick which no Writer, that I know of, has regularly treated and consider'd through all its Branches : There is scarce one, indeed, who writes a *Dedication*, but in that very *Dedication* takes Notice of one *Absurdity* in the *Dedicatory Epistles* ; which is a too general *Servility* in *Authors*, and too great a *Want* of *Merit* in *Patrons*. But then this is saying nothing ; every Author lays the same Claim to *Honesty*, and tells his Patron, that he is the only Man of *Quality* of *true Merit*. The Author of *Pasquin* has ingeniously enough ridiculed Dedications, and shewn, in a ridiculous Light, the common Compliments, the fulsome Panegyricks, and the contemptible Servility that the Generality of them may too justly be accus'd of ; yet, in my Opinion, he has carry'd his Satire somewhat too far, in shewing his Disapprobation, not only of absurd Dedications, but of Dedications in general. That a Dedication is not confined only to pay Compliments to the Patron, to whom the Book is inscrib'd, all *Dryden's* Dedications evidently prove ; those the Patron himself might read, and, instead of having his Modesty shock'd, have his Understanding improv'd : Those the Reader could not turn over as dull Things of Course, but must be led artfully into a curious Dissertation ; and while he is pleas'd with the Learning of the Author, he cannot doubt what he says of his Patron, and the judicious Choice he has made of him ; but such a Writer every Age cannot hope to produce. There is another Propriety in *Dedications* which I cannot pass over, and that is, a happy Choice of a *Patron*. A very humourous Author has, without the least View of *present Advantage*, dedicated his *Tale of the Tub* to *Prince Posterity*. Another Author, without Hopes of Reward, thus ingenuously inscribes his Works, *To Myself*. *Theophilus Cibber*, Comedian, gratefully dedicated his learned Labours to his *Wife* : And lastly, what seems to me the most disinterested of all Dedicators, some *Poets* have been kind enough to dedicate to *one another*.

I Am, Mr. Spec. I know not how, run from what I first intended, which was only to introduce, that my late Friend had wrote two Volumes on *Dedications of Books*, with all Questions that may arise about them ; but

instead of mentioning such a Performance of my Friend, I have enter'd into a Kind of Dissertation of my own.

TO return to my Purpose, Mr. *Esdras Humdrum* us'd often to talk of this his favourite Work, and had great Hopes of its Success, not only from the Novelty of the Subject, but the Usefulness it would be to the whole Body of *Authors*: As yet I have been only able to find some particular *Fragments*, the best of which may, in Time, be communicated to your Perusal; but the Design of the Whole, in his *Chapter of Contents*, may not be disagreeable to your present Readers; who, from the Disposition of the Subject, and the Oddity of the Hints, may think it a *Miscellaneous Entertainment* of itself; therefore you may insert what follows, as the true Copy of the Original.

OF DEDICATIONS of BOOKS.

*An Impartial, Historical, Satirical, Apologetical
TREATISE.*

By ESDRAS HUMDRUM, *Esq;*

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Chap. ii. A N impartial Enquiry whether *Dedications* are absolutely *necessary* to Books.—Decided in the *Negative*, against the Opinion of many Authors, both antient and modern.

Chap. iii. O F the first *Inventor* of *Dedications*, with some Historical Conjectures, to prove they were first found out by a *Mendicant*.

Chap. iv. A *Confutation* of a *vulgar Error* among Authors, by which some are persuaded, that the Name of a *Person of Quality* in the Beginning of a Book can atone for all the *Dulness* that comes after; with many Examples, *antient and modern*, to prove the contrary.

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Chap. v. THE well known Comparison between the *Mæcenas* of the Age, and the *Phœnix* of the Age, fully examin'd; where the Impropriety is made evident by granting the Comparison just; for then, according to several Authors, we must allow some forty thousand *Phœnix*'s at once living; a palpable Contradiction to the *Naturalists* Doctrine of that rare Bird,

Chap. vi. ITS Impropriety farther shewn; for tho' the *Simile* may hold in Respect of *Rarity*, it is very defective as to *Time of lasting*: Besides that, the *Ashes* of a *Patron* seldom or never produce another of the same Kind.

Chap. vii. THE Method laid down to make the most judicious Choice of a *Patron*; that the most Ignorant are the best, verified by *Reasons* and *Inductions*.

Chap. viii. A Chirurgical Dissertation on the *Literaria Chiragra*; or, the *Manual Gout* of great Men: In which is treated, the *Natural Contractions* and *Nervous Retention* to which Men of Quality's Hands are subject on the Sight of the Word *Dedication*; with the Reasons of this Effect on *Ocular Nerves*, and wonderful *communicative Faculty* between the *Eye* and the *Hand*, annex'd.

Chap. ix. A Digression on *Book-Binding*, gilded *Leaves*, *Cuts*, *Head and Tail-Pieces*, *large Paper*, *Capital Letters*, *Initial Letters* and *Italicks*; concluding with some Observations on *Prints* of the Author's *Face* prefix'd; the *Faces* of his *Friends* interspers'd; with a Word of the engraven *Coats of Arms* of *Patrons* adjoin'd.

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Chap. i. A Judicial Enquiry, Whether an Author may bring his Action at Law against a Man of Quality for Non-Payment of an *Epistle Dedicatory*? With the Opinions of *Jingle Dapperwit*, of the *Middle Temple*, Esq; *Henry Dactyle*, Counsellor at Law; *Sprightly Playwright*, of *Lincoln's-Inn*, Esq; and *Mr. Strenuous Cat-Call*, of *Gray's-Inn*, Student; given, sign'd, and annex'd. N. B. They are unanimously in Favour of the Plaintiff.

Chap. ii. VICE Versa; or, A different State of the Question, Whether a *Patron*, who pays for his *Dedication* before he sees the Book, if the Book proves dull, may not have Relief in *Chancery*? With the Opinions of

Simon Longbrief, Barrister; *Sir Copious Puzzlecause*, Sergeant at Law; and *Mr. Hawkeye Findflaw*, Chamber-Council, for the *preferring a Bill*.

Chap. iii. A *Curious and Impartial Quære*, Whether a Patron ought to pay for the Dedications, more or less, according to the Quantity of *Flattery* that is contain'd in them. To which is added, A Copper-Plate of a Mathematical Pair of Scales to weigh *Flattery*; invented by *Courtly Ballance of St. J——*, and approv'd by the R——l Society.

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Chap. v. OF *Commendatory Panegyricks* when *true*; that they should go unrewarded; the Merit of the Patron not standing in need of the Proclamation of the Author.

Chap. vi. OF *Commendations* notoriously *false*, prov'd, that they should be double recompenced: *First*, The Author should be consider'd for the Injury he does himself, in notoriously *lying*: *Secondly*, Because the Patron will himself confirm the *Lye*, if he makes not the *Truth* appear by a liberal Reward.

Chap. vii. WHAT Rewards are due to an Author that extols, in his *Dedication*, the *History* and *Genealogy* of a Family: The Perquisites for searching the *Herald's-Office*, and the *additional Fees* of being an occasional *Herald himself*.

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Chap. ix. A *Digression* on *Levee Hunting*, with Observations on the Impertinences of *Porters*, *Footmen*, *Lords Gentlemen*, and *French Valets de Chambre*: Concluding with some Remarks on *Kib'd Heels*, to which Authors are subject, by waiting a favourable Hour to present their Books.



Inter cuncta leges, & per cunctabere doctos.

Hor. lib. 1. ep. 18.

*Consult the Wisdom of each Page,
Inquire of ev'ry learned Sage.*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

S I R,
Y O U will readily agree, that Knowledge is the most excellent Endowment of the Mind ; but at the same Time I hope you will equally grant, that it requires to be enrich'd by some other Acquisitions, besides the Treasures of our own Conceptions ; for whoever relies too much on himself, is in Danger of having a Fool to his Master. There are but two Ways of *Knowing*, either as it consists in *Theory*, or as it becomes *practicable* or *demonstrative* ; for the *Theory* of *Knowledge* we must have Recourse to *Books*, as Fountains of Science, since in most Ages of the World Men have pour'd out into them the chiefest and most considerable of their Thoughts : Here our Journies to Knowledge must begin ; this is the first *Stage* we are to go through ; but then we must take Care and remember it is only a *Stage*, that we are but on a *Travel*, and are not to fix our Residence in it : *Books* are good *Assistants* and *Guides*, if not too much trusted, and too far follow'd, for often they are mere *Ignes Fatui* ; and while you pursue them, to be led out of the Labyrinth of Ignorance, they entice you on 'till your Understanding is still deeper plung'd in Obscurity. Whoever, therefore, would truly profit from the Writings of others, must collect only the best Things out of them ; or, as the excellent Lord *Bacon* observes, but *chew* some, while we *digest* others ; for there are in *Books*, as there are in *Gardens*, some Parts fill'd with Rubbish and Weeds ; others that bring forth Fruit and Flowers. However profitable Books may be,
and

and whatever good Instructions they may convey, yet to make them too much the Subject of our Discourse, seems too like *Pedantism* and *Common-Place*. There are some, who if once put out of their Road of *Authors* and their Quotations, have nothing to say; this shews a Want of Invention: Others will think nothing but what some learned Author or antient Philosopher has thought for them before; this demonstrates equally a narrow way of Thinking. Should not every one use an equal Liberty of Thought with those who went before them? It is by Reflection that we must improve, and what is called *Learning* now, could have been no more than the best Way of Thinking: Besides, how many are there who would gladly exchange their acquir'd Parts by Study, for the natural Vivacity and Quickness of Thought the others are endowed with in Reading: We can have but little Advantage, if we do not come to the Books with Reflection, and a Genius equal to what we read; we must know how to distinguish the Diamond from the Pebble: If so, by a conversing with Books, we are made more acquainted with ourselves by the Assistance of others.

THUS far to *Knowledge* which consists in *Theory*; but in demonstrative Science, Authors have not been so intricate and voluminous, and therefore, I think, more directly to be embraced. The fifteen Books of *Euclid* are but one Demonstration, as the *first* Proposition conspires with the *last*: This Kind of Learning may justly therefore claim our superior Esteem; because it consists not in *Opinion* or *Controversy*, or taking something for granted; but in that only which is *Demonstration*. Next to this of *Demonstration*, there is nothing more useful than *History*; for it teacheth us the Practice and Experience of *Men*: 'Tis a short, but noble Commendation that *Cicero* gives it, when he calls it, *Testis Temporum, Vitæ Memoria*, the *Witness* of *Times*, and the *Memory* of *Life*; for by that alone we are able to compare *Men* and *Times*; and there is nothing more useful, as well as diverting, than for publick or private Persons sometimes to look into the Transactions of former Ages.

THERE is still another Kind of *Knowledge*, not less useful than any which Men attain without any Book, and that is, *Experience* and *Observation* which we make
on

on one another. Mankind, indeed, in general, may not with *Impropriety* be call'd *living Books*, while all the Advantage we can gain by the other, is but to give us some polite Furniture or Varnish, the better to set off the Endowments of *Nature*. In short, *Reading* only will do no Service without *natural Abilities*, nor will a natural Genius be sufficient without some *Reading*; for Books are like Physick, when properly used, they refine the Grossnesses of *Nature*; but on the other Hand, they cloy and nauseate the Understanding, if used as its *Food*. I have often heard that which is called a *general Knowledge* much ridiculed, yet I cannot but be of the Opinion, that a *curfory Knowledge*, though it be not exact enough for the *Schools*, is more pleasant, and perhaps more useful, than to overburthen the Brain with particular Books: Such Knowledge I recommend not to those who would be thought excellent in any particular Branch of Literature, but would distinguish it as what is call'd a *Gentleman-like Learning*, suited to such who would know something of every Thing, that is, how to make the best Use of his acquired and natural Parts together, which, well join'd, cannot, I think, fail rendering an *accomplish'd Person*, I am,

Dear S P E C, Yours,

A. Z.

THOUGH I agree with several of my Correspondent's Reflections, yet I can by no Means assent to his last, for I look on a *general curfory Knowledge* to be so far from rendering a Gentleman *accomplish'd*, that it makes him an *Impertinent*: To confirm my Opinion I will not too much insist on our own *English Apothegm*, of, He that knows every Thing knows nothing; but will appeal to that antient Observer of Men and Manners, the judicious and witty MARTIAL, who, in one of his Epigrams, thus describes a Gentleman of a *general curfory Knowledge*.

To

To *ATTILUS*, Epig. 8. Lib. 4.

PRETTY you plead, and pretty you rehearse,
 You pretty Hist'ries write, and pretty Verse;
 With pretty Art you Pantomime compose,
 With pretty Terms your Epigrams you close;
 A pretty good Grammarian you are known,
 A pretty good Astrologer you're grown;
 Pretty you dance, and you as pretty sing,
 With pretty Air you touch the Fiddle-String;
 You talk with pretty Knowledge of the State,
 With pretty Knowledge tell an Op'ra's Fate;
 Of Things divine you prettily dispute,
 And have a pretty Taste to chuse a Suit;
 You're vers'd in NEWTON prettily enough,
 And prettily are vers'd to take your Snuff:
 When you a gen'ral Knowledge thus amass,
 Do all Things pretty, yet in nought surpass;
 —Shall I say what you are?— A pretty Ass.



——aliter non fit, avite, liber.

Martial.

From my Chambers, LINCOLN'S-INN.

IHAVE often mention'd the Necessity that I lay under, of sometimes making a Miscellaneous Collection of Letters to oblige my Correspondents, whose Impatience will not suffer them to stay 'till they might be more regularly introduced; therefore, without any farther Apology, my Epistolary Correspondence must be the Entertainment of this Day's Paper.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

I F I am not mistaken, I have several Times seen in your Lucubrations, Reflections on *Country 'Squires*, who are *Sportsmen*, and the *Fox-Hunters* of *Great-Britain* treated with an Indignity they don't in Reality deserve: I was not then a Sportsman, and look'd on a *Fox-Hunter* as a silly ridiculous Animal, who was keenly pursuing a Diversion which could not with the least Shew of Reason be defended; but I am now convinced that you and your Brothers of Weekly Essays satirize what you don't understand; for, from my own Observations, I can prove, that what you call a *mere Fox-Hunter*, is in this Diversion as sensible a Man as a *mere Courtier*, who with all the Hurry, Eagerness and Importance of State, is following a Game as contemptible as that of the *Country 'Squire*: This may to your Worship seem a strange Assertion, but you must own the Truth of it when you see what a strict Similitude the *Gentlemen* of the *Whip* and the *Gentlemen* of the *White Wand* bear to one another. In the *Court*, as in the *Field*, all set out in Chace of the same Thing, every one strives who shall be *foremost*, and hotly pursues what he seldom overtakes, and if he does, it is, when seriously consider'd, of no great Value, and will give but little Satisfaction; he that is best *hors'd*, that is *best befriended*, gets in soonest, and then all that he has to do is to laugh at them that are behind. He may justly be said to be in *View*, who is in *Favour*, and he that has a *strong Faction* against him, hunts upon a cold Scent, and may in Time come to a Loss. In the *State Chace*, as in that of the *Fox*, one rides upon full *Speed* a great Way about, while another, taking some bye *indirect Way*, leaps a Ditch, or makes a Gap, and comes in before him: Another spurs on 'till he flounders into a Quagmire, that is, follows the *Court* 'till he has spent all, and there he is sure to stick without any one taking Care to help him out; but rather every one that passes will laugh at him for a bad Horseman. Some hunt without ever seeing their Game, some follow the Prime Minister, and never see the Place or the Pension:

sion : Others spur a Horse 'till he is tir'd, and these are they who importune a Friend, 'till he is weary of them. To conclude this contrast Analogy of the *Court* and *Country Hunting*, they who are the keenest Sportsmen and the deepest Statesmen, have always their Necks the most in Danger.

I HOPE now, Mr. SPEC, you will have a high Opinion of *Fox-Hunters*, and instead of treating them as insignificant Blockheads, you will look on them with Veneration, when they bear so near a Character to those who are stiled the *best* and *greatest Men*; by such a Conduct, and the inserting this Letter as a Proof of it, you will oblige,

Yours,

REYNARD CHACELOVE.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPCTATOR,

WE are a young married Couple, whose *Honey-Moon* is not as yet half over; we are very happy at present, and that we may continue so, we have jointly agreed to desire your Advice as to our future Conduct; for though Matrimony is laugh'd at by the *Wits*, and rail'd at by the *Debauchees*, yet we think when it is worn as it ought to be, it will sit easier than most People find it. — A little of your Counsel would be of great Importance to

Your humble Servants,

JOHN and MARTHA FONDLING.

ALL that I can say to this *loving Pair* is, that when *John* is out of Humour, let *Martha* be dumb; when *Martha* talks loud, let *John* make no Reply; let the Diversions of each be such as each may have a Share in them; Never let Familiarity exclude Respect, nor formal Complaisance, Tenderness and Good-nature; let

let the Husband be industrious, and the Wife frugal ;
let both eat at one Table, and let both be unpolite enough
to sleep in one Bed.—

THE next Letter is likewise on Marriage, and to oblige the Lady I shall take her Case into Consideration.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, *Esq;*

SIR,

I HAVE seen Love Cases in your *Spectators*, and therefore thought you was, by the Nature of your Office, to answer all lawful Questions : Tho' I imagine you an Adept, I may not, perhaps, find you a Conjuror ; however, I shall try your Judgment, and if I don't like your Way of Thinking, I shall very discreetly follow my own.

I HAVE, Sir, two Gentlemen make their Addresses to me ; one a gay, young, airy, handsome Fellow, of small Fortune, whom I like well enough ; the other somewhat old, very ugly, strictly honest, and immensely rich : The first promises to bring a vast Stock of Love, the last to settle a considerable Jointure ; my young Spark's Love, for all his Boasting, may be soon expended ; but my old one's Jointure will be agreeable for Life.

NOW, Mr. *Spec*, Marriage you know is to last a long Time, and where one Couple blebs the sacred Knot, a Train of Wretches curse the Institution. As to Matrimony is annex'd that dreadful Word for ever, I would have your Advice, whether I shall make my young or my old Lover a Husband, and it will be a particular Favour to

Your Fickle Humble Servant,

MARGERY DOUBTFUL.

IN Answer to Mrs. MARGERY, I shall recommend the following Fable of Sir John Vanbrugh's to her Consideration.

A PEACOCK once of splendid Show,
 Gay, gaudy, foppish, vain, — a Beau,
 Attack'd a fond young Pheasant's Heart,
 With such Success,
 He pleas'd her, though he made her smart;
 He pierc'd with so much Address,
 She smil'd the Moment that he fix'd his Dart.

A Cuckow in a neighb'ring Tree,
 Rich, old, and ugly as could be,
 Lov'd her as he lov'd his Life;
 No pamper'd Priest e'er study'd more
 To make a virtuous Nun a Whore,
 Than he to get her for his Wife;
 But all his Offers still were vain,
 His Limbs were weak, his Face was plain:
 Beauty, Youth, vigorous Strength much weigh'd,
 With the warm, desiring Maid.
 She'd have a young Gallant, so one she had;
 But e'er a Month was come and gone,
 The Bride began to change her Tone;
 She found her young Gallant was an inconstant one. }
 She wander'd to a neighb'ring Grove,
 Where, after musing long on Love,
 She told her Confidante she found,
 When for one's Life one must be bound,
 (Though Youth indeed was a most delicious Bait)
 An aged Husband, rich, though plain,
 Wou'd give a Wife less Care and Pain;
 And what was of more Weight,
 As he a Store of Riches brought,
 Though not with Loving over fraught;
 Yet she might Ways and Means contrive,
 To be the happiest Soul alive:
 For she who's Mistress of the Gold, may still,
 Have a young Lover just whene'er she will.

THOUGH

THOUGH I am far from recommending the Doctrine of the two last Lines, yet there is something in the Fable which may induce Mrs. *Doubtful* to prefer a Widow's Jointure to a Lover's Protestation.



*Whom first shall I creating Jove,
With pious Duty gladly sing;
That guides below, and rules above;
The great Disposer, and the mighty King?
Than he none greater, next him none
That can be, is, or was.*

Creeche's Transl. of *Hor.* lib. 1. od. 12.

*Proofs of the Being of a God made easy, and
levell'd to the meanest Capacities.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

THE following Letter will not, you may assure yourself, need any other Apology to your Readers, than a Relation of the Accident which occasion'd it. I was lately engag'd in Company with some Gentlemen who profess themselves, and I have no Reason to doubt of their Sincerity, both Friends to Religion and Virtue: Another Gentleman, whose Parts and Abilities were alone sufficient to make him blush at the Cause he was engaged in, started several Doubts and Difficulties which he averr'd very much weaken'd, and were to him, as he thought, destructive of the Proofs of the Being of a God. I had so much Charity for him, as to think he was not in earnest, and so good an Opinion of the Company I was in, as not to doubt but that if he really were so, they were able to convince him both of the Folly and Absurdity of those too ingeniously colour'd Doubts and seeming Difficulties, but was very much surpriz'd to find I was mistaken in both these Points; that the Gentleman, by his Warmth, shewed himself but too much

much in earnest, and that the rest of the Company were so far from being able to take off his Arguments against the Being of a God, that they were not able to offer one Argument for it.

SURE I am, you must agree with me in this, that this is a most melancholy Reflection, and a most unhappy Reproach and Scandal to the Gentlemen of this Age; to Gentlemen who can't help thinking it an Honour to them to be esteem'd the Friends of Virtue, and to have it in their Power to promote the Cause of that most pure Religion which they dare not but own themselves Professors of; but how can we in Justice allow them that Character, when daily Experience convinces us they are entirely ignorant of the very Foundation on which all Religion must rest? And, indeed, the Consequence of Gentlemen's Ignorance in this one Article is much worse than (I dare say) they imagine, or would be willing to own; for take away the Proof of a God, you take away all Religion too.

I AM very sorry to find this Opinion so much in Fashion, *viz.* that Gentlemen need not trouble themselves with any Enquiries into *natural* Religion; but if they have attain'd to a competent Knowledge of that which is *reveal'd*, they have nothing more to do, but may sit down contented. Whereas in Truth *natural* and *reveal'd* Religion go Hand in Hand, improve and support one another; the Consequence of which is really this, that if we are only acquainted with that which is *reveal'd*, we may be sufficiently instructed to practise it *ourselves*, but shall not be thereby enabled to defend it against the Attacks of its Opposers, in order to win them over to the Practice of it too.

MANY learned Writers have in most Ages engag'd themselves in the Defence of this great Article and Ground-Work of Religion; and true it is, though it may seem a Paradox, that to their *very Learning* it is owing, that the greatest Part of Mankind are even yet destitute of the Knowledge of it. Great Men in their Writings will display their Learning to establish their Credit, and thereby render Things, otherwise easy enough, so very abstruse, that the *politer* Part of the World will neither have Learning, Abilities, nor Inclinations to fathom
and

and understand them. *Hinc nostri fundi Calamitas!* hence the learned Volumes on this Subject have been forced to fly to the *Universities* for Refuge and Protection, and have ever been look'd upon as only wrote for the Diversion of those who were Men of the soundest Judgment, most extensive Literature and deepest Penetration.

MOST Ages have furnish'd us with melancholy Instances of those who, whatever their real Sentiments may have been, have dar'd to disown a Belief of the Existence of a Deity; notwithstanding which, this Opinion has generally prevail'd among the Learned, that a downright speculative *Atheist* never existed; but whether this Opinion is true or no, by furnishing Gentlemen and others, who have never dipp'd into Philosophic Enquiries, with some easy Proofs of this fundamental Article of all Religion, 'tis not to be doubted but you will thereby, in some Measure, promote the Cause of Virtue, and be instrumental in putting a Stop to the monstrous Growth of Infidelity, and will not fail of the good Wishes of all those whose Wishes shall be worth your Regard and Esteem.

PROOF 1. The Existence of a God I thus prove from my own Existence: I must either have existed from all Eternity, or there was a Time when I first began to be: That I have not been from all Eternity is a Truth so evident, that it needs no Proof; it follows then that there was a Time when I began to be. If there was a Time when I began to be, either,

1. I arose out of Chance, or
2. I created myself, or
3. I was created by some other Being.

THESE are the only possible Suppositions that can be made, and if we can prove the two first to be absurd, the third necessarily follows, and then we are arriv'd at the Being of a God. As to the first; to say a Being, whose Structure exhibits all the possible Marks of Beauty, Design and Harmony, can be produced by Chance, (*i. e.* nothing) is the greatest Contradiction in the World. And secondly, no greater Absurdity can possibly be advanced, than to say any Being can create itself; for this is to suppose that Being to act before he really exists, but that is a manifest Contradiction. It remains therefore thirdly,
that

that I was created by some other Being which has existed from all Eternity, otherwise he would have been created by some other Being, and so on for ever, which is absurd; and this Being is what we call God.

P R O O F 2. Another great and undeniable Proof is taken from the Beauty and Order of the World; the regular Changes of Day and Night, Summer and Winter, the various Produce of the Ground for the Support of such a Variety of Creatures: In short, all the Conveniences, Comforts and Necessaries we experience in our short Abode in this World, loudly proclaim the good Design and Wisdom of the great Author and Creator of it.

P R O O F 3. The History of the Old and New Testament assures us there have been Miracles; that Things have mov'd contrary to the ordinary and stated Laws of Nature: This can only be ascrib'd to the Will of that supreme Being, who by his Almighty *Fiat* first order'd Nature to observe those Laws, and by the *same* can alone dispense with them whenever he pleases: That the Mouths of Lions should be stopp'd, and Fire cease to burn, can be only order'd by him who first constituted, and only knows the *real Essence* of Things, and in whom all Things *live, and move, and have their Being*; all Changes in the present State of Things must be effected by the supreme Governor of them, and whenever such a Change does happen, we must confess the Finger of God is in it, as *Pharaoh*, notwithstanding his Obstinacy, was at last compell'd to acknowledge.

P R O O F 4. Another Argument is taken from the universal Consent of Mankind; how much soever different Ages, Nations and Sects have vary'd in their Opinions concerning other Articles, this one (namely, that there was a superior Power, a God) they have always agreed in; and were there no other Arguments in favour of it, surely the Voice of all Ages must be the Voice of *Truth*: But this Argument goes still farther; we do not find that Men have given an universal Assent to any Thing, which was not either in itself a *self-evident Truth*, or fairly deducible from *self-evident Truths*; but in this Case, Nations altogether barbarous, whose Reason advanced them to the least Degree of Superiority over the irrational Part of the Creation, have still (we know not how)

how) arriv'd at some Knowledge of this great Truth ; and how shallow and imperfect Iqever their Notions were of a Deity, they have yet agreed there was one, and that *Worship*, in some Form or other, was due to him.

THERE have been particular Persons, indeed, whose Theory and Practice have deny'd this Truth ; but if we attend to the miserable Fears and Apprehensions they have been in at their last Moments, we shall have sufficient Reason to doubt of their Sincerity. The dying Words of a late remarkable Instance in this Way, strongly favour this Opinion; *viz. If there is a God, may he have Mercy upon me.*

MANY other Proofs there are, but these are so strong and cogent, that they are alone sufficient to silence all the Objections this great Article can be expos'd to : And when they are so many and so easy, shall *Man*, the only rational Inhabitant of this Globe, be contented without 'em, and satisfy himself in being silent, when —
That there is a God,

All Nature cries aloud throughout her Works ?

X



—— Peiores, qui talia verbis.

Juv. Sat. 2.

*Worse are they who declaim so much, and are equally,
if not more guilty.*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

AMONG all the licentious Follies which corrupt the Mind, there is not one which has done more Hurt in the present Age than the vast Quantity of idle and *immoral Books* that have been publish'd : This Observation has occasion'd the following Reflections on such Writings in general, which I hope you'll transmit to the Publick, as they may be of some Service to those who either cannot, or will not think for themselves.

IT

IT was *Cicero's* Maxim not to read where there could be no real Pleasure, that is, where there was not some real *Profit* to be reap'd : Was this Maxim at present a general one, what Inconveniencies would it immediately produce among our *modern Authors* and *modern Book-sellers* ? What Loads of Volumes, which have now the Honour to have some Hundreds of *courteous Readers*, would never be open'd, and many a *Copy*, which is now among the *Trade* thought valuable, would soon be found of no *intrinsick Worth*. The first Kind of Books which I shall account as *idle* are those, which though they contain nothing immoral, yet contain nothing profitable : A *simple Amusement* in Reading is such a ridiculous trifling away of Time, that any Person of Common Sense must, on the least Reflection, condemn themselves ; they might have had an equal Amusement, which would at the same Time have improv'd their Understanding ; therefore they who would keep up the Dignity of the human Faculties, would no more dwell over a mean contemptible Book, than a Man of Quality would take up his Lodging at an Alehouse or a Booth. As for the Authors of this *simple Kind* of Writing, they without Reputation plod on in the same dull Track, and are well enough pleas'd if their Works sell to Women or Children ; to attempt a Reformation in such a Man would be as ridiculous as their own Writings, for he that has not Judgment to censure his *own*, will hardly be amended by *Admonition*.

MORE dangerous than the *simple* is the *wanton* and *lascivious* Stile of Writing ; for Productions of this Sort have too often that which is called *Wit* to make them pleasing : There is a deprav'd Smartness which seems naturally readier at this than any other Theme ; but so far is it from being *Wit*, that nothing can be call'd so which carries with it an *Idea* that is *fulsome* or *ungenteel* :

A Want of Decency is Want of Sense.

THE Danger of reading such Productions I need not enumerate, and none but those of the most debauch'd Minds can have any Pleasure in the Perusal of what is in
Reality

Reality better calculated to raise Disgust. Nor do I think it safe for those of sober Inclinations to venture their *Virtue* to seek for *Wit*; it is too much Self-Confidence to rely on the resolute Determinations of their own Minds, for there is a subtle Poison runs through lascivious Writings, especially where season'd with Wit, which imperceptibly taints the Mind, and corrupts the Heart. The Authors of the Obscene are generally Men of lively Fancy and pleasing Humour, who at the same Time they are doing what will forfeit their Character, value themselves on being *fine well-bred Gentlemen*; but as their Writings are contrary to good Manners, they are at best but ignorant Clowns, or vicious Fools; for though their Writings may have a smart Stile and Poignancy, yet they are but as unwholesome stinking Breaths perfum'd: Art cannot expel Nature, but Nature is still made worse by Art.

IN respect to the Good of human Society, Writings that are *maliciously Satirical* are almost as bad as these; for it is by Print perpetuating a Person's Infamy, who perhaps does not deserve it: Such Writers are like Bees,

Animas in vulnera ponunt.

THEY pour their Souls into the Wounds they make; for with the Venom which they vent themselves, they lose their Reputation with others, they who traduce the Characters of others leaving a Reproach on themselves; as Witches, who pass by all the wholesome Simples of the Earth, and gather only the most poisonous and baleful for their Sorceries, so the *malicious Satirists* cull out only the Vices and Corruptions of Men, but leave their Virtues untouch'd, which, if justly remember'd, might balance all their Failings.

BUT above all Writings, the most *idle* are those which are *profane*; modern *Libertinism* has produced a destructive Number of this Kind, and they are the more *dangerous* as they are become *fashionable* to be read. It is from these that numerous young Fellows become Converts to *Infidelity*, and the old Disciples of Irreligion are confirm'd in their Tenets: It is from *these* the *Holy Scriptures* have been so often burlesqu'd in Ridicule, and

the Principles of our Salvation treated as a *Joke*. The very Reading of such Books is an Unhappiness, but the second Perusal Guilt and Approbation: The *Heretick* may misunderstand Religion, but the *Prophane* scorns it; such a Person the *Heathens* would not admit to a Sacrifice, or any religious Rites, because, *Nil habet sacri, qui sacra negligit, violat, conculcat*: He has nothing of Religion in him, but neglects, destroys, and spurns at all that's sacred; he is, indeed, the *Practical Atheist*, that by contemning Heaven outdoes the *Pagan*, by forgetting himself to be Man. But let us take a View of these religious Jokers: What a strange Kind of Impudence must they have, who, tho' Men, dare to jest on their God? He who is well-bred cannot in Complaisance commit such a Rudeness, for he is a Clown to Heaven that makes himself too familiar with the Deity: He who writes thus has no more common Honesty than he has common Sense; for if he once neglects God, he will make no Scruple of betraying Man; if he sits loose to Heaven, he will never hold firm to Earth, and will easily forsake his Friend, who has before forsook his Maker. An Author of this Stamp does not only offend in himself; he is like the Serpent call'd the *Amphisbana*, which has a Head at either End, his Book is doubly destructive, and while the one bites him that reads, the other stings him that writes. How careful then should every one be who would commence Author, of his Subject, his Style, and the Precepts he would inculcate: Any Kind of *idle Writing* will among Men of Sense make him look contemptible; for though a ridiculous Thought may pass in Conversation, yet an idle or foolish Sentence dropt upon Paper, sets Folly on a Hill, and is a Monument to make Infamy eternal.

I AM not unaware that it may be objected by some of your small Criticks, that I have all this Time been only giving a Specimen of *idle Writing* myself: Sir, I look not on myself as an Author, and whatever I have here said, though I grant it may not have flow'd from the *best Head*, yet I will venture to affirm it proceeded from a *good Heart*. I am, Mr. SPEC,

June 6.

Yours, sincerely,

L. M.

Majores



Majores natu in conviviiis ad tibias egregia superiorum opera carmine comprehensa pangebant, quo ad ea imitanda virtutem juvenum alacriorem reddirent. Quid hoc splendidius ! Quid utilius. *Val. Max. lib. 2.*

At their Feasts the Elders had the Songs, celebrating the noble Atchievement of their Ancestors, played upon the Flute; by which means they animated the Valour of their Youth with the more Spirit to imitate them. What could be more illustrious ? what more beneficial ?

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

MANKIND have not only single *Examples*, but the *Examples* of the whole World to give Advantage to their *Wisdom* and their *Virtue*; wherefore it becomes our Prudence to instruct ourselves from the best *Precedents* of Life, whether past or present, and by them to provide for our future Good. An *ancient Philosopher* calls this a *Divine Province* of our Reason; and it is some Wonder, when we consider how many more worthy *Examples* there have been than there are to be found in the Practice of Men, as if the Good only liv'd to *themselves*, and not for the *Instruction* of others: On the other Side, as the *Bad* are more frequent, so they are no less follow'd, which shews us the being good is rather esteem'd by the Generality of Mankind as a Notion, than a Thing worthy of Imitation. *Virtue* may be the *solitary Felicity* of a few, but *Vice* will not be so confin'd; for no one so errs to himself, but he is the Cause and Author of another's Error. There is often a *Falsity* in what we stile *Virtues*, and those *Perfections* which we lavishly praise, have a near Neighbourhood to *Vice*: The *Prodigal* is often mistaken for the *Liberal*, yet the *Frugal* is as often call'd the *Covetous*; and so likewise in our other good or evil Inclinations. If we have Recourse

to the *Examples* of our Forefathers, how few shall we find but what are little better than unjust and vicious *Examples* to their Children, under whom they are rather taught the *Enormities* of Life than the Rules and Practice of Honour and Virtue. If we cast our Eyes to the most famous Schools of the *Philosophers*, how few worthy Patterns have they produced; infomuch, that it may be well demanded why the *Stoicks* (above all other) should be so rigid in their *Precepts* of *Morality* and *Apathy* of *Passions*, which is a Want of *human Affections*: This *Doctrine* is so far from being *exemplary*, that it admits of no *Practice*. Can a Man be a Man without *human Frailty*? Can we be *sick* and *well* together? They did not consider that human Nature is too infirm to be wholly recover'd by Instructions; it may, indeed, be amended, but not perfected by them.

THERE is no Subject which the Learned seem to me to have more mistook than *Example*, infomuch that *Seneca*, that excellent Moralift, never fell so much below the Dignity of his Sense, as when he gave this great Panegyrick to the *Suicide* of *Cato*.

Liquet mihi cum magno Spectasse gaudio Deos, cum Kirille, acerrimus sui Vindex, gladium sacro pectori infigit, cum Viscera spargit, & Animam Manu educet.

‘ I am certain the Gods look'd down with great Joy,
 ‘ when that Man, the most valiant Avenger of himself,
 ‘ launches his Sword into his sacred Breast, when he
 ‘ scatters around his Bowels, and with his own Hand
 ‘ plucks out his very Soul.’

This sure is a wrong Commendation of so bad an Example, because it was not impossible but *Cato's* Life might have been serviceable in some Degree or other, even at that very Time to his Country, notwithstanding the Success and Victories of *Cæsar*. The like too may be said of *Brutus*, who is often mention'd as another Example of *Patriotism*: Besides the Obligations which *Brutus* had to *Cæsar*, it had been more *Prudence*, and I dare say, more *Virtue*, in him, to have desisted taking Arms, and engaging his Country in

in a *Civil War*, when the old Commonwealth of *Rome* was too much alter'd to be restored to its genuine Purity ; besides, he ought to have consider'd a just Monarchy was with less Inconvenience to have been expected than a bloody War, with so many certain consequential Mischiefs to his Country ; neither was the Self-Murder in either of these *Roman Worthies* to be counted so great a Magnanimity, since the Terror of Death hath in many *inconsiderable* and *undeserving Men* produced the like Effects ; and what is worse, every discontented *Suicide* doth in some Degree parallel the Praise that can be given to this Action of *Cato* or *Brutus*. The Example of *Attilius Regulus* is infinitely more worthy Commendation, and his Panegyrick had been more reasonable : *Regulus*, by his own *Desire* to the Senate, gave himself up a willing Martyr to the *Carthaginians*, because he judg'd the *Honour* and *Safety* of his Country did inevitably require it : The Difference betwixt the Virtues of *Cato* and *Regulus*, if duly consider'd, then are thus ; *Regulus* his Glory was voluntary, to give himself to be tortur'd with the most cruel Death, when he might have *liv'd*, and his Country requested that he would ; whereas the *Suicide* of *Cato* may be imputed either to his *Pride*, *Shame*, or *Fear* of *living longer*.

THE World also has long extolled above the Fame of all others, that of *Alexander* the Great, and *Julius Caesar*, the latter of whom may justly be allowed the nobler Example ; yet in both there were such Defects, which lessen'd the Glory of their highest Virtues. The first was not only *intemperate*, but in that *Intemperance* mad and cruel, which shew'd his Insufficiency to govern, as he ought, the vast Dominion he aspir'd to, and that his Success was rather to be attributed to a *happy Temerity* in him than any virtuous *Prudence* or *Conduct* : *Cæsar*, indeed, was not so ignominious, but yet had sufficient Vices : He had *Ambition*, and with that *Ambition* a *ridiculous Vanity* ; or sure he would never have play'd the *Boy*, and wept, because he had not at *Alexander's* Years perform'd the like Actions.

IF with these were considered the most warlike Princes and Captains that have been before or after them, we shall soon find, notwithstanding the Trophies which History has raised to their Memories, that their Names have been likewise exalted on the Ruins of Mankind through the *Fury of Ambition* and *cruel Thirst* of Dominion, or, perhaps, on a more *inconsiderable Quarrel*.

THERE are, without Doubt, more laudable Examples to be drawn from *Socrates*, and some others of the Philosophers, than are generally to be found in *Courts* or *Camps*, as it is a far nobler Endeavour to complete the *Virtues of Morality*, by living up as much as in us lies to *Reason* and *Nature*, together with the Divine Conquest of *ourselves*; in subduing our *Passions* and irregular Affections, than to rule or vanquish Territories, which may be accomplish'd by the Force of *others*; whereas in this Victory we have no other Aid but *ourselves* against *ourselves*; which *Conquest*, as trifling and easy as it may at first seem, is in Reality the most *difficult* and the most *glorious*.

TO conclude this Subject; to judge of *Examples* we should judge the *Actions* and *Inclinations* of Men (like the Elements of which they are compos'd) mix'd and imperfect; where they do well we must imitate their *Actions*; and where they talk or write better than they live, we should practise their *Precepts*: From ill Men, some Advantage may be had; from the good, more; and as every particular Man ought less to be concerned with the *Virtues* of others, than in being good *himself*; by the same Reason we should draw the best out of *Examples*, of all Kinds, to make a greater Perfection in *ourselves*.

Z.

To Mr. STONECASTLE.

S I R,

I HAVE observ'd in some of your Lucubrations you have censur'd the Tedioufness of old Gentlemen when they turn Story-Tellers; a natural Description of a Story-Teller having accidentally fallen into my Hands,

Hands, I cannot think it would be disagreeable to your Readers, if they should see a Copy of it; act as you think proper, and it will equally oblige

Yours,

BOB. SHORT.

The STORY-TELLER.

OLD *Chronicle*, whene'er his Club he meets,
Himself in his own Elbow-Chair he seats,
Not next the Chimney, nor yet next the Door,
But in the Place he always sat before;
Here his own Wax, and own Tobacco lie,
And there his Pipe, his Aid to Memory:
Soon as the merry Tales flow circling round,
He with important Voice and Look profound,
The Hist'ry of the former Age relates,
The Facts, the Persons, and the Time he states;
Lest the minutest Thing shou'd be o'erpast,
Punctual he tells the Whole from first to last;
Nor does he mention aught but what is true,
• What he himself of his own Knowledge knew:
• These Things, he cries, I perfectly retain,
• The self-same Words—and so said she—and then
• He made Reply—and so said I again—
At last he droops, kind Slumbers close his Eyes,
And in a Snore th' imperfect Story dies—
Again he wakes—and now retells all o'er
In the same Words, same Order as before,
Men, Things, and Circumstances describing clear,
Who, what, whom, by what Means, why, how, when,
O trifling Pratler! who to others Cost, (where—
Thy wondrous Strength of Memory will boast:
How much more pleasing far had you been thought,
If 'stead of *all Things*, you'd remember *nought*.



——— Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala ———

Hor. de Art Poet.

*Trifles, such as these
To serious Mischiefs lead.*

From my own Chambers, Lincoln's Inn.

MOST Things have, by the *Wits* of the Times, been reduced to an Art, and particular Rules laid down for the attaining it. *Poetry* has had its Art shewn in a Poem on that Subject above two thousand Years ago ; and, in Imitation of that, the Moderns have brought *Cookery*, *Politicks*, and *Harlequinery*, to be founded on the same Kind of Maxims, and have prov'd that neither a good *Pudding*, a good *Speech*, or a good *Pantomime*, could be made, unless the Rules of Criticism were nicely observ'd : But 'tis not in Verse only that the Rules to obtain an Art are wrote ; *Prose* sometimes claims the same Right, and has convey'd to us several Arts : We have seen the *Art of Pleasing in Conversation*, and the *Art of modern Conversation* ; the *Art of Living*, and the *Art of Living with the Great*. To what Lengths a prolific Genius may carry this Kind of Writing is hard to determine ; for I have heard there is a Tract, intitled, *The Art of Lying*, and we have been very lately entertain'd with a *Dissertation on The Art of Kicking*. But among all the learned and curious Treatises, I don't remember to have heard any gallant Author had wrote on *The Art of Dress*. There is, indeed, a pretty Poem, call'd *The Toilette* ; but that rather contains an amusing Essay on Dress, than the Critical Rules of it ; nor can I think such a Subject so fit for Poetry, as to be flung into an elaborate Dissertation, under several Heads and Chapters, with useful and necessary Digressions. Without Doubt, the World would have been, long e'er now, favour'd with such an ingenious Performance, but that

that *Modes* and *Fashions* are so various, and in such a constant *Progression* of *Mutability*, that before an Author could finish *one Section* on any one particular Manner and Implement of Dress, another, that it depended on, might give a different Turn to the whole System. It would grieve an ingenious and indefatigable Writer, when, with the utmost Satisfaction to himself, he had finish'd his *Chapter* on *Hats*, with Notes *Critical*, *Moral*, and *Philological*, he should have a Stop put to his Labours on Account of the Vicissitude of the *Perriwig*; and how would he curse his *Stars*, and the *Milliners*, when, in his treating of the Ladies Head-dress, he had judiciously laid down his Observations and Maxims on the *French Head*, the *Dutch Head*, and the *English Head*; yet he would not know how to conclude, because the *critical* Length of the *Lappit* was disputed, and the Determination of it uncertain.

THE *Modes* and *Fashions* of Dress being thus always changing, three Years makes almost as much Alteration in our Habit as three Centuries; and if a Gentleman or Lady were now to appear in an Assembly of the best dress'd People, in the Pink of the Mode, as it was *Anno Domini* 1734, there would be as much staring, as if the one wore *Trunk Breeches*, or the other the *Elizabeth Ruff*. This Fluctuation in Dress has been of great Disadvantage to ingenious and learned Men, who, out of a publick Spirit, have compos'd Lucubrations on it, as their Works cannot appear to Posterity with that Humour and Vivacity as they were originally wrote in: *Isaac Bickerstaff* does not now seem so facetious to us when he attacks the *red Heels*, the *large Perukes*, the *Sword Knots* and *Shoulder Knots* of the *Beaus*, the *high Heads*, the *Flounces* and the *Party Patches* of the Ladies, as he did to them who were conversant with the *Beau Monde* at that Time; yet that excellent Author will certainly please some of our Posterity, and I doubt not but the latest, by having his Writings calculated for that Time, as much as if only then wrote; for in *Modes* as in *Words*,

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere;

Many that have been lost shall live again.

And the Follies of our *Fathers* may revive in our *Children*, and come in Fashion again with our *Great Grand-Children*.—I should myself have often been more copious on these Topicks, could I have flatter'd myself in the least, that the next Generation would ever peruse my Writings, and be instructed from my Labours.

AS on our *Dress* depends the general Estimation of the World, and as it is so necessary to gain Esteem, Reputation, and even Wealth itself; it certainly deserves some serious Consideration. Persons are every where look'd upon according to their *Cloaths*, and their *Merits* valued by the Judgment of their *Taylor*, or their *Mantua-Maker*. He who would be the greatest Favourite among the Ladies, must have the best *Taste* for *Dress*; and he must not only shew it by appearing always in the Height of a Fashion, but by sometimes striking a bold Stroke, and inventing one: Nor can a Lady, who would make the least Pretensions to Politeness, be imagin'd to be accomplish'd without being very well vers'd in the *Mode*.

BUT how can any besides *Courtiers*, who bring up and alter Fashions, be entirely vers'd in all the *Ceremonialia* of Habiliment; for so nice are the Limits which confine the Circle of the *Beau Monde*, that *Temple-Bar* is another Climate to *St. James's*; *Cheapside* is still more remote in *Fashion*, as well as *Situation*; and if we proceed beyond the *Tower*, to *Wapping* and *Limehouse*, we may as well talk of the *Chinese* and the *Hottentots*.

A LATE ingenious Author took Notice, in his *Lucubrations*, of the Difference between the Fashions of the *Court* and the *Country*, and of the Progress the pinning of a *Mantua*, or the plaiting a *Cap* made through the several Counties of *England*. The same Inconvenience still remains; and a *Coquette* in *Cornwall*, or *Devonshire*, or a *Beau* in *Yorkshire*, or *Northumberland*, may be a full Half Year out of the Fashion, then in high Vogue at *London*; and let them have the very best Intelligence, they will, like *Fungosa* in the Play, a'ways be just one Fashion behind.

SEVERAL have been the *Essays* to remedy this Evil, and many moderate Men, Well-Wishers to their Country, have long, with great Earnestness, hop'd to see an *Uniformity* in *Dress* introduced into this Nation; but

but I am afraid, such is the natural Inconstancy and Disposition to Variety of the Inhabitants of this Isle, that we may as soon expect to see an *Uniformity* in *Religion*, or *Uniformity* in *Politicks*; yet they who have employ'd their Thoughts for the Good of the Publick, however impracticable their Schemes, deserve to be mention'd with Honour, and receive the Applause of all honest Men, and good Citizens.

TO do such Justice, and to take an Opportunity to lay before the Publick some *new Projects*, whereby every one may know the then reigning Mode, is the Design of this Paper, of which the *Beau Monde* may approve or disapprove, as they, in their great Judgment and Wisdom, may think proper.

THE *first Scheme* is that of a very learn'd Adept in *Astrology* and *Mathematicks*, who, from his being well vers'd in *Curves* and *strait Lines*, thinks he could reform our *modern Dress* to the most exact Rules of Proportion, and from his Skill in the *Influence* of the *Planets*, he is certain he could, with the greatest Propriety, settle all the *Changes*, *Revolutions* and *Eclipses* in *Dress*, which would happen for that Year. To make both the *Dress* and its *Changes* universally known, he proposes to publish annually a DRESSING ALMANACK, where *Fashion* will be placed in the same Manner the *Moon* is in others, and the Time of its Progression distinctly mark'd; so that the meanest Capacity may know when a *Mode* is *new*; how long in the *Increase*; when *Full*, and how long in *Decrease*, with the Time it goes out. As he intends to keep up to the Form of other *Almanacks*, he will have *Red-letter'd Days*, which will signify *full Dress* on *Birth-Days*, *Lord Mayors Days*, *Sheriffs Feasts*, &c. Through the Whole will be interspers'd many necessary *Rules*, and useful *Tables*, for the better Certainty of *cocking a Hat*, or *adjusting a Patch*. Calculated by Monsieur BEAU GARCON, Proficient in *Vestitulology*.

THIS Gentleman seems to be a *Foreigner*; yet it is not on that Account that I shall not recommend his Scheme in particular, as he desir'd, but from that Impartiality, which I shall always shew, to Men of Learning, and that I may leave the following Projects of other Gentlemen to have their just Influence.

Mr.

Mr. PLANSCHÉ, who has been, it seems, some Years a Broker in the *Alley*, thinks the most practicable Method to bring *Dress* into a regular System, is to erect *Fashion* into a *Bubble*, and that it should *fall* and *rise* much in the same Manner as other *Stocks*: There would by this, says he, accrue many Benefits to the Publick, not only to the good Citizens of *London*, but to every Country Gentleman in every Shire and County in *Great Britain*; for on any particular Occasion they might have as much *Stock*, or *Fashion*, transferr'd to them as they thought proper.

I SEEMED a little dubious of the Success of this *Fashion Fund*, and hinted to Mr. *Plansché* it might possibly have done in the Year *Twenty*; but, as he says, he is better vers'd in these Affairs than I am, and is positive to the Nicety of his Calculations, he is left to proceed in his own Way, and to publish speedily Proposals, for a Subscription of *Two Millions*, to carry this important Scheme into Execution.

ANOTHER Gentleman, who has been concern'd in several Projects, thinks this the most *useful* and *beneficial*; for every one would immediately come into it: He says, if he can bring his Design to bear, he would not take 100,000 l. for his Project, as he doubts not having it secured to him, his *Heirs*, *Executors*, *Administrators*, and *Assigns*, by Virtue of an Act of Parliament. His Scheme is to erect a *General Mode Office*, in Nature of that of the *Post*, and so many other inferior ones in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and every *Shire* and *County* in *England*, as may be found necessary: By this Means a *Fashion* would be known at *Penryn*, or *Newcastle*, a Month, at least, sooner than at present; and the *Beau Monde*, at the *Western* or *Northern* Extremities of the Kingdom, for a Trifle of an Expence, might search the Office, and have every Scruple of Conscience settled, from the Size of the *Hat*, to the Dimension of the *Buckle*, and from the Length of a *Lappit*, to the Height of a *Heel*.

THE last Scheme is that of my old Friend *Will. Luckless*; who, from having run through his Fortune as a Man of Pleasure, turn'd *Fortune Hunter*; from that, an *Author*; and now, to the last, adds the *Projector*. His
Intent

Intent is, to write a *Weekly Journal*, or *Gazette*, which should be entirely dedicated to the Service of the *Beau Monde*, and should treat only of *Dress* and *Fashion*. The Whole he would have flung into the same Form as other *Weekly Lucubrations*; and would begin with an *Essay*, and proceed with News, *Foreign* and *Domestick*. As he will have the best Intelligence from *Paris*, the Arrival of a Mail may be as eagerly enquir'd after, about *St. James's*, as at present about the *Exchange*; and, according to its Contents, the *Jobbers* in *Modes* may raise the *Cut* of their *Pockets*, as the *Jobbers* in the *Funds*, the *Course* of their *Stocks*. Whatever Resolution the *Beau Monde* came to, would immediately be divulged to the Publick; and no Gentleman or Lady, who may live within the Bills of Mortality, need appear on *Sunday* either at *Church*, at the *Park*, at a *private Visit*, or at *Kensington Gardens*, with the least Deviation from the *Pink* of the *Mode*, if they would, on the *Saturday*, peruse the *Lucubrations* and *Intelligence* of this judicious and indefatigable *Journalist*.

AS I have mention'd the Studies and Labours of all these worthy Gentlemen, I shall not shew a Partiality to any one Scheme, but leave the Publick to consider them all as they think proper, not doubting but those who are competent Judges, will prefer that only which will most conduce to the *Emolument* of their *Fellow Subjects*, and the *Honour* and *Utility* of *Great Britain* in general.



Ad mea, decepti juvenes, præcepta venite ;

Quos suus ex omni parte fefellit amor ;

Discite Sanari.

Ov. de Rem. am.

*Ye Youths, who have been arrant Dupes to Love,
Attend my Lessons, which your Cure will prove.*

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn.

I KNOW not any of the Sayings which are recorded of the Antients that gives me more Pleasure than that of *Demosthenes*, the famous Orator, when he made his Addresses to the celebrated Courtezan of *Corinth*, called

called *Lais*: This Lady, it seems, had incomparable Beauty, and so much Sense, that she would not bestow the least Favour without a very considerable Return. *Demosthenes*, like some other Sages of the Law, was not Proof against the Charms of Beauty, and thought, no doubt, he could as easily captivate a Lady with his Eloquence, as a Court of Judicature: But though the Courts of Love and Law, it seems, have some of the same Precedents; yet this most excellent Pleader was non-suited in his Cause; for the Lady not understanding a Suit brought in *forma Pauperis*, insisted, according to her usual Custom, on a very large Fee; but her Request being as contrary to the Practice of *Demosthenes*, he reply'd *Madam, I don't buy Repentance at so dear a Rate.*

IF every Man had as cool a Head, or rather, as cool a Heart, as this *Græcian Orator*, there would not be so many *Dupes* to the Enchantments of *intriguing Women* as there are always to be found: In Affairs of unlawful Gallantry no Man, however fortunate, but must expect *buying Repentance*, and few there are that ever once consider at what an *Expence* it is to be. Was this Sentence of *Demosthenes* made the Rule of Practice among our modern fine Gentlemen, the Fashion of *Keeping* would soon be extinct, and a thousand Calamities that ensue, and sometimes overwhelm them, would be prevented.

KEEPING has been an antient Custom immemorial, and the Wits of the Age plead the Prescription of old Usages to keep it still in *Fashion*, and give a Kind of Sanction to their Debauchery; but sure it is the most ridiculous Argument they can bring, for all who have made the greatest *Figure* in *gallant History* appear only fond voluptuous *Cullies*: and their Intrigues, instead of giving us any Gaiety or Pleasure, move either our Pity or Contempt.

I THINK the most favourite Keeper recorded in Story is *Marc Anthony*, who sacrificed *All for Love*, and for a common Mistress thought the *World well lost*. With whatever Advantage this amorous *Roman* may appear to us, as he is drawn by Mr. *Dryden*, and fighting on the Stage, we cannot, if we think of him as a *General*, and almost *Master* of the *World*, but allow he was made as errant a Dolt as any doating Citizen ever was at Co-

vent-

went-Garden; for he did not take his *Cleopatra* into *Keeping* till she had been the cast-off Mistress of several others; and, when in a Fond Fit, he promised to make a *Settlement* on her of *Provinces* and *Kingdoms*, and *Empires*; he knew she had been *Cæsar's Cleopatra*, *Dolabella's Cleopatra*, every Body's *Cleopatra*.

IT would be endless to mention all the noted amorous Fools of Antiquity, or the more modern Dupes of later Ages; let it suffice that our own Isle can give not a few Royal Examples of the ill Effects of *Keeping*: Our Annals inform us of several Court Mistresses who have managed all the Intrigues of *State*, and reigned over their Imperial Gallants with all the Insolence of despotick Power: The Ruler of an *Empire* has no more Authority over a cunning sly Baggage that he keeps, than a *Haberdasher of Small Wares* over his, and the first must as tamely submit to make a Present of the Value of a *Province*, as the other of a Couple of *Pieces*; the only Difference is, the one buys *Repentance* with the *Ruin* of his *Shop* and *Family*; but the other at a much dearer Rate, the *Ruin* of his *Kingdom* and *People*.

BUT to leave these illustrious Instances of *Royal Deceit*, I shall now consider the Folly of *Keeping* in *common Life*, and whose Examples may be of more Service in reforming this vicious Mode, which is at present so high in *Vogue*. The Practice of *Keeping* has been often ridiculed; Mr. *Dryden* wrote a Comedy upon it; but his chief Character was drawn with so much *natural Obscenity*, that his Play was damn'd; for whatever Vices Mankind practise in private, they are Hypocrites in Virtue; they cannot bear the Representation of them in publick.

— But the *Fashion* of *Keeping* was never so general as at present; it formerly was chiefly confin'd to Men of *Wit* and *Gallantry*, or Men of *Wealth*; but now *poor Beaus*, and *poor Tradesmen* claim the same Privilege, and *Barbers Apprentices* keep their *Statira's*, and *Vintners Boys* their *Roxana's*.

I WISH the Custom was less frequent for the *Married Men* of this Metropolis to take it into their Heads to become *Keepers*, as it is not only their own buying *Repentance* at a dear Rate; but the *Innocent* are always involved in their Sufferings.

For

*For while abroad so prodigal the Dolt is,
Poor Spouse at home as ragged as a Colt is.*

BATCHELORS, indeed, seem to have a better Plea ; but, for the Generality, they are ashamed to own the Folly : I know an *old Batchelor* who is continually raving against Women, and the amorous Puppies who keep them ; though, at the same Time, he is as doating a Slave to a little imperious Baggage as ever *Hercules* was to *Omphale* : Over a Bottle of *Wine* at the *Tavern* no Man flings out more witty *Sarcasms* on the Female Sex ; over a Dish of *Tea*, at his Lady's Lodgings, no one says more complaisant and obliging Things of them : If you see him at the *Coffee-house*, with an *important Gravity* in his Countenance, a *decent Nicety* in his Dress, his *Cravat* hanging down with a *formal Solemnity*, and his *Peruke* comb'd and powder'd with the utmost *Exactness* ; if you observe a Kind of *Pride* in his Dress, and a *studious Care* to avoid the *least Discomposure*, would you imagine that an impertinent *Slammakin*, for the meerest Trifle, would dare to *box* his *Ears*, *tear* his *Cravat*, and fling his *Peruke* into the Fire ? Yet such are often the Effects of little Mrs. *Termagant's* Fury, which he, with all the Temperance of a Philosopher, endures, and most humbly swears to come to a Treaty of Peace, the Conditions of which are, that he shall immediately present her with a *new Mantua*, a *Brussels Head*, a *Gold Repeater*, or whatever *Nick-Nack* the Lady may think is necessary.——As ridiculous as it may seem to keep a Woman to *box one's Ears*, or *demolish* one's Cloaths, *Will Halfwit* thinks this Spirit in the Ladies a very amiable Qualification, and fell in Love with young *Jenny Flareit* at the *Tavern*, for her admirable Wit and Humour in burning his *Laced Hat*, and flinging his *Toupee* out at Window. *Will* is not so reserved in his Amour as the old Batchelor, but carries his Friends frequently to shew them what a Girl of Spirit he is an Ass to, and takes an Opportunity to give her some little Contradiction, that he may have the Honour to have his Ruffles torn, or a Glass of Wine flung in his Face, which he, with the utmost Complacency, accepts, and swears she has the most *Wit* and *Fire* of any Woman

Woman in *England*.——By what despicable Arts and Methods are these *Keeping Idiots* engaged! Mrs. *Termagant* rules her grave Spark by *bullying* him into Compliance, and Madam *Flareit* has an entire Dominion over her *Squire's* Heart, by having her *Impertinence* pass for *Humour*.

MY Lord *Fondle* despises such contemptible Block-heads who are made Womens Tools by being us'd ill; he thinks his *Mistress* should be as much in Subjection as his *Spaniel*: He discarded one Lady for putting on a *Night-Gown* when he bid her put on a *Robe de Chambre*, and turn'd off another for not coming to kiss him before Company when he order'd her: He professes himself insensible of *Fondness*, and his publick Maxim is, no one should keep a Mistress any longer than he could see her with Indifferency; yet, notwithstanding his Severity and Wisdom, my Lord is now become as servile an *Inamorato* as ever was cajol'd by an artful Woman. A *Milliner's* Prentice that he enticed from behind the Compter governs him by an innocent Simplicity that she is cunning enough to affect: My Lord, from his natural Temper, sometimes plays the Tyrant, swears, storms and raves, to terrify and keep in due Subjection this Slave of his Passion: How is he mistaken! She renders him that Slave he would make her. She replies not to his Oaths, she trembles at his Frowns, and at his going out of the Room she bursts into *Tears*, and falls into a *Fit*.——My Lord *relents*, he runs back, catches her in his Arms, kisses her again to Life, vows Constancy, Good-Nature and Respect, and calls her his little dear *Innocent*, and gives her a *hundred Guineas* to atone for the Offence he had committed.—She accepts the *Gold*, and as soon as he has left her, she laughs at the fond Fool she has so easily deluded.

THIS Folly of *Keeping* is humourously expos'd in Mr. *Gey's Beggars Opera* by the Ladies who have been *kept*: Every one prefers that Kind of Gallants she has been most concerned with; and though they all differ in their Opinion of which is the *best Keeper*, they unanimously agree in this fundamental Maxim of *fleeing* them all.

I WOULD

I WOULD advise all my *gallant Readers* at the Coffee-houses, whether *married Men* or *Batchelors*, not to apply any Thing in this Paper to one another's private History; for whatever Privilege is allowed a publick Author to censure general Crimes, no one cares to have his own private Indiscretions satirized by the most particular Acquaintance: In the one they esteem it publick Justice, in the other a private Impertinence.



— Facili sævitia negat
Quod poscente magis gaudeat eripi
Interdum rapere occupat.

Hor. Carm. Lib. 2. Ode 12.

*She with an easy Cruelty denies,
And wishes you would snatch, not ask the Blifs.*

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR,

S I R,

AS I write to you under a fictitious Name, I am under no Concern how to communicate my Thoughts on a Subject which I would not have my Name to for all the World; not that I think there is any Harm in it, but only the Opinion, or the Practice at least, of the World, is against me.

I HAVE often thought it a great Hardship upon our Sex, that in the Affair of Love (an Affair of so much Consequence to our, as well as your Happiness) we should have no greater Privileges allowed us. If any of you are in Love with a young Lady, you can immediately acquaint her with your Passion for her, and use all your Eloquence and Rhetorick to gain her: If we are in Love, and we are (at least) as susceptible of that tender Passion as you are, the establish'd Rules of Decency, in this Case, hinder us from making a Discovery of it, and consequently from endeavouring to be instrumental to our Happiness, in a Particular the most desirable to us of all others. You can go from one Lady to another, and

put

put the important Question to a hundred ; if there are a hundred Gentlemen we could fancy, we must not address ourselves to one of them : Our Flame, however violent, and however consuming, must be smothered up in our Breasts, and rage there without our being permitted to give the least Vent to it. It is your Privilege to go out in the Pursuit of Happiness ; but it is our Hardship that we must wait for its coming to us ; and it is often very slow, I assure you, in making its approaches. Suppose that we are so happy as to have half a Dozen Gentlemen offer themselves to us, (and she is a happy Lady who can boast of having that Number, in her whole Life, who have made their Addresses to her) what are half a Dozen to chuse a Husband out of ? It is twenty to one that a Lady can have no right Fancy to any one out of the half Dozen : Allowing that they may be all of them Gentlemen very agreeable in themselves ; yet, if they are not agreeable to me, or suit not my particular Taste and Fancy, they are not for my Purpose ; I can propose no Happiness from them.

I CANNOT say I could wish that it was our Case to act as you do in the Affair of Love ; there is a Modesty in our Sex which I would have nothing to extinguish, no Customs whatever, which would give us an Assurance and Boldness unbecoming that Softness and Delicacy which are our peculiar and distinguishing Ornaments : But Modesty, you know, Mr. SPECTATOR, like every other amiable Quality, may be certainly carried to an Excess ; and that is an Excess of every good Quality which is not guarded against some unreasonable Inconveniencies attending it. Who will not own it to be an unreasonable Thing, that any Custom should so far prevail among us as to be an Hindrance to what we are born with a Right to ? Love is a Passion not only as natural to us as to you, but as reasonable, I presume, to be gratified in one Sex as another. Can that then be a reasonable Modesty in us which is so great an Obstruction to a reasonable Gratification of a natural Passion ? If Matrimony is a Thing both lawful and honourable, what we have an equal Right to with you, is it reasonable, upon this Supposition, that you should have so many Opportunities of promoting your Happiness this Way, and that we should have

have so few ? Let any Man but compare impartially the Advantages in this Respect, on your Side, and the Disadvantages on ours ; let him for once suppose himself one of us, and make our Case his ; and I have so good an Opinion of the rational thinking Part of you, that I firmly believe he will be of the same Opinion that I am.

I WOULD not have the Ladies go and make their Addresses in Form, as you do ; I would only have them indulged the Liberty, without incurring any Blame or Censure for it, of making a Discovery of their Passion, in a decent Manner, by a particular Friend of their own Sex, who may just give such Hints as may induce a Gentleman to make his Addresses if he has an Inclination to do it, and yet leave him in an Uncertainty with regard to his imagining the Lady herself had any way contributed to give him Encouragement. I own, if a Gentleman's Modesty requires a greater Encouragement, I could wish he might have it as coming from the Lady herself, rather than, by his imagining it did not come from her, he should not have the Courage to make both himself and her happy. The Gentlemen, I know, when they find a Lady making the least Steps of this Kind, are inclinable to retreat, though before they would have been glad, if they could have hop'd for the least Success, to have pursued her, and been at some Pains to gain her. There is one Case, however, in which a Lady may meet a Gentleman half Way, and be sure not to fright him ; and that is, when she has those Charms most of you are so fond of, the Charms of an extraordinary Fortune, above what he could reasonably expect in his Circumstances.

I SHALL see, Mr. SPECTATOR, whether you are a Gentleman of Impartiality in this Affair, upon which I am writing to you, by your printing or suppressing this Letter : I have had the Honour of being your Correspondent upon other Occasions ; if I am deny'd it upon this, I shall be obliged to think differently of you from what I have done, though I shall be sorry that any Thing should lessen that extraordinary Regard I have long had for you.

I am, S I R,
Your humble Servant,

BELINDA.

To

To *the* A U T H O R, &c.

S I R,

I HAVE the Honour of serving a Lady of Quality ; I wish I could say I have the Happiness of doing it : But this is what I have not, and I will give you my Reasons for it. My Lady and I are of such different Tempers, that it is impossible we should like one another ; she is always calling me a dull, slow, heavy Creature, and I am always experiencing her to be a hot, fiery, passionate one ; now I appeal to you, Sir, which is the worst Quality ; being of too slow, or too hasty a Temper ; I can see some Inconveniencies that attend such a Disposition as mine ; but I think I see many more in her's : If I am not of so quick and lively a Temper as many others, it is a Misfortune of my Constitution, and how can I help it ? I would willingly excuse my Lady's Heats and Passions, on the Account of a natural Infirmary to which she is subject : In these Cases ought we not to bear with one another, and consider the Difficulty of altering one's Nature ? Why does she not find Fault with me, that I am not so short and thick as she is ? Or why does she not wonder that I will suffer myself to have black Hair and a long Nose, when she has red Hair and a short one ; I believe all the Family would think an Exchange of Qualities between her and me, better for the Peace and Quiet of the House ; I except not my Lord himself ; for, if I mistake not, he would rather see her with my Composure and Dulness, than in those many violent Airs she gives herself in the Height of that Vivacity of Spirit which she values herself so much upon : She often tells me she believes I have got no Soul in me ; I generally am obliged to think my Answers in such Cases, and am of Opinion that I had rather be without any Soul at all, than to have such a one as her's : Were my Legs and Hands to be as constantly employ'd as her Tongue, I question whether they would have any Rest Night or Day ; for it is always in a loud Motion when she is awake, and, I believe, in a dumb one when she is asleep.

I F

IF you will put this Letter into your Paper, it may be of Use to make some Masters and Mistresses more considerate than they are, with regard to the Capacities and Qualities of their Servants, which they are not to expect to form according to their own Pleasure, or to be angry with because they are not such as their own, or such as they would like to have them. My Lady and I, to my great Comfort, are going to part, so that the Publication of what I write, if suspected from what Hand it came, can do no great Harm.

I am, S I R,

Your humble Servant,

To the AUTHOR, &c.

S I R,

By giving the following Letter a Place in your Paper, you will oblige,

Your constant Reader,

J. F.

To the Ladies who affect shewing their white Stockings.

LADIES,

THE great Regard I have for your Sex in general, makes me so free with you as to blame any Customs you fall into that are inconsistent with that Modesty which gives a Lustre to your brightest Qualities, which enriches the Tincture of the finest Complexion, and heightens the Symmetry of the exactest Features, and is so essential a Qualification to a Lady, that there is no real Beauty or Splendor in any Thing which is not irradiated by it.

HAVING lately seen so far up the white Stocking, which I can scarce look innocently upon for half a Minute, it is past my Skill to understand how your Desire to have it seen is consistent with your own innocence and Modesty.

Modesty. A Lady's Leg is a dangerous Sight in whatever Colour it appears, but when it is inclosed in White, it makes an irresistible Attack on us: The Reason is plain, and you know it very well, that White comes the nearest to Nature, and is the best Representation of any Colour, of a fair one's Leg; so that shewing us your Legs in this Colour, is next to shewing us them naked; and what Havock and Destruction would you make if it should be a Custom among you, to smite us in *puris naturalibus*, by wearing no Stocking at all? At a proper Distance I can now see to the Calves of your Legs, and cannot but wonder what should induce some of you (whose Legs, thence downwards, are not so

Fine by Degrees, and beautifully less,

as to make it very eligible to have them seen) so fond of exposing them to View. There are some of you, whom I cannot but be surprized at, upon another Account, and that is, the disagreeable Difference observable between your Stockings and some of your Complexions: When I have follow'd a Lady, and had my Eye awhile upon the white Stockings, as soon as I have pass'd by her I have given a Look at her Face, expecting that as she is desirous I should see her Legs, I shall not be disappointed in seeing her Face: But alas! the black swarthy Complexion I found there, provoked me to think that the white Stockings should be so dishonoured as to be put upon a Leg of so dissimilar a Colour.

If you are married, I know no Right any one has to a Sight of your Legs but your Husbands; and if you are unmarried, and only have a vehement Desire to have Husbands, depend upon it from me, Ladies, it is no great Encouragement to any Gentleman to wish for the Property of such a Pair of Legs, as you are fond and ambitious of exposing to every one who has a Mind to look at them.

IT is not to the modest, but the bold white Stocking I am now writing; so that I hope I shall not incur the Displeasure of all who wear them. There is no more Harm in a white Stocking, which is not too much expos'd to View, than in a Stocking of any another Colour.

It

It is not the Stocking, but the too great Appearance of it, which gives us such Offence, and puts our Virtue in so much Danger : The Idea of what it contains sets us all on Fire at one, and rises upon us the longer we contemplate it.

I am, Ladies,

(Heartily wishing your Reformation)

Your most obedient humble Servant,

J. F.



*Nec veneris pharetris macer est ; nec lampade fervet.
Inde faces ardent ; veniunt a Dote Sagittæ.*

Juv. Sat.

*The Darts of Venus and her Torch he spurns ;
The Fortune charms him ; 'tis for that he burns.*

To the AUTHOR *of the* UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

THOUGH *Love* and *Matrimony* have been the frequent Subjects of your own Lucubrations and the Letters of your Correspondents, I am not surpriz'd when in any of your Papers I see them still wrote upon ; for as Mankind are continually engaging themselves either in the one or the other, they not only think they have as much Right to unburthen their Hearts by a Publication of their Cases, as any Lover or marry'd Person who has been before interested, but they imagine also that their Case is new and unprecedenred. I little thought once of becoming your Correspondent concerning my *Amours*, but I am now compelled to vindicate myself to a Lady who is your constant Reader, and who will not look into a Letter of mine unless it should be

be convey'd to her Sight in a Manner she could not suspect, nor know of its coming from me, 'till she was deceived into the Contents, and her Curiosity induced her to finish it ; such an innocent Deceit would your Publication of this Epistle prove, and at the same Time give you an Opportunity of conveying some necessary Advice to your Readers on such *Punctilio's* of Honour which may arise in *Courtship*, and have a near Similitude to my following Circumstances.

BY the Consent and Approbation of her Father I made my Address to a Gentlewoman, whose *Person*, *Conduct* and *Behaviour* had long rais'd in me a particular *Esteem*: Our Age was equal, and our Fortunes justly proportion'd ; and if her *Fortune*, which her Father said he would give her, was added to mine, such an Union, with that of our *Hearts*, would have made us happy ; but when I had gained her Affections, and she reciprocally mine ; when I press'd the old Gentleman that we might happily end our Amour in Marriage, which had been so happily carry'd on, and which *he himself* had so long *encouraged* and *approved*, he put it off from Time to Time, and still new invented Delays set aside new Solicitations : At last finding by my *Anxiety*, my repeated *Requests*, and my *Tenderness* for his Daughter, that I was *desperately* in *Love* with her, he even fairly told me,—
' That his Girl had not made such a *Choice* as he lik'd ;
' that he was *disoblig'd* at her, and that if I *would take*
' her, I should take her without a *Farthing* of his *Money*.——Sir, I was confounded at this Speech, and as soon as I could possibly recover myself, I urg'd to him his *prior Approbation*, his *Encouragements*, his *verbal Agreement*, the *stipulated Fortune*, the *Breach of Faith*, and the shocking *Injury*, not to *me* only, but also to his *Daughter*.——It was all in vain, he would hear no Argument, because he could give no Answer to any ; his Determination was seemingly resolute to dispose of his *Money* and *Daughter* to some Lover in Reserve, or his Daughter without his *Money* to *me*, if I would take her.——I was not so much a Fool, but I immediately saw through the whole Course of the old Man's Policy, which was first to fix me fast in the Noose, and then to save his Daughter's *Portion* by the Effect of her *Beauty* ;

nor was I, indeed, so ridiculous and imprudent a Lover, to be trick'd into a *Marriage*, which, from this new Turn, would be attended with Inconveniencies that might make my whole Life miserable. — With the utmost Speed I had an Interview with the Lady, whom I loved, I think, as much as Man could : I acquainted her with this new Caprice of her Father ; I pity'd her absolute Dependance on him ; I renew'd the Sincerity of my *prior Vows*, and *then* set before her the dismal fatal Consequences that might ensue on an *imprudent Marriage*, when it was the Dependance on her *Fortune* that in a great Measure was to have *constituted* our *Happiness*, concluding, that if her Father remain'd obstinate, as we must not think of living together, it would be most proper to see one another but as seldom as possible.

— With the most affecting *Innocence* and *Concern*, mix'd with *Love*, she heard me, 'till I came to the Article of *Separation* ; at that I saw another Passion glow in her Eyes, and with *Resentment* she cry'd, — *Must it not be proper to see one another ? — Must it be as seldom as possible ? — Indifferent, perjur'd, dishonourable Man ; it shall never be. — Are these your Vows ? Is such your Fidelity ? — My Father may be a Miser, but you are a — I know not what to name you. — You for ever have depriv'd me of Rest, Hope, Pleasure and Felicity, and may never either of them be your Lot. — Your Constancy after Marriage might have made my Father relent, and Heaven have bless'd that Fidelity you have not had Honour enough to shew. But, Sir, I am not persuading, but reproaching you ; to evince it, Farewell, farewell for ever. —* She left me, with how much Concern upon my Heart, as it was beyond what I ever felt, it is beyond what I can ever express : Though I was assured her Reproach was unjust, yet from the Principle of *Affection* that gave Occasion to it, it affected me. I struggled long between *romantick Love* and *prudent Conduct* : One Day I resolv'd to fling myself at her Feet the next, and give a Proof of my *Love* by ruining myself in *Marriage* ; but the next I thought it better to see her Father again, and strive if any reasonable Terms could be made : I went ; but the old Gentleman now convinced within himself that I must comply at any Rate, with an ironical Smile,

Smile, answer'd, ' I know you'll *run away* with my ' Girl ; her I can't guard ; but my *Money*, I swear, you ' shall never touch a *Doit* of.' — This I thought *Justification* enough to put an End entirely to my *Amour* ; but the Gentlewoman to whom my Addresses were paid, has flung herself into a frantick *Melancholy*, accuses me as a *Villain*, and I am at least thought a *dishonourable Wretch* by all who knew our *Courtship*, but not these *later Circumstances* of it.

Mr. *Spec*, as well to defend my Conduct, or censure it, as for the Service it may be to your unmarried Readers, I desire you would give your Opinion how far a Man is guilty of *Breach of Honour* in not marrying after being *deceived* about the *Portion* ; whether the *Vows* in *Courtship* are binding (in such a Case) in *Conscience*, and whether it is an *Injustice* to a *Lady* not to ruin her as well as yourself, by introducing her into those *Inconveniencies* of Life, which are not *consider'd* in *Love*, but *felt* in *Matrimony*. — The granting this Request would oblige a constant Reader and humble Servant of yours, tho' under the fictitious Name of

EUGENE.

I H A V E given this Letter to the Publick without any introductory Preface, as it is, in my Opinion, an affecting, innocent Narration, and requires none: The Gentleman seems not to have disguis'd the Truth, but to have as much Honesty as Good Sense. I cannot think any one has been culpable in this little History ; but the *Father* of the Lady, who only intended to *angle* with his Daughter, and *hook* in the young Gentleman, and then fly off, in an *artful Disgust*, to save his *Money*. This has been long a Practice of some avaricious Parents ; but with how much *Sin* in *themselves* and *Injustice* to their *Children*, (even should their Schemes not succeed) shall more properly be the Subject of another Paper. As for my Correspondent, he has done all an *honest* and *generous* Man could do ; nor is he guilty of any *Breach of Honour*, *Conscience*, or *Injustice*, for not plunging *himself* into Poverty, and what would be worse, making the Woman he *lov'd*, share a

Fate which the far better deserv'd. However romantick all our *modern Lovers* may be that they could undergo any *Hardships*, and even die for the Women they lov'd, *Experience* shews us, when they become *modern Husbands*, they find much ado to love the *Goddeffes* they once ador'd when they are chang'd into *Wives*, though they enjoy all the *Affluence* and *Plenty* of Life: What then will they do without either, and when their

' *Beauty shall grow familiar to the Lover,*
' *Fade in the Eye, and pall upon the Sense,*

And all the imaginary *Goddeffes* is lost in the downright Wife? In the Days of *AMADIS DE GAUL*, and the *Æra* of *Knight Errantry*, for a Man to have gone a begging with his Wife and Children, would have pass'd for the utmost *Heroism*, and been recorded in some dismal *Penny History* or *deleful Ballad*; but now Circumstances differ, and People in their Senses think the strongest Instance of Love, is for the Lover and Mistress so to manage the *Money Affairs*, that they may live comfortably when *Man and Wife*. The *Galants* of this Age generally burn for *Mistress* and *Money* too, as *Hudibras* wisely did; but though I abhor the *Passion* for the latter, without a just one for the first, yet I cannot commend an imprudent *Love for Love*, without the requisite *Fortune*, either on one *Side* or *other*, to make it *lasting*, and prevent its *Interruption*. Perhaps my *Correspondent's Mistress*, and some other *Ladies*, may not approve my Sentiments, nor esteem me warm enough in the *Interest* of their *Sex*: I am far from being an Advocate for the least *Infidelity* in the *Men*; but at the same Time must approve their *Prudence*, when they will not involve *themselves* and *Mistresses* in Misfortunes, out of a romantick Notion of *Honour*; for that Man shews the most true *Generosity* and *real Love* for a Woman, who consults not so much the *present Indulgement* of his *Passions*, as fixing the *future Happiness* of both on the solid Basis of *Prudence* and *Virtue*.

THE Letter signed AMANDA, is received, but she is so romantickly desperate in Love with a Gentleman who knows nothing of her Passion, that I must desire she would excuse my inserting her Letter, (not seeing of what Use it could be to her) 'till she has again consider'd the Contents of it.

THE Translation of the following Epigram would, with more Propriety, have appear'd in another journal, from whence the Original was taken: But to gratify our Correspondent's Importunity, and the particular Reason he gave, it is inserted in this.

*Ille colit vere, qui sine teste colit,
Varus permultis pius auxiliatur egenis
Testes permultos et pietatis habet
Sensit abhuc nullus te, Marco, adversu levantem:
Marce, colis vere——Nam sine teste colis.*

Translated, R. L.

The pious Varus many Poor relieves,
And many witness when and what he gives:
But none, O modest Marcus, ever know
What from your gen'rous Pity you bestow;
From hence this Maxim may be understood,
The truly Pious are in secret good.



Qui curios simulant.

Juv. Sat. 2.

Who pretend to the Virtues of the Curian Family.

From my Chambers, LINCOLN'S-INN.

I BELIEVE it will not be disputed but that Fame is an universal Passion, and the chief, if not the only Excitement to every Action of our Life: Your grave modern Philosophers will, like those of old, make perhaps some Opposition to this Doctrine; but, like

them also, endeavour all they can to gain the Possession of the very Thing they seem to condemn: Infinite are the Baits laid to catch this Prize; and the Anglers for *Fame*, like those for Fish, cunningly adapt their Deceits to the proper Times and Seasons. Your Men of Sport have Flies for the Spring, the Fall, and the Winter; your Fishers for *Fame* have different Countenances, Seemings and Aspects for a State either good or bad, or indifferent. In this again they both agree; both their Baits go down the Stream, but gain their Hope more by Art than Force; and both possessing what they hope, possess but a Trifle. I shall pass over the Mention of your common Poachers, the dressing Beaus, and impertinent Wits, whose utmost Ambition is to attain the Character and Reputation of wearing a well-fansied Suit, or writing a pretty amorous Sonnet: I would only here take Notice of those, who, with a supercilious Front and artful Hypocrisy, demand and obtain the Honours of the World, are set in the highest Estimation, whom, if the World would diligently enquire after, would find them the Betrayers instead of the Encouragers of Virtue.

SEVERUS is one of the most rigid Fathers and Masters, perhaps, in the whole Metropolis of *England*; his Sons must all be Saints, and his Apprentices Philosophers; they are all restrain'd from a proper Liberty to guard them from Licentiousness, and are instructed in the practical Rules of Avarice to deter them from Prodigality. *Severus's* whole Family is an unparallell'd Example of Piety and Restraint; no Act of Devotion they leave unperform'd, nor dare venture at the Indulgence of one Act of Recreation: Acts of Supererogation must be their Delights; and in the Multitude of Prayers and Fasting-Days their Virtues and Honesty must shine forth. *Severus* himself is a constant Attendant at his Parish-Church, and frequently adds to the Sermons of his *own Parish* by two or three Lectures at distant Places: Thus, strict in his Family, severe in his Discipline, religious in his Behaviour, sober in Conduct, grave in his Aspect, who would think that every *seeming Virtue* is but an *outward Vizard*, and his whole Life but a *specious Disguise*, to gain the Character of a *good and honest Man*? Yet so it is; for *Severus*, with all his Rigidness to his Sons,

has

has several Bastards ; with all his Religion, is an errant Libertine ; his Sobriety ceases in private, his Gravity with his Mistresses, and his Honesty with Brother-Sharppers : His Study is to gain ; and whether the Oppression of the Orphan, or the Widow, is the Means, he makes no Hesitation ; and though he ruins a Family in *Change-Alley* by Five o'Clock, he will not fail his constant Attendance at the Evening Service by Six : By the latter Act he wipes away any Scandal that may result to him from the former, and he laughs at a private just Censure of his being a Villain, when he has secur'd the Fame and Reputation of an honest religious Citizen.

Jack Modernly is as great and as surprizing a Hypocrite as *Severus* ; and a seeming Contrast to his Character. *Jack* sets up, among his Friends at *St. James's End* of the Town, for an errant Debauchee ; when, in Reality, he is one of the soberest Fellows in the World : But the Reputation of being a sober Fellow, being, among your Men of Wit and Humour, only a synonymous Distinction for a very dull one, he would fain avoid that Character, and have the Fame and Credit, at least, of being a Man of Spirit and Gallantry : Hence it is he talks of Debauches he was never at, and Women of the Town he never lay with ; nay, sometimes he has carry'd it so far as to confine himself in his Chamber, and pretend a fashionable Distemper, an accidental Misfortune in an unhappy Amour, carefully displaying on his Tables, Phials and Pill-Boxes, when he had not the least Occasion to take Physick ; but was in as fine a State of Health as any Man living : Whoever were to hear him sometimes talk, would pronounce him the Rake of Fashion ; whoever was at any Time to see him in his Closet, at his Studies, must pronounce him a Man of Sense. He leaves Company abruptly under Pretence to go to a Girl, and in an Hour's Time is deeply engag'd with a *Chloe*, or *Lalage*, or *Lydia* of *Horace's* ; and I have known him give a formal Account of his beating the Watch in *Covent-Garden*, and picking up a Doxy in a Night Cellar, when all the Dispute our Hero had been in was with the *Trojans* and *Gracians* : and the two Lovers in the Night-Cellar were, in Fact, no less Personages than the pious *Aeneas*, and most virtuous *Dido*, in

the intriguing Cave : Thus, loose in his Talk and seeming Conduct of Life, *Modernly*, for the Fame of being a pretty Fellow, disguises a Sense of Virtue and Modesty, and gives up the Character which he could so well support, that of an agreeable Gentleman and Man of Sense.

THESE two Instances may suffice to shew what dishonest and ridiculous Traps some Men lay for *Fame* ; but though the Hypocrisy of both is culpable, yet that of *Modernly* is far more venial than that of *Severus*, as it is more Praise-worthy to seem a Rake, and not be one, than not to be an honest Man, and, with the utmost Art, endeavour to have the Appearance of it.

THE Ladies have as eager an Appetite for *Fame*, and as many Arts and Traps, and as much *Hypocrisy* to gain it as the Men ; but that Subject, as I am assur'd it will be a copious one, will more properly come under my Consideration another Opportunity.



Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu !

Or. Met. 2.

*These Crimes which do the Mind deprave,
Deep on the Front their Guilt engrave.*

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn.

ACCORDING to the Professions which I have often made that I would contribute, as far as lay in my Way, to the Encouragement of any Design calculated for the publick Good, I am under a Necessity of publishing the following Letter : But however the Author may flatter himself in the *Novelty* of his Project, he will find, by what I have subjoined to his Epistle, that it was put in Practice just a *hundred and thirty-seven Years ago* ; he, indeed, may new model *that*, and adapt it to the Humours of the present Age ; yet, after all, the Generality of Mankind seem naturally so great Proficients in his Art, that he will never raise an Estate from teaching the Rudiments of it.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq; AUTHOR of the
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

Ingenious Sir,

FROM that good Nature, with which you have received some *Projects*, it is that I transmit to you the following; nor can I doubt your inserting what will tend to the Improvement of the Lineaments of the *Faces* of your Readers, when you bestow'd two Papers for a Reformation in their *Dress*.

SOME *Naturalists* have laid down with great Justness, that there is a Possibility to discern the Temper of the Mind, from the Features of the Countenance; and from the particular strait, or oblique Lines that run across the Face, to know the Vices and Virtues of the Soul: This Art, which is term'd *Physiognomy*, has, from some Circumstances which gained it Credit, grown into great Repute. The *Adept*, who not knowing *Socrates*, told him he was a Whore-Master and Drunkard, made a great Proficiency to recommend it; for that virtuous Philosopher frankly own'd, that however chaste his Life might be, such Vices were indeed in his Temper, but Philosophy had corrected those Imperfections, which the Frailty of Nature had bestowed on him.

WHETHER this antient *Physiognomist* proceeded on any regular System of Face gazing, or whether it was only a happy Talent he had at guessing, I will not venture to determine; but this we know, that the Art to us Moderns does not seem so very abstruse, for we have scarce a single Person living who is not a Professor of it. The Judgment that we generally at first form of others, is entirely from their Aspect, and we are unaccountably prepossessed in their Favour, or entertain a Dislike according to the different Disposition and Formation of the Features of their Faces: From what seems agreeable in them to our own Eye, we determine good *Sense*, good *Manners*, and good *Nature*, are their peculiar Accomplishments; and from an unlucky Wrinkle in the Brow, or Heaviness in the Eye, we are prejudiced into an Opinion of *ill Nature* and *Stupidity*.

AS there is no general Rule without an Exception, I must allow, that several Errors may be committed in judging the Minds of Men from the Disposition of their Features ; yet I will venture to affirm, that Nature for the most Part has given so strong a Stamp of our internal Faculties on our external Parts, that if she is not disguis'd by *Art*, she is easy to be traced, and the Countenance will discover the secret Springs of the Soul : For Instance, is it not *that* which first betrays our Passions ? Is not the Gladness of the Heart immediately confessed in the sparkling of the Eye ? And are not *Fear*, *Sorrow* and *Doubt* as instantly under different Appearances betray'd by the Lineaments of our Visage ?

SEVERAL are the Inconveniencies which attend those Persons who have not corrected the Foibles of *Nature* by *Art* ; for which Reason there have been *Professors*, who, from long Study, and deep Researches into Nature, have found out and taught Methods to supply or amend whatever *Nature* has been deficient in. The vast ungain Country *Straddle* is by the learned Students in Motion, the *Dancing-Masters*, contracted into a pretty, little, quick, short *Trip* : Those Adepts in Symmetry and Proportion, the Mathematic *Tailors*, the Architectic *Stay-makers*, and the Philosophic *Mantua-makers*, adjust every Thing in Relation to long Waists, short Waists, crooked Waists, with a prodigious long *et cætera*. In short, there is not one single Dimension of a Limb but has its *Professor* to help Nature, and set it off to the best Advantage ; nay, this Art of adorning Nature has been carried to such a Length, that Professors have attempted to amend the Features of the Face, and give Bloom to a pale wan Cheek, and a sprightly Vivacity to a wrinkled Forehead.

BUT as for the internal Foibles of Nature, which may be exposed by a visible Formation of the *Features* of the *Face*, no Mortal as yet has had either the *Project* or *Art* enough to correct : It is therefore, Mr. *Spectator*, that I humbly propose to set up an Academy to instruct the Youth of *Great-Britain*, in the adapting the Features of their Face to whatever *Times*, *Places* and *Circumstances* they think proper. It is impossible to relate, in so brief a Proposal, the innumerable Advantages that must necessarily

farily accrue to all Persons of both Sexes, who have not with much Application study'd the Science of Dissimulation ; but it will be immediately evident, that a *Country Lady* will have an Opportunity of being vers'd in all the *Je ne scay quoi* of a *Town Coquette* before she appears in the *Side-Box*, and a *Country Gentleman* will change his *awkward bashful Countenance* for one of *Self-Confidence* and *Importance*, before he once thinks of paying his *Devoirs* at a *Levee* : The *Citizen* will learn the *insipid busy Aspect* of an *Under-Courtier*, before he ventures to appear in the *Drawing-Room*, and the *Under-Courtier* will attain the *Aspect of Business* and *Consequence*, e'er he ventures to go to the *Exchange* or *Cheapside*, to borrow Money of the *Citizen* : The *Plodding Academic* will be instructed in the unmeaning *Visage* of those Men of *Wit* and *Pleasure*, the *Beaus* ; and the *Beaus* be taught the *Learned Logical Austerity* of the *Philosopher* : The young *Gentlemen* of the *Inns of Court* may by my System be soon compleated in the *Knowledge* of all the *Quirks* of the *Face*, and with great *Expedition* attain the *smooth, smiling, pleasant Aspect* of a *Chancery Pleader*, the *warm, angry, positive Countenance* of a *King's-Bench Counsel* ; or the *sage, demure, teisty, forgetful Visage* of a *Common-Pleas Serjeant* ; but if the *Belles Lettres* are more their *Taste*, they more easily may be made *Adepts* in the *smart Leer* of Men of *Humour*, or the *sagacious, critical Frown*, absolutely necessary the first Night of every new Performance.

AS for the *Ladies*, they will reap as many *Advantages* from my System as the *Gentlemen* ; for I shall institute several *Lectures*, which will be very useful in all *Incidents* of *Love* and *Marriage* ; in which the *inviting Ogle*, the *forbidding Frown*, the *indifferent Languish*, the *wheedling Smile*, and the *reconciling Dimple* of the *Cheek*, will be particularly treated, and the *Manner and Usefulness* demonstrated to the lowest Capacity.

IT were needless to enumerate farther *Benefits* : *Res ipsa loquitur* : therefore I hope you will insert in your *Lacubrations* this entire new Project for the better *Government of the Face*, and you'll oblige an indefatigable *Student in Physiognomy*, and profound Master in *Physiognomy*,
Proteus Dimplecheck.

P. S.

P. S. On your inserting this Letter, if my Project is carry'd into Execution, and I meet with Encouragement, you shall be entitled to a Course of *Lectures gratis*, and let into all the Secrets of the Science.

I AM afraid the Art of *Diffimulation* of the Face is already arriv'd to too great a Perfection for this profound *Physiognomist* to make any Improvement in it: I have been impartial enough to insert his Project, but cannot allow 'tis a new one; for in a Play of *Ben Johnson's*, perform'd in 1600, call'd *Cynthia's Revels*, he introduces a *Professor of Phyz-cutting* giving a Lecture to his *Pupil*, upon the same System Mr. *Dimplecheek* lays down. Indeed there is some Difference between *Theory* and *Practice*, and it may require a Master who is well vers'd in the Government of his Face, to demonstrate that all the Principles are true and practicable. All I shall now add on my Correspondent's important Project, is, that if he should meet with Encouragement, and begin a regular Course of Lectures, I will recommend most of the *Actors* of both *Theatres* to be his Pupils, and not fail myself to give Attendance, and view a Process of *Physiognomy*, which must certainly afford me so much Pleasure, as well as Profit and Instruction. It cannot, (as *Ben Johnson's* Adept expresses himself) be altogether an ungrateful Study; for let your Soul be assur'd of this, (in any Rank or Profession whatever) the more general or major Part of Opinion goes with the Face and (simply) respects nothing else; therefore, if that can be made exactly, curiously, exquisitely, thoroughly — It is enough.

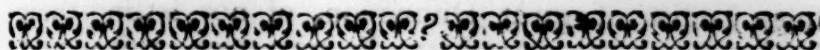
To Mr. H—g—th, on his painting Cælia's Face,

C O U'D you with Truth that Face impart,
 H—g—th, 'twou'd ruin all your Art;
 So perfect wou'd the Model be,
 It wou'd not with old Rules agree:
 Criticks wou'd think that you look'd o'er
 With Scorn all Rules that went before,

And

And doubt a Maid such Beauty had ;
But that you grown divinely mad,
In a fond Rage of Rapture drew,
More Life, more Charms than Nature knew.

Though thou hast in Light and Shade
Equall'd all that Nature made ;
Yet away thy Pencil throw,
Nor in vain thy Talents show ;
Nature ne'er before display'd
So much Grace as in this Maid :
— O ! shou'dst thou draw her Graces true,
Like her a Picture cou'd we view,
So strong her Form and Charms wou'd strike,
All wou'd confess, that both alike,
Nature and *Painter* did impart,
More the Effect of *Chance* than *Art*.



— Potanda ferens infantibus utera magnis.

Juv. Sat. 6.

*The antient Matrons, we are plainly told,
Suckled their Infants of Gigantick Mould.*

Dryden.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

AS I was riding out lately, I think I met with as agreeable a Sight as most I have seen ; it was that of a Lady in a Chariot and Four, with a Child at her Breast : This was a Thing so unexpected to see one of her Figure acting this indulgent and tender Part of a Mother, that I can scarce say whether my Surprize or my Pleasure was greater upon this Occasion. The Lady seem'd extremely agreeable in her Person ; but the Circumstance of the Child which I have mention'd to you, made such a sudden deep Impression upon me, that as much as I love to see a fine Face, I immediately forgot the Charms of her outward Form, and could not forbear imagining with myself what those Beauties must be which

which adorn'd her Mind. That affectionate Look and tender Smile, with which she beheld her little Infant, made me in Raptures with the Thoughts of that fine natural Disposition from whence they flow'd. I had a great Idea in my Mind of her Goodness and Humility, which could not be so overcome by the Temptation of a prevailing Fashion, as to make her barbarous and unnatural to the Fruit of her own Womb.

IF one was to enquire nicely into the Causes of this monstrous and detestable Custom which makes the Ladies neglect nursing their own Children, I cannot help thinking, whatever was the Reason of beginning it, that Vanity and Pride are now the chief Supporters of it. It is now looked upon as a Sign of Genteelness and fine Breeding not to nurse and suckle one's own Child; and it is almost Death to a modern Lady not to be in a Fashion, however ridiculous or unreasonable: I will not say, whether if a Fashion was attempted to be introduced by some Ladies of great Distinction, of not letting their Husbands, or any other Men, lie with them, this would be so generally follow'd as some other great Fashions. Vanity, though it has a very considerable Influence in a Female Breast, and a mighty Sway over most other Passions, will never, I am persuaded, get the better of a natural Desire towards our Sex: It can make nothing of Reason, which it can conquer at Pleasure; but this Desire it must give Way to, as not being quite so predominant a Principle.

THE Ladies will not own (this cannot be expected 'till they have acquir'd some new Improvements in Modesty) that the Reason why they will not nurse their Children themselves, is, because it is an Employ too mean and vulgar for them. The general Pretence now made Use of is Weakness of Constitution; they really are not able to go through the extraordinary Trouble and Fatigue of such an Undertaking: But will they argue in this Manner against bearing Children, which, if I mistake not, is a Thing far more dreadful than nursing them: You must not expect this; the Desire for their Husbands makes them forget or disregard the Pain and Danger of Child-bearing, and was their Love for their Children half so strong, it would be doing a Violence to
their

their Natures not to nurse them, I am so far from thinking that suckling a Child does any Harm in general to the Constitution of the Mother, that I believe it contributes vastly to her Health. So vain is the general Pretence of Weakness and Inability for this Office, that I dare affirm that there is not one Woman in a hundred, upon a fair Calculation, but is either perfectly able to undertake it, or would be better in her Health for undertaking it. It is merry enough to see a Woman give herself those mighty pretty languishing Airs, with which she affirms, in the Seriousness of her Heart, that she is not able to bear the Fatigue of nursing a Child, who has a Constitution strong enough to fatigue half a Dozen Men. I have heard of a Gentleman marry'd to one of these modish Creatures, that are of too fine a Frame and Texture to be Nurses, who, upon his Wife's refusing to nurse her first Child, swore he would never go to Bed to her again, until she did it; he was one pretty resolute and positive in his Way, and the Lady thought better of it than to stand it out with him: She soon complied with his Desire, or his Threatning rather, and has since often own'd herself oblig'd to him for thus forcing her into the Province of being a nursing Mother to her own Children, which she now loves with all the Tenderness and Affection imaginable; and thinks both herself and them much the better for the Care and Pains she has taken in nursing them. I heartily wish this Gentleman's Argument was often us'd in this Case, and doubt not but it would be more effectual than any other that could be thought of.

THERE can be nothing more unnatural than to deny a Child that proper alimentary Provision it was intended to be supply'd with from the Body of its Mother. Look into the Brute World, and find me there an Instance, if you can, of that Cruelty and Hard-heartedness now so common in that Set of Creatures, who have Reason in them to approve that Instinct of Nature implanted in them towards their Young, and yet can get the better of their Reason, and sink themselves in this Respect below those Animals that have none at all to direct them. What Creature is there to be found so fierce in its Nature, and savage in its Disposition, but is all Tenderness and Compassion,

passion, Indulgence and Care, upon such an Occasion as this? Even the Sea-Monsters draw out the Breast, they give Suck to their young ones,

THAT Woman who has not the Heart to resist the natural Tenderneſs there is in a Mother to her new-born Child, will find that Tenderneſs every Day increas'd in her being a Nurse to that Child ſhe has brought into the World. I appeal to all who give themselves the Trouble, ſhall I not rather ſay the Pleaſure of nursing their Children, for the Truth of this Obſervation: Ask any of them, and they will tell you, that it is absolutely impoſſible for any Woman who does not nurse her Child, to love it half ſo well as ſhe would have done, if ſhe had nurs'd it. Love, the more it is exercis'd and ſhews itſelf in Acts of Tenderneſs and Indulgence, far from waſting and conſuming its Flame this Way, the more it burns in the Breast that thus exerts it; the larger its Communications, and the greater are its Supplies; the more diffuſive its Streams, and the fuller the Fountain from which they flow.

CAN a Woman forget her ſucking Child, that ſhe ſhould not have Compaſſion on the Fruit of her Womb? is a Queſtion finely put to convince us of the great Goodneſs and Love which the ſovereign Parent of the Univerſe has for his Creatures. An Image is here given us of a Mother's Love to her ſucking Child, and of her Compaſſion to the Son of her Womb, the greateſt and ſtrongeſt Love of any we can have a Notion of, and is here us'd to convey to us an Idea of the Divine Love for us, which alone exceeds it, and is impoſſible to fail from the unalterable Nature of the Deity; the other, though as unlikely to fail in the worſt of Natures as any Thing in the World, being yet poſſible to be extinguish'd by the Abufe of Reaſon. *Yea, they may forget, but I will not forget thee.* So great is the Tenderneſs of a Mother to her ſucking Child, as it is here repreſented, that her forgetting it is ſuppoſed a Thing but barely poſſible.

THERE are many other Conſiderations which might be made Uſe of to expoſe this ſhameful Cuſtom I am now writing againſt; as that more particularly which ſets forth the Danger of a Child's contracting vicious and bad Tempers, as well as bodily Diſorders and Diſeaſes from the

the Person who is hired to nurse it: To this it might be added, that of the Want of a proper Care and Affection in many Nurseries, by whose Negligence both the Healths and Lives of so many Children are so much endangered: But I have not Time to expatiate on these Arguments; and, besides, one of your Predecessors is beforehand with me in them upon this Subject.

IF I have been seemingly a little too severe upon the Ladies, by treating them with more Freedom upon this Occasion, than you think they ought to be treated, I will only observe to you in my Excuse, that such a Freedom as this, which endeavours to make them the most sensible of their Faults, is in my Opinion more respectful to them, than such a smooth Way of talking to them as scarce makes them believe you are in Earnest. It is impossible not to be moved on such a Subject as this, and there can never be any Severity in arguing warmly against Cruelty; it may be proper sometimes to laugh them pleasantly out of smaller Errors, but it is necessary if we can to rebuke them sharply out of this.

I HAVE purposely sent this Letter to you for a Publication of it, because I find your Paper is more in the Hands of the Ladies than most others: It was my Intention to make it as publick as I could when I began to write it, and I hope I shall not be disappointed.

I am, S I R,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

A. H.

To the AUTHOR of the SPECTATOR.

S I R,

THE following little Epigram was made on a Gentleman, whom we call the *Tippling Philosopher*; he belongs to a Club of which I am a Member, and has

has too much Philosophy and good Nature to be offended with so innocent a Jest pass'd upon him as that in these Lines, which are at your Service, if you think them deserving a Place in your Paper.

TOM, *studious*, all the Morning thinks,
And all the Afternoon he drinks :
A dry Way sure is his of thinking,
Which can require such after drinking.

S. T.



———— *What cares the drunken Dame ?
To whom both Top and Bottom are the same,
Who at Midnight on fattest Oysters sups,
Swilling both Wine and Oil from Brimful Cups ;
'Till Vapours to her swimming Brains advance,
And double Tapers on the Tables dance.*

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn.

THE following Letter is wrote in so pathetic a Manner, and so sensibly affected me, that I have postponed the Essay which I intended for this Week, and immediately inserted it, as my Correspondent desir'd.

To Mr. STONECASTLE.

S I R,

YOUR Writings, as they are peculiarly calculated for the Amusement and Improvement of the *Fair Sex*, have the Happiness to be well received, and more universally read by them, than any other of the Weekly Lucubrations ; for this Reason I apply to you, not only as I think it in your Power to redress the most intolerable Grievance that can befall the most unhappy of Men, but as it may at the same Time prevent the Ruin of a weak,
incon-

inconsiderate Woman; and, by redeeming her from a fatal Misery, you will do a necessary Service to the whole Sex.

PRIVATE Occurrences of private Families may seem impertinent to the Publick; my unhappy Case, I am afraid, will not be thought so, as I am fearful it is of too publick a Nature; and if I am somewhat too prolix in stating my Circumstances, it is from the Fullness of my Heart, which overflows, at every Reflection, with an inexpressible Sorrow.

I AM, Mr. *Stoncastle*, an unhappy Husband; unhappy only in what is term'd a little *Foible* in a Wife: I have marry'd a Woman of as much Beauty as I could wish, of as much Fortune as I wanted; her Temper good-natur'd, her Love mutual: Two Years have we liv'd in all that Extacy of Connubial Felicity, which generous and virtuous Minds can only know; our Peace, Content and Endearments were never (till of late) interrupted; for (till of late) I did nothing which I thought would give her a Moment's Pain, and every Act of her's was only more and more to contribute to my Happiness.

BUT alas! how is this Scene changed by a fatal Accident! A Female Relation came to live with us, who introduced into the Family *Anxieties*, *Reproaches*, and, I am afraid, *Ruin* and *Despair*. This Cousin of my Wife's was a Widow, whose Character I thought unblameable, and which, indeed, was so, if I was to except one *Vice*, the being addicted to private *Dram-Drinking*; but that Mischief did not long confine itself, it soon spread farther, and my Wife was soon drawn in to be a Companion in the *Spirituos Regalment*: I am assured *Complaisance* was the first *Temptation*; but so dangerous and fatal is any Consent of this Kind, that by not being able to deny at first, *Complaisance* grows into *Approbation*, and that, in a very little Time, terminates in an *habitual Love*: Such has been the miserable Progress, such the curs'd Effect of my Wife's Imprudence; what at first she *sipp'd* with a Kind of *Loathing*, she now cannot, or *will not* be without.

I CANNOT, Sir, exprefs to you what Concern this has given me; it has been my Torment in the Day,
my

my Sorrow in the Night ; my Tongue has been fill'd with resenting Indignation, while my Soul has felt all the Force of *Pity* as well as *Anguish*. When I behold the Woman who was once, and who still is, the Delight of my Heart, degraded into the most infamous Habit of *Drinking* ; when I view those *Eyes* that were wont to sparkle with *inviting Lustre*, with awkward *Goggling* betray an *unmeaning Look* ; when I see *Deadness* in her Features, *Folly* in her Behaviour, her Tongue *faltering*, her Breath *tainted*, her *Health* impaired ; the different Passions that I feel are as impossible for you to imagine, as they are for me to relate.

Y O U cannot think that on this Subject I have omitted to *expostulate* with her ; I have talk'd to her with Warmth, and I will add, with *Anger*. This had no other Effect, than upon my leaving her to fling her into melancholy Reflections, and to drown those, she had Recourse to the very Thing that occasioned her Uneasiness. Tenderest *Arguments*, mildest *Expressions*, endearing *Entreaties*, persuasive *Embraces*, and peaceful *Kisses*, next succeeded ; these, indeed, produced many *Promises* and many *Tears* : In her own Nature she is generous, and but too conscious of her Error ; but alas ! so fatal is Custom, that when the next Temptation occurs, her Promises are forgot, and she will run the Hazard of again afflicting me, from a Hope that by some Chance I may not discover her Folly.

Mr. *Spectator*, I have only this Attempt left ; this is the only Glympse of Hope that cheers me, that if you would print this *Description* of her in your *Journal*, it may bring her to reflect in a more serious Manner, than any verbal Dispute may effect ; and if you would add any of your own Advice or Arguments against this vile Custom of *Dram-Drinking* in *Women*, you would, perhaps, restore an unhappy Wife to her *genuine Virtues*, and a melancholy Husband to his *former Felicity*.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your Constant Reader,

Westminster,
Dec. 8, 1737.

W. W.

AS melancholy and detested a Scene as this Gentleman has painted, I am sorry, from the Regard that I have to the Fair Sex, to say that it is a too common one in private Families; and the odious Character he has drawn of his Wife, is too general to be supposed fictitious: All the Care which the Legislature has taken to suppress this infamous Practice in the lowest Degrees of Women, has, in a great Measure, prov'd ineffectual: In *Them* the brutal Habit of *Drinking* nothing can eradicate, as they have no other Sense of Life than to indulge themselves in their customary Vices; but how Persons of *genteel Birth* and *Education*, who pretend to *good Sense* and *virtuous Lives*, can degrade themselves into the *Habits* and *Vices* of the most ignorant and abandon'd Part of human Nature, is to me very surprizing. The Custom of *drinking Drams* among *Women* is destructive of every amiable Quality they can boast; by that their *Beauty*, their *Modesty*, their *Prudence*, their *Good Nature* and their *Wit* in *Conversation* are entirely destroyed: They appear, after they have been solacing themselves with any pernicious intoxicating Liquors, *contemptible* to the *sober Part* of their *own Sex*, as well as *ugly* to *ours*.

THIS *vicious Habit*, I am inform'd, has considerably spread itself under the Notion of its being *fashionable*; and many a Lady will now, without the least Ceremony or *Blush*, bring out her *Dram-Bottle*, who, before it was *fashionable*; cautiously reserv'd it in her Corner Cupboard for her own *private Drinking*: By this means the Ladies, instead of taking a *Sip* now and then upon emergent Occasions, drink their Glass or two round; and not one of them shews the least Reluctance to confess herself a *publick Dram Drinker*. The Woman who uses herself to *Drams* at a *Visit*, will soon be brought to drink them at *home*; and though she may begin with *one a Day*, she will soon arrive to *five* at a *Sitting*. — I shal not here enter upon the Custom of *Dram-Drinking* among the *Female Sex*; but will give them my Reasons absolutely to refrain from it, and I doubt not but it will have a good Effect on all those who pretend to have any Sense of *good Manners*, *Honesty*, *Virtue*, or *Religion*.

MODESTY

MODESTY and good *Behaviour*, by which I mean a graceful *Decorum* and genteel *Conduct*, are the peculiar Ornaments that are to adorn the Fair Sex ; but the Woman who addict's herself to intoxicating *Liquors* can neither have one or the other ; her *Conversation* consequently becomes abrupt and inconsistent, and her *Behaviour* rude and disagreeable ; her Appearance, instead of engaging, turns to her Disadvantage ; and instead of Favour, she so strongly fixes a bad Opinion of herself, that it is seldom or ever worn off.

HONESTY and *Virtue* may be said not to be forfeited by commencing this Habit of *Drinking*, and it may be alledged, that she who may love a *Dram* may detest, with Horror, the Thought of doing an Action that is merely in the literal Sense immodest or dishonourable ; but by giving Way to this Vice, a Passage is open'd to all others ; for what Crime may not a Person be drawn to commit who has before depriv'd herself of her Reason ? If then this vicious Habit is contrary to the Maxims of Decency and Morality, it is consequently to those of *Religion*.

BUT was *Policy* alone to determine their Actions, the Women, who should drink to the least Excess, would act contrary to it ; for that would be the surest Means to lose the Affections of their *Husbands*, the Duty and Respect of their *Children*, and the Regard and Esteem of their *Friends* and *Relations*, besides exposing them to innumerable Inconveniencies, too obvious to be mention'd : I therefore hope the Ladies in general will be more cautious of preserving the natural Esteem the other Sex has for them, than to run the Risque of forfeiting their Character of being amiable, good and virtuous, only to indulge themselves in a pernicious Habit ; for by the least Breach of Sobriety they become the Contempt of all Men of Sense, as they are a Scandal to all Women of Virtue and Honour.



Metus illie foras præcepo Acherontis ajendus
Funditus : Humanam qui vitam turbat ab imo
Omnia suffundens mortis nigrore. —————

Lucretius, Lib. 3.

*I'll banish utterly those sad Ideas
That speil our Joys with Dread of Pain beneath,
And sully them with the black Fear of Death.*

TO HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq; AUTHOR of the
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

Feb. 13.

AS your next Paper will be publish'd just at the Commencement of that Time of the Year, which every one, who call themselves Christians, should employ in some serious Meditations, I hope you will indulge me in a Subject, which, tho' often treated of, cannot be too often inculcated into the Minds of Mankind ; it is what Persons generally chuse to avoid the Thoughts of ; I mean Death.

THE Unwillingness to die, though it seems to arise from Nature, can never be founded on Reason and Virtue : The Majority of Mankind chuse to live ; but why would they fix on such a Choice, since so few, in the common accepted Sense of Felicity, can be accounted happy ? Why should the Minority, who are endowed with Sense and Virtue, be unwilling to die, when they know they cannot be happy 'till Death ? Is this Love of Life from the Sweetness we find in its Solaces, in the Enjoyment of Pleasure, and the Gratification of our Appetites ? Or is it the Pain or Horror of Death that affrights us ? Is it the Fears and Doubts of what shall become of us hereafter ? Or rather, is it not the Guilt of Conscience already condemning us, by the Pre-apprehension of future Punishment ? If Death was to all equally terrible, we might reasonably fear to die ; there would then be more in Death, and even more in Life, than we
imagine

imagine : But we see some as willing to die, as others to live ; some as willing to leave the World, as the wise Man, when old, is to leave the Court ; some, with Resignation, meet it in all its Tortures ; some seeming piously to wish for it ; and all these are Persons who are esteemed wise as well as virtuous.

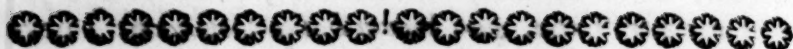
EVERY Man, in the Play of this World, besides being an Actor, is a Spectator likewise : When the Play is new begun with him, that is in his Youth, it promises so much that he is loth to leave it : When it grows towards the Middle, the Act of Manhood, then he perceives the Scenes grow thick ; and as they are filled with Business, would gladly understand the End of it ; but when the Catastrophe draws near, and he knows what it will be, he is content to make his Exit, and leave the Stage of Life to new Successors, to play the Comedy of Life over-again in the same Manner : Nay, sometimes an Actor in the Scenes of Life, long before the Catastrophe comes on, considers that he is but playing in a Farce, and that the Scenes are trifling, mere Illusions, that pass away like the Sound of a Bell that has been rung ; he then grows weary with Expectation, and Life grows tedious by a Dislike of itself.

THE Notions of Death are different in two different Sorts of Men : One Kind lives in a full Joy, he sings and revels, and sports as if his Harvest was continual, and as if the whole World was as mad and wanton as himself : This Sort of Man would do any Thing rather than die ; for he tells us, by expressive Actions, though his Tongue mentions it not, that he expects a worse Estate hereafter : Another lives hardly, with a heavy Heart, as if he was only born to act the sad Man's Part, and then die ; this Man often wishes for Death, and hath it not, intimating, that by Death he expects a far better Condition. These Instances shew, that there is expected a Misery or Joy to attend a Man after his Departure from hence : The like is also evident in the good Man and the bad ; one avoiding what the other would wish, at least not with Unwillingness refuse the Offer ; for the good Man I reckon with the wise, who can equally die or live ; he knows while he lives the Supreme Being will protect him, and when he dies will receive him ; and it was an
excellent

excellent Reflection on Death, made by a Father of the Church ; when he said, *Non ita vixi, ut me vixisse pudeat ; nec mori timeo, quia bonum habeo Dominum*: I have not so liv'd, that I am ashamed that I have liv'd, nor do I fear to die, as I have a merciful Lord.

THE State of Living, I should think, could never be quiet, 'till the Fear of Death is entirely conquer'd : Every Spectacle of Mortality affrights ; every casual Danger terrifies ; the Fear of Death is worse than Death itself: The Fear of dying often kills us, Death can kill us but once. I like, therefore, the Saying of the Emperor *Julian*, in his last Moments : He that would not die when he *must*, and he that *would* die when he *must not*, are both Cowards alike. What we know we *must once* do, why should we be afraid to do it at any Time ? What we cannot do 'till our Time comes, why should we seek to do it before ? That Person is most happy who can die willingly, when God would have him die, and can live as willingly, when God would have him not die. To fear Death, argues an evil Man, at least a very weak one. One of the best and wisest Men in the Pagan History has set a notable Example for a Behaviour in Relation to the Unwillingness to die. It was *Socrates*, who told the *Athenians*, That they could do nothing but what Nature had ordain'd before, condemn him to die : How unmov'd did he drink his Poison, how bravely did he meet the Approach of Death ! *Nihil est in morte quod metuamus, si nihil timendum, vita commisit*: Death is not terrible, if our Life hath not made it so. A good Man approaches Heaven with Confidence ; therefore *Aristippus* told the Sailors that wonder'd why he was not afraid in the Storm as well as them, That there was a great Difference, that they fear'd the Torments of a wicked Life, and he expected the Rewards of a good one.

I MUST confess that our modern Disputants against Reveal'd Religion, or, in short, against any Religion, have Reason, from their State of Nature and Principles, to fear to die, because they fear what may befall them. They hope there may be no future Being ; but they dread, lest there should be one ; but the true Christian lives with virtuous Pleasure, and dies with assured Happiness.



——— Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius ——— Hor. Lib. 1. Sat. 10.

*Smart Ridicule does frequently prevail,
And cut the Knot, when graver Reasons fail.*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

AS all Art is derived from Nature, and must necessarily have that for its Basis and Foundation; so all those Books, which lay down Rules for the Attainment of an Art, contain *generally* such Observations as are drawn from Experience and Examples.

AS I would not trouble you or your Readers with an Abridgment of any Art or System now extant, because I love to engage in the Appearance of what is *new*, I shall endeavour to lay down some Rules and Observations for an Art of not *thinking*, or not *thinking reasonably*; which Rules and Observations I shall draw (according to my own Scheme of the Origin of Arts) from many remarkable and shining Instances of modern Conduct.

AS it is the Genius of this Age to have as little to do as possible with their Reason, and many have excellent Ways of disengaging themselves from its Acquaintance, I design this Paper for their Instruction, who may have an Inclination to make no Use of their Reason; but yet use it now and then, because they know no effectual Method of getting quite rid of it.

FIRST then, that we may arrive speedily at this great Art of banishing from us all serious and useful Thoughts, I prescribe it as a Thing principally to be observ'd, that we be very careful and provident with regard to our *Bodies*, making the pleasing and indulging them our first and great Concern. Those dull hypocondriac Creatures, whose highest Pleasure consists in whimsical Speculations upon Things beyond the Reach of their Senses;

Senses; who are pleas'd with what they see not, and hope to enjoy what they are not able to form any Notion of; who slight real Happiness here, for imaginary Pleasures to come hereafter; finding that the Body was a Clog and Incumbrance to the Soul, and that the more the one was indulged, the more the other would be debilitated, and render'd unfit to expatiate into the visionary Scenes of Futurity, have been so ridiculous as to plague themselves with two of the most unnatural Things in the World, call'd *Temperance* and *Abstinence*; by which they deprive their Bodies of what they really want, thinking to give themselves a Pleasure which their Fancy only makes them believe they enjoy; the Pleasure of thinking they shall be happy some Time or other; which Pleasure they taste the better, if you will believe them, by depriving themselves of that sensual solid Happiness they might have at present. As I look upon this to be a *Delirium* of the Soul, I am sure the best Way to bring her to her Senses, and to check these Vagaries of Fancy, is to indulge plentifully in good Eating and Drinking: By this you give the Body an irresistible Influence over the Soul; you fetch her down immediately from those Heights she would otherwise be fond of aspiring to; you make her pleas'd by Degrees, with the Care you are taking of her Companion the Body, and reconcile her effectually to it; and when they are no longer at Variance, are they not in their natural State? And is not this State most certainly the best and happiest for them? The Soul, when you first begin with this pampering luxurious Way of Living, may possibly make some little Efforts, now and then, to think of her *Original*, and the Design of her Creation; but if you persevere in it some Time, she will neither be able nor willing to think of them; she will begin to doze, and her sensualized State will be a most pleasing Lethargy; having forgot what she once delighted in, it will be a Punishment to her to be awak'd out of it. It would be very proper for the Ladies to have some rich comfortable Cordial, or sleepy Potion, by them, to raise their Senses, or lay them asleep, as Occasion shall require. When we are dull, heavy, or restless, Time lingers upon our Hands, and in this State we cannot get rid of it fast enough; then it is that we may

perchance begin to think ; to hinder which, let us immediately have Recourse to some of our Bottles,

*The daily Anodyne, or nightly Draught,
To kill those Foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.*

THE next Thing I recommend, as very proper for the Attainment of my Art, is the avoiding *Solitude*. The Soul of herself, if Custom has not reconcil'd her to the contrary, loves Retirement, and would naturally shun that Dissipation, which the Hurry of external Objects would occasion in her ; she would often like to be pensive, and contemplating in her own Way, thinking of another World, the great Being which made her, and that Enjoyment of him which was design'd her. Now if you would effectually cure her of this grave melancholy Turn of Thought, which, if there be no Obstructions in her Way, she would be very prone to ; let her not be too much alone, give her as few Opportunities as possible of thinking of a future State, by engaging her all you can in the Amusements of the present ; keep her busy with sensual Objects, to make her forget spiritual ones ; be in Company every Hour and Minute of the Day ; have some Body to talk with when you are employ'd in the necessary Time of dressing and adorning yourself in all the Train of Pride and Vanity ; never walk alone ; never be in a Coach alone ; visit often yourself, and often receive Visits ; inform and store your Mind with all the News it will hold : hear all that can be heard, and see all that can be seen ; be sure you have somebody to lie with you ; or, if you must be so unfortunate as to lie alone, never go into your Room to Bed before you are quite so sleepy as not to be able to sit up any longer : If, in the Morning, any pretty carnal Sentiments come into your Head, indulge them, by thinking a considerable Time upon them ; but if any unlucky grave Thought should be so uncivil as to obtrude itself upon you, jump out of Bed immediately, begin to hum, sing or whistle ; and, as soon as you are tolerably fit to appear, get down Stairs, and talk to the first Person you meet with. One Thing I advise you to, in a particular Manner, that you make it an inviolable Resolution never to say the least

Prayer ;

Prayer ; for there is not a more dangerous Thing in the World than *Praying* ; it would overturn all my Scheme at once, and the Soul would soon relapse, or rather re-ascend into her old Way of thinking upon another World, and be fondly aspiring after it : Learn then to guard against Solitude, the great Nursery of Thought and Composure of Mind ; learn to be always busy,

To hate Repose, and dread to be alone.

THE next Thing I prescribe to you, but this only upon Supposition, that you cannot help now and then looking into a Book, is, that you would have nothing to do with *grave Writings* ; such as have Things solid and useful in them ; such as drop any serious Hints of an After-Being, and would possess your Minds with any Thoughts of God and Spirits : Read some of our most admir'd Writers of Comedy, in whom you will find many excellent Things for your Imitation ; many pleasing Gaieties, Intrigues and Gallantries of the unthinking Part of the World ; many Things to increase your Fondness for this Life, and give you an excellent Indisposition for the Thoughts of another : I recommend reading Romances to you ; as for History, I am afraid it may generally be too grave for you, affording but seldom any Matter to divert you, and set you a laughing, that Faculty which some have thought, of all others, the most distinguishing and most definitive of the Animal, Man. However, there is nothing like a Fit of Laughing to put off a Fit of Reasoning. As for the Bible, or any Book of Morality, I would advise you never to have any one of them by you ; for it is possible that a Chapter in the one, or a Section in the other, might incline you to be serious, and give you some Disturbance ; and I would not have you disturb'd, or discompos'd on any Account whatever.

ANOTHER Thing I prescribe, is much *Talking* : It is a common Observation, that great Talkers are often very little Thinkers, a verbose, noisy Man, seldom adding his Mind to Philophy and Reason : As I would have you talk a great deal, so I would have you talk on the most fashionable Subjects ; fine Cloaths and fine Equi-

pages ; good Breeding and genteel Behaviour ; nice and elegant Eating ; the Happiness and Unhappiness of others, the latter of which especially contributes vastly to our own Happiness ; the Intrigues carrying on among Persons who have Husbands and Wives they hate to lie with ; what Money the Ladies have who want Husbands, and what Estates the Gentlemen who have no Wives ; the Characters of Persons, dead or living, who had, or have attain'd the Art which I am now teaching you, of living only to the Purposes of this Life, and having banished out of their Minds all Apprehensions and Regard of another : Let the Vices and the Infirmities of others be the Subject of your Wit, your Raillery and Diversion ; let your Mind be open to every Thing you hear of this Nature, and your Tongues as free in reporting and ridiculing it ; laugh and amuse yourself, and the Company you are in, with all the Accounts you can heap together of the gay, trifling, and most unthinking Conduct of others ; and this will prove a most excellent Way of making your own bear a most exact and beautiful Resemblance to them.

ANOTHER Thing I prescribe to you, and this is the most considerable to be attain'd of all I have yet prescribed, which is, that you would endeavour all you can to persuade yourselves that you have no *Souls* ; then you will be able to laugh and make a Jest of Hell, if any one should mention it to you, and cry,

Oh ! how charming, that there's no such Place !

This will be doing your Business all at once ; for when you are confirm'd in a Notion that you are nothing but Body, and that all your Thoughts flow from the Form and Structure of your Body ; then, pray, what have you to do with any silly whimsical Dreams of living in another World ? When the Organical Disposition and Mechanism of your Body is dissolv'd, on which you are now to maintain that all Thinking absolutely depends, then there is an End of you, and this present *You* has no longer any Being. If you believe there is no Life after this, you have no Occasion to look either backwards or forwards ; neither to reflect on what you have done, nor on what

what you have to do : From having no Notion of a future State, you must endeavour to have an Opinion, that all Things whatever depend on a blind Chance, or blind Necessity ; it is no matter whether you can form any exact Philosophical Idea of either of them (that may require some Difficulty) only *say* it, and *believe* it. Say you came into the World by *Chance*, and that by *Chance* you are to go out of it ; but remember (though on your Scheme you may affirm any Thing possible) from your Observations, that every Body leaves the World after a short Stay in it ; that you do not too rashly affirm (lest others should laugh at you) that you may, *perchance*, continue in it for ever. Or go upon the Scheme of *Necessity*, equally wise and just with the other, and say, that all Existence was necessary, though there never was any necessary supreme Cause determining its Necessity ; say that every Thing is so, *because* it is so ; that *because* it now is so, it necessarily always *was to be* so ; that there is the same Necessity in a little Time for your being nothing, as there was for your being something. This way of Philosophizing I call a Master-piece of the Art of not *Thinking*, or *making no Use of Reason*, that little insignificant Faculty, that is not able to comprehend such exalted Schemes as these, which only the superior Light of our *Passions* can bring us acquainted with. The poor weak Principle of Reason, when it is attended to, can, at the best, but draw Consequences to induce a Belief of a future State ; a silly, idle Belief, in Comparison of our Persuasion concerning the present : Let us then, being convinced that we have no *Souls*, and that consequently there is no other Life after this, never trouble ourselves concerning *Morality* and *Religion*, which only are built on the Scheme of our being *reasonable*, and consequently *accountable* Creatures ; both which, if we disdain, alike in Principle and Practice, we shall attain that noble Art, for which I have been giving you some general Rules in this Paper.

THE Ladies, I know, are generally apt to be more reasonable and superstitious than our Sex : But I have great Hopes, from what I have lately seen of them, that they are wearing off those little Foibles of human Nature, which would make *Reason*, and the *Art of Thinking*,

look too considerable. I doubt not but my Art of *not thinking* will be approv'd and comply'd with by many of them, who now seem to have a Disposition to attain it, and will probably be ready and quick Proficients in it.

I am, S I R,

Your Humble Servant,



Quidq; pedum cursu valet, et qui viribus audax,
Aut jaculo incedit melior, liquibusq; sagittis;
Sed crudo fidit pugnam committere cestis;
Cuncti adsint meritq; expectant prœmia palmæ.

Virg. Æn. 5.

*Some for the Prize shall run, while others row;
Some throw the Dart, and others bend the Bow:
Let all be present at the Games prepar'd.
And joyful Victors wait the just Reward.*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

Mr. STONECASTLE,

AMONG all other wholesome Institutes and Orders which the best Governments have made, there are none which tend more to the publick Good, than such which regard the Diversions of the People, and such have been esteemed a material Branch in Politicks in those Nations whose Laws were esteem'd exceedingly well calculated for Society. As in human Nature there is requir'd a Relaxation from the Severity of Business and Cares of Life, it is certainly a prudential Policy to regulate the Pleasures of the People, and have their publick Games and Spectacles such as may allure their Minds to Virtue, or inure their Bodies to Strength and Activity.

THE Games and Exercises of the *Grecians* are thought worthy to be celebrated with the highest Encomiums by their most illustrious Poets and Historians; they were instituted by their wisest Lawgivers, and invented as the most proper to train up their Youth to vir-
tuous

tuous Actions and the Service of their Country. It is on the same Maxim that the famous Bull Feasts of *Spain* took their Origin, which at the same Time they initiated their Cavaliers to a Contempt of Danger, they taught them to excel most other Nations in the Exercises of Horsemanship. Our own Nation has been famous for several Exercises which have been of Use to their Country on the most eminent Occasions : The Shooting in the Long Bow was a Diversion in which the People of *England* excell'd all the World, and it was owing to their extraordinary Skill in it, that two as famous Battles as are recorded in our Annals, were obtain'd ; for had it not been for the *English* Archers, *Cressy* and *Agincourt* would have been as illustrious for a *French* Victory, as they are now for a *British* Conquest. This Exercise is, since the Invention of Gunnery, become uselefs in Points of Military Service ; but we still have several others which are worthy of Encouragement, as they are manly Recreations, and naturally form the Body to Agility and Strength. I never in the Summer Seasons see in the Country the rural Diversions, but I wish that the Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood would allow some Rewards for the Victors : By such Proceedings, Cudgell-playing and Wrestling would improve the Inhabitants in Courage and Activity, and prevent all the Drunkenness and ill Effects of Ninepin Grounds and Cockpits ; but our Country Gentlemen, either through their own Depravity, or the Corruption of the *London* Gentlemen of Taste, have introduced some new Games and Exercises among the inferior People, destructive of the genuine Manliness of Thought, and active Courage of the Britons. It is not uncommon now to see a numerous Assembly of brawny Fellows meet together in a Summer's Evening to contend in a Whistling Match, or, instead of showing the Artful Activity of their Feet, emulate one another in the most distorted Grin : A laced Hat is grown a very scarce Reward for a brave Fellow of Courage ; a Silver Spoon is a more frequent Prize for a Gormandizer, who can scald his Jaws most, and swallow down a Gallon of hot Hasty Pudding in the least Compass of Time : I would advise our ludicrous Gentlemen who institute such Games, and draw People together on vacant Holi-

days to be Witnesses of their Folly, to cease from such Impertinencies, unless they would be chronicled for being far more merry than they are wise.

IN these Observations on rural Diversions, I would not confine them to Trials of Strength and Courage ; I would admit other Amusements, in which the inferior Part of the other Sex might not be excluded : Dancing on the Green at Wakes, and merry Tides, should not only be indulg'd, but encourag'd, and little Prizes being allotted for the Maids who have Pre-eminence in a Jig, or Hornpipe, would make them return to their daily Labour with a light Heart and grateful Obedience to their Superiors ; nor can it be an unpleasant Sight to Persons of the most refin'd Sense, to view such Scenes of Nature which such Exercises would afford ; Mirth and Innocence would appear in an agreeable Light, while

*The sturdy Swains,
In clean Array, for rustic Dance prepare,
Mix'd with the buxom Damsels ; Hand in Hand
They frisk and bound, and various Mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny Limbs with uncouth Mein,
Transported, and sometimes an oblique Leer
Dart on their Loves, sometimes a hasty Kiss
Steal from unwary Lasses ; they with Scorn,
And Neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd Bliss.
Mean while blind British Bards, with volant Touch
Traverse loquacious Strings, whose solemn Notes
Provoke to harmless Revels.*

PHILIPS's Cyder.

BUT we may little expect such Diversions to be encourag'd by Persons of Distinction among our common People, when their own Diversions are sunk to so low an Ebb. The Games of those who would be thought to have any Taste, are such as have nothing to recommend, and if they are not immoral, they are certainly trifling and insignificant : Cards and Dice are at present the chief Sports of our Quality of both Sexes ; Quadrille and Hazard are indeed the Business of their Lives, instead of the Amusement of an idle Hour. For what but Vice and Intrigue can the Masquerade Meetings be calculated ?

What

What Improvements can be receiv'd from the Pantomimes of Master *Lun*, or the Rope-dancing and Tumbling of *Monf. Le Brun* at our Theatres? Are our modern pretty Fellows of the Army to have their Courage excited by the Squall of an *Eunuch*, or our Connoisseurs in Taste have their Sentiments refin'd by the immodest Capers of a *French Dancing-Woman*.

I BELIEVE what I have said may make but little Impression on the Minds of our Country 'Squires and fine Ladies in the Town, yet I could not help giving my Advice to the former, as the Summer Season is approaching, to revive the antient manly and innocent Sports of their Country, and intreating the latter to divert their Time in old *English* Housewifery and Hospitality, instead of Follies, so unbecoming the Softnesses and Innocency of their Sex: By such Means the Country Gentlemen would make their Tenants and Dependants brave and good Subjects, and the *London* Ladies bring up their Daughters to be good Wives and careful Mothers.

F. BRITON.

THERE is another *English* Diversion in great Vogue among my Fellow-Subjects which my Correspondent forgot; I mean that of excessive Drinking: This is so fashionable an Evening Amusement both in Town and Country, that I advise the People of *Great-Britain* to refrain from such an Exercise; and the Poet before-quoted has given an excellent Description to what Degree only it may be allowed.

*Exhilarate your languid Minds, within
The Golden Mean confin'd, beyond there's nought
Of Health or Pleasure; therefore when thy Heart
Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling Glass, be sure
'Tis Time to shun it: If thou wilt prolong
Dire Computation, forthwith Reason quits
Her Empire to Confusion and Misrule,
And vain Debates; then twenty Tongues at once
Conspire in senseless Jargon; nought is heard
But Din and various Clamour, and mad Rant;*

Disgrace

*Distrust and Jealousy to these succeed,
And Anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane
Of well-knit Fellowship.*



*Magna fuit quondam capitis reverentia cani,
Inq; suo pretio ruga senilis erat.*

Ov. Fast. 5.

*To Old Mens furrow'd Cheeks and Hairs gray,
The Infant World did awful Homage pay.*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

S I R,

THERE is an unaccountable Affectation in the general Part of Mankind, of seeming *younger* than they really are ; and tho' most People desire a long Life, there are but very few who would be thought *old*. I cannot account any other Way for this preposterous Humour, than that it takes its Rise from a false Shame of our being known for what we really are, and therefore People become ridiculous Hypocrites even to themselves. I have known several *old Gentlemen* who could not bear the Mention of any Thing which could any Ways fix the *Æra* of their Birth, or insinuate that they were almost on the Verge of Life. Sir *John Everyyoung* is one of these Humourists ; he is now turn'd of sixty, but no one would imagine, by his Person, that he had seen his fiftieth Year : Notwithstanding the Happiness of his Health and Strength of Constitution, he is one of the most miserable Men living ; his whole Thought and Study is to look as if he was in his Prime of Youth ; for that Reason he dresses like a young Fellow, talks rakishly, swears intrepidly, dandles after the Women, and affects being thought to have Intrigues with them. Besides the Inconveniencies this Humour runs him into in publick Company, by making him often the
Jest

Jest of it, he meets with many private Accidents, which on this Account, give him great Uneasiness : If any one in the Street should say, there goes a *fine old Gentleman*, it would put him into the Spleen for a Day or two after : He broke a Drawer's Head, because some Acquaintance having ask'd for Sir *John*, the Fellow not knowing him, said, *What, is he not an old jolly Gentleman ?* — The Knight was enraged at so familiar a Truth, and was resolv'd to chastize his Impertinence.

I KNOW several other *young old Fellows* of *sixty odd* ; but can any Thing be more foolish and unnatural than such an Affectation of Youth ? for they divest themselves of that Reverence and Authority which Years and Experience give, and become the Subjects of Laughter and Contempt.

THIS Desire of appearing youthful in Spight of Nature, though it is to be found amongst the Men, it is more peculiarly evident among the Fair Sex ; nor is it so much to be wonder'd at ; for they must with great Reluctance acknowledge the Decay of *Beauty*, which *Age* is certain in some Degree to take away : Women generally too consider *Beauty* as their *greatest* Qualification ; they cannot, therefore, but do all in their Power to make the World believe, as long as they can, that they still retain some Share in it : On this Principle it is that they spend so many Hours at the Toilette, and think it the greatest Imputation that can be laid upon them to have it said that they are *old* and *ugly*. The Ladies of the present Age have introduced a very polite Method of keeping a *titular Youth* as long as they remain *unmarry'd* ; and if it should be practis'd among the lower Class of People, there will not be such a Thing as an *old Maid* to be heard of throughout *Great-Britain*. The Custom of giving the Name of *Miss* to all *unmarry'd* Ladies, of what Age soever, is the Fashion I hint at, and which is carry'd to a preposterous Extremity. *Miss Youthwood* is at every publick Place, and appears on every publick Occasion ; she dresses in the Height of Gaiety, and, indeed, rather fantastick than genteel ; she has all the hoity-toity of a Girl of *fifteen* ; and yet *Miss Sally Youthwood* is upwards of *fifty-three*. I have known several Female Parties compos'd all of those *elderly Misses*, and a Girl of
forty-

forty-nine talk of her *Mamma* and *Papa*, while another *Miss* of about *fifty* lisp'd out something very youthful. In all such Assemblies there is great Care taken to mention the Word *Miss* as often as possible: I think the Theatres have given the Hint to the Ladies to make Use of this pretty Appellation: for it has been an immemorial Custom among the Dramatick Fair to retain the Title of *Miss*, as long as they restrain themselves from the Bands of Matrimony; and the publick Papers, about two Years ago, inform'd the Town of the Death of the celebrated *Miss* ****, who had formerly perform'd on the Stage; she retain'd the same youthful Name, though *Miss* had liv'd to her *seventy-fourth* Year. This extravagance of Humour certainly is a proper Subject for Satire, and therefore I was lately very much pleas'd when I view'd a Picture which strongly ridicul'd it; I must inform you, Sir, that it was one of Mr. HOGARTH's Prints, call'd *Morning*, where an antient *Miss* is, in the Depth of Winter, going to Church in a single Lappet Head, and ridiculously shews all the contemptible Grimace of affected Youth. I could wish, Mr. STONECASTLE, that you would some Time or other take Notice of our *old Boys* and *antient Misses*, and fix some proper Degree of Age when the *Men* shall be no more *Lads*, nor the *Women* meer *Girls*. If I am not mistaken you have such a Spectatorial Power, and by exerting it in some future Paper, you might reclaim a ridiculous Folly in both Sexes, and oblige several of your Readers, as well as

Your humble Servant,

TOBY HINTWOOD.

AS to that Part of my Correspondent's Letter which relates to the Fair Sex, I shall take it into Consideration another Time: I shall only now mention some Reasons for the absurd Desire in Men of being thought young. This Affectation must arise either from an extravagant Fondness for youthful Pleasures, or else from Apprehension that by being thought old we should be thought disagreeable: The first of these is unnatural and ridiculous, and

and must be the Cause of eternal Contempt ; and as for the other, if our Youth is employed in the Exercise and Pursuit of Virtue and Knowledge, our old Age must prove both our Glory and Happiness, and the longer we live we shall become more valuable and esteem'd. Of all the youthful old Men I ever met with, I never found one who could ever have made any Claim to Virtue, or Knowledge, or common Sense ; for they are old decay'd *Debauchees, dressing Coxcombs, and ridiculous Fops*, who having consum'd their Youth in *Vice and Vanity*, have no Relish in their old Age for any Thing but those Grati-fications of Sense which they cannot enjoy. Such un-happy Wretches may have an Ambition of appearing young ; but they always meet with the Mortification of being the Jest of the real young Men, and the Scorn and Contempt of the old ones.

ALTHOUGH I did not intend to say any Thing in relation to the Desire of the *Fair Sex* to appear *younger* than they are, yet I cannot but advise all *unmarry'd* Ladies who are upwards of *thirty-five* to follow the Prac-tice of my following Correspondent, whose Letter I have just opportunely receiv'd, and that they would form their Wishes upon the same System that she has done.

To Mr. STONECASTLE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM just on the Verge of becoming an *old Maid*, having enter'd into my *thirty-fifth* Year, at the Expi-ration of which I look on myself as an absolute *old Maid*. I might put off the evil Day longer by *denying* my *Age* ; but instead of that I have resign'd myself to such a State, and wish the rest of my Sex would form their Desires ac-cording to my *Wish*, which if you will communicate to the Publick, you will oblige,

Yours,

DEBORAH SPINSTER.

The

The OLD MAID's WISH.

AS I grow an *old Maid*, and I find I go down,
 Not ador'd in the Country, nor courted in Town,
 In Country or Town let this still be my Fate,
 Not the *Jest* of the *Young*, nor of *Aged* the *Hate*:
 May I govern my *Passion* with absolute Sway;
 May my *Wisdom* increase, as my *Youth* wears away,
 And *Good-Nature* attend to my very last Day.

Beneath an old Oak, near a murmuring Brook,
 Without e'en a Sigh on past Time may I look;
 No Love in my Head, may I blame no false Swain:
 Nor lost in Despair sing some pitiful Strain:
 But still govern my *Passion*, &c.

With the Young or the Old, with the Maid or the Wife,
 Oh! may I enliven the Evening of Life;
 Still *gay* without *Pride*, and *jocose* without *Art*,
 With some *Sense* in my *Tongue*, and much *Truth* in my
 May I govern my *Passion*, &c. (Heart,

May I not have one *Thought* or *Desire* to appear
 In Parties of Pleasure, 'mong the *Young* and the *Fair*;
 But with grave sober Dames all my Wishes fulfil,
 With three Dishes of *Tea*, and three Games at *Quadrille*.
 Thus govern my *Passion*, &c.

When grown still more old, (as not courted when young)
 May I ne'er wish to listen to Man's flattering Tongue,
 And shou'd some young Spark for my Fortune make Love,
 With Scorn and Contempt at his Scheme, may I prove
 I can govern my *Passion* with absolute Sway,
 For my *Wisdom* increases, as *Youth* wears away,
 Though *Good-Nature* attends to my very last Day.

Without long Disease may I gently decay,
 And when dead, may the mean with the better Sort say,
Peace be with her *Soul* in the Grave when she's laid,
 Who belov'd was by *All*, though she dy'd an *old Maid*;
 For she govern'd her *Passion* with absolute Sway,
 Her *Wisdom* encreas'd, as her *Youth* wore away,
 And *Good-Nature* attended her very last Day.

Antiquum.



Antiquum & vetus est alienum posthume lectum
Concutere, & sacri genium contemnere fulcri
Omne aliud crimen mox ferrea protulit ætas.

Juv. Sat. 6.

*The Silver Age the Marriage Bed abus'd,
All other Crimes the Iron Age produc'd.*

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq; AUTHOR of the
UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

IT is a Maxim pretty generally receiv'd, that the World is now very much advanced in its Decline; and though we at present live in the meer Dotage of it, that we of the modern Race of Mankind are not in the least Degree to be compar'd to our Ancestors, who liv'd two or three thousand Years ago. I know not from whence this Bigotry to Antiquity took its Rise; but it is founded on an unphilosophical System, and entirely repugnant to Historical Narrations, as well as common Reason. Though I am not for extolling all prior Ages, as infinitely superior to the present, yet I would not run into the contrary Extreme. and value the present Race of Men above their Predecessors; and, like *Reboam*, have so confident an Opinion of myself, to think my own little Finger stronger than the whole Body of a Predecessor. All I would maintain, is, that we do not live in the very Dregs of Time, and that the preceding Ages had not those mighty Advantages over us as some People imagine.

IF in any Conversation on this Subject it is enquir'd, in what Particulars the preceding Ages excell'd the present, it is immediately answer'd, as a self-evident Truth, in *Learning* and in *Virtue*; for that we are now become infinitely more vicious, as we are become more ignorant. I know not where in Antiquity the Bigots to it would fix an Age of Virtue, unless in the poetical golden one;

one ; for the Vices of former Ages, if you go very far back into Antiquity, are as common, if not more barbarous, than such as now reign in the World, Do we not, at this Day, to give an Example of unparallel'd Wickedness, mention the detested Sin of *Sodom*, into which City no Stranger could enter, without being defiled with the Lust of the more than brutal Citizens ? This was a Vice so *new*, and so *inhuman*, that neither before nor since could the World find any other Name for it but what was deriv'd from the City itself. After this, there was among the *Aegyptians* the *Strawless Tax* : The *Grecians*, under their wisest Lawgivers, approv'd of *Theft*, provided only that it was committed with Cunning and Address ; and *Drunkenness* was so habitual and national a Vice, that *Pergracari* signifies to be *mad with Drunkenness* : The *Romans* were so addicted to this latter Vice of the *Grecians*, that they instituted their *Leges Compotandi*, their *Laws for Drinking*, which they commonly observ'd ; the one was, to be *ad Diurnam Stellam Matutinam potantes*, to drink down the *Evening Star*, and drink up the *Morning Star* ; the other was to drink so many Bumpers as there were *Letters* in their Mistress's Name ; for *Martial* tells us,

*Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,
Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus.*

*With six full Bumpers Nævia's Health be crown'd,
Let seven at Justina's Name go round,
Let five at Lycas, four at Lyde be ;
But at the Name of Ida fill but three.*

Nor were the Gentlemen only distinguish'd among the *Romans* for Drinking ; but, for the Consolation of our *Modern Ladies*, the *Ladies of Rome* were not free from this Excess : *Seneca* assures us, that in Drinking they even outdid the Men, and *Juvenal's* Description of them exceeds all that a modern vitiated Fancy could imagine : *Pride*, *Luxury* and *Cruelty* are as much the Characteristicks of the Antients, as they possibly can be of the Moderns. Not even a *Spaniard* would have Vanity enough to attempt, like *Xerxes*, to scourge the

Sea

Sea into a *Calmness*, and discipline a Tempest into Good-Manners; nor, among our own Countrymen, would that Prodigy of modern Luxury, Lord *Epicure*, ever think of being mad enough to fill his *Fish-Ponds* with *Rose-Water*, and strow his *Hall* with *Saffron*. The Barbarity of the Antients has no Parallel with the present Age; it was carried by *them* to its utmost Height: I could enumerate many Instances of the enormous Vices of former Times; but they are sufficiently prov'd by the *Apostles* in their several Epistles: The first Chapter of *Romans* contains a most monstrous Catalogue of Sins, of so deep a Dye, of so horrid a Nature, and such an Inventory of all Sorts of Wickedness, that one might well imagine, the Apostle had rather been describing some Vision of Hell, than the *Seat* of the *Roman Empire*.

All Ages had their Vices; human Nature cannot be without its Frailties: Virtue and Vice are the Production of every Climate; and sometimes one Country will more excel in virtuous Sentiments than another, sometimes more in Barbarity and Wickedness: In this respect, therefore, we should not in any wise give the least Superiority to the prior Ages for their Excellence in Morality; they had the *Black Bean* of *Mahomet* in their Hearts as well as we: By the *Black Bean* of *Mahomet* I mean human Propensity to Error; for in the Turkish Alcoran it is feign'd, that *Mahomet* being asleep among the Mountains of the Moon, two Angels descended, and ripping open his Breast, they took out his Heart and wash'd it in *Snow*, and afterwards pluck'd out a *Black Bean*, which was the Portion of the *Devil*, and so replaced the Heart.

IF in *Virtue* the distant Ages do not exceed us, neither do they in *Learning*: By Learning I mean such Knowledge as is conducive to the Benefits and Advantages of human Creatures. *Anatomy*, which is so absolutely necessary for Physical Studies, was very little known, if at all, among the most learned Antients: *Hippocrates* was so far from knowing it, that going one Time to visit *Democritus*, he found him busy in dissecting several Beasts, and ask'd him what he meant by being so employed? *Democritus*, by Way of Apology, answered, 'I am not cutting up these Animals which
' you

' you see, because I hate any of the Works of God, but
' because I am searching into the Nature of the Gall.'
If he apprehended that the dissecting of Beasts might be
look'd on as *bating God's Works*, he might much more
have fear'd that Censure had he been cutting up the Bodies
of *Men*. Nor was this Art practis'd among the *Romans*;
it was against their Laws to attempt it, for *Pliny* af-
firms, *inspicere humana exta*, to look upon the Entrails
of human Bodies was contrary to their Statutes; they
even carried it to such a Height, that it was allow'd as
a great Favour for *Tiberius* to touch the dead Body
of *Augustus*. The primitive *Christians* continued in
this Error, and one of the *Fathers* terms an Anatomist
of his Time a *Butcher* rather than a *Physician*, *qui Ho-*
minum odit, ut nosset, who hated Man that he might
know him; and a *Pope*, I think *Boniface* the VIIIth,
threatned all who dissected human Bodies, with his
Thunderbolt of Excommunication. So far are we from
such Ignorance in the present Age, that we now know
the *Circulation* of the *Blood*, the Nature of *Sanguifica-*
tion, *Bilification*, *Nutrition*, and several other Parts of
Anatomy, which the former Ages never imagin'd.

N E X T to *Anatomy*, let us see how far we exceed
all Ages that went before us in another useful Branch of
Knowledge, *Geography*. The Antients were so very de-
fective in this Science, that the most necessary Things be-
longing there o were then unknown; the Flux and Re-
flux of the Sea, the Habitableness of the Torrid Zone,
the Use of the Load-Stone, the Diversity of Winds, and
the true Dimensions of the Earth. It was no Wonder
then that the *Macedonian Youth* was no better instructed
than to believe he had conquer'd the *whole World*, when
there were Nations enough, both before and behind him,
to destroy him and his triumphant Armies immediately.
To make a Journey as far as the *Pillars of Hercules*,
the Antients esteem'd as one of the chief Exploits of their
Heroes, and their *Demi-Gods*; but now, by the Aid of
the *Mariner's Compass*, we are able to find our Way
through the *vast Ocean*, in the greatest Storms and the
darkest Nights. The *Phœnicians* and *Carthaginians*, so
renown'd in History for *Navigation*, according to the
best Accounts, knew no other Way but *Coasting*, and
never

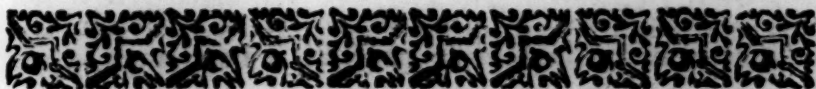
never dar'd to venture cross the Ocean : Their *Commerce* therefore was inconsiderable to what is carried on in all Parts of the World at present ; and the fam'd *ten Years Voyages of Ulysses* was no more than what many Merchants perform now in less than a Year. So ignorant were they since *Christianity* has been planted, that it was a damnable Doctrine and Position to affirm that there was any such Thing as the *Antipodes*, and a *Bishop of Saltzbourg* was condemn'd as a *Heretick*, for maintaining so false and pernicious a Doctrine.

I BELIEVE from what I have advanced, that no one will imagine that the *present Age* is inferior to any preceding one in any Branch of useful Knowledge ; and I will attempt in some future Essay to prove that we are equally superior to them in *Politeness* and the *Belles Lettres*. As impossible as this last Doctrine may seem to be defended, it shall be the Subject of the next Letter you receive from,

S I R,

Your humble Servants

ISAAC MODERNLY.



— Duris genuit te cautibus horrens,
Caucasus, Hyrcanæq; admorunt ubera tygres.

Virg. Æn. 4.

*Thou'rt beawn from harden'd Entrails of a Rock,
And rough Hyrcanian Tygers gave thee Suck.*

Dryden.

From my Chambers, Lincoln's-Inn.

THROUGH the whole Course of my Lucubrations it has been my constant Endeavours to recommend the Pursuit of *Virtue* and *Honour* ; nor have I omitted any Care to distinguish the false Appearances of *Wit* and *Gallantry*, and to shew when they ought in Truth to be term'd *Debauchery* and *Ill-Manners* : But notwith-

notwithstanding all my own Labours join'd to those of Authors, who would inculcate the same Principles, *Vice* and *Folly* will maintain their Power; and among that profligate abandon'd Part of Mankind, who stile themselves *Men of Pleasure*, no Maxims will be receiv'd as *just*, but what are correspondent with their own monstrous Ideas of *Happiness*. There is not one I believe among the most libertine Set of Men, who does not desire to bear the publick Character of a Man of *Honour*, of *Generosity*, and *Good-Nature*; but then the Rules of *Morality* and *Humanity* must not extend beyond the Boundaries which they have fix'd, and yet must have all the Latitude they desire. Such strange Contradictions are in such Men's Schemes of Life, that they can think themselves *Men of Honour*, and at the same Time be the greatest *Villains*, and desire to be esteem'd *good-natur'd*, when they are mere *Brutes*. However absurd such an Assertion may at first seem, it will be apparently true, if we consider with what strict *Punctilios* of *Honour* some Men act in relation to their *own Sex*, and with how much Injustice to the other; how complaisant they are to a *Companion* abroad, how furly to a Wife or Daughter at home. Whatever Distinctions such Men may themselves make in *Honour* and *Morality*, the more virtuous and more sensible Part of the World will require an *Uniformity* of *generous Actions* to maintain the Character of a *Gentleman*; nor will it be enough to act with Honour between *Man* and *Man*, if they behave with the least *Dishonour* to a *Woman*: He who behaves ungenerously to the *weaker Sex*, is in his Nature a *Coward*, as well as a *Villain*, and would act in the same Manner to his *own*, had his *Heart* Courage enough to support the Dictates of it.

THESE Sentiments and Warmth of Expression are occasion'd from having just now read a Letter I receiv'd from the Country, which has mov'd my Indignation against a Man of *Quality* for having committed an infamous Action, which he looks on as a Piece of Gallantry. Without any previous Comment on it, I will communicate to the Publick my Friend's Letter; and though it was not design'd for such a Use, I believe it will not prove disagreeable to my Readers.

To HENRY STONECASTLE, Esq;

Dear HAL,

AT a Season when most of your Acquaintance are retir'd into the Country, the Town must begin to be a little disagreeable to you; and it was, I suppose, for that Reason that you laid an Injunction on your select Friends to write to you: By such a Correspondence you expect our Subjects to be adapted to the Scenes in which we act, that you might have some rural *Prospects* and *Adventures* without a Journey beyond the *Bills of Mortality*. I knew not what to send you an Account of, but that we have *fine Weather*, a *fine Harvest*, or a Relation of a *Cock Match*, or the History of a *Horse Race*, 'till a private rural *Amour* has broke out, and which furnishes me with an Opportunity to let you know in what Manner our *London fine Gentlemen* act when they make a Recess from the *Follies* and *Vices* of the Town. The Story will, I dare say, affect you, as it has me, and your Heart, touched at some Passages, will feel all the *Resentment* and *Compassion* of a *generous* and *humane* Man.

WITHIN three Miles of this Place, my Lord *Pamphilus*, who run away with Miss *Trippit*, the Dancer, has a fine Seat and Estate. My Lord, you know, is one who is call'd a *Man of Pleasure*, and cannot live without a Mistress, therefore he has brought *Miss* down with him. But notwithstanding all his Fondness to that Lady, he has not been so constant a Lover as might be expected, but has commenced another Amour: The History of which shall be the remaining Part of this Letter.

IN my Lord *Pamphilus*'s Neighbourhood lives an honest *Farmer* who is his Tenant, a Man who was a *Widower*, and very frugal and industrious to raise some small Fortune for an only Daughter, in whom all his Hopes and Comfort were placed. This Daughter of the Farmer's, whom I shall call *Phillis*, had the Reputation of being one of the handsomest young Women in the Country, and was as much fam'd for her modest Behaviour as the Beauty of her Person. With such Accomplishments

plishments she could not want Admirers ; all the young Fellows round about that Part of the Country were her humble Servants ; and several advantageous Proposals were made to her, but she would not accept of any without her Father's Consent ; and he thought that as she was but in her *seventeenth* Year, she was as yet too young to enter into a Matrimonial State : Thus beautiful, and thus innocent, was she admir'd and prais'd by every one, when Lord *Pamphilus* came down to his Estate and Tenants, to whom he had not paid one Visit for five or six Years. My Lord had not been long down before he heard of the Character of Farmer *Plainheart's* Daughter ; for one of the first Enquiries he made was what *Country Girls* of any tolerable Beauty liv'd near him : Lord *Pamphilus* was no sooner acquainted with the Description of *Phillis*, but he was resolv'd to see her, and that if she was as pretty as describ'd, she should fall a Victim to his Pleasure. In a few Days, when he was assur'd the Farmer was abroad, he took the Opportunity of paying him an accidental Visit ; *Phillis*, when acquainted who he was, being surpriz'd at so extraordinary an Honour, receiv'd him with an innocent Confusion, but with more Complaisance than he could have expected from a Person of her Rank : My Lord was infinitely pleas'd at her Behaviour, and charm'd with her Beauty ; he talk'd to her in a free, jocular Manner, and after a short Stay, civilly saluting her, took his Leave. From that Time my Lord became an assiduous, but private Lover, and left no Art or Stratagem unattempted to gain her Consent to leave her Father, and live with him at *London*. *Phillis*, though proud of the Conquest she had made, and though she had an Ambition for the Gaiety and Splendor of that Manner of Life which my Lord describ'd to her, yet the Sense of Honour and Duty, which she still retain'd, made all his Endeavours ineffectual. An Amour of this Nature could not be carry'd on with so much Secrecy, but it reach'd the Farmer's Knowledge ; he tax'd his Daughter with engaging in so dangerous a Correspondence, and with all his Power of Persuasion advis'd her from any private Meeting with my Lord, and from proceeding in an Affair which must inevitably prove fatal to her ; *Phillis* own'd the Charge, and promis'd to follow his Direc-

Directions; but my Lord was so assiduous in his Addresses, and of so much Experience in Amours, that he soon engag'd her Heart, and consequently she grew more complaisant to her *Lover's* Request than obedient to her *Father's* Command: She saw him often, listen'd with Pleasure to his Conversation, and believ'd that his Heart was as sincere as his Tongue express'd it. One Thing alone perplex'd her; she had heard of Miss *Trippit* whom my Lord had brought down with him; and she thought if my Lord was sincere with *her*, his Engagements with *that* Lady must cease: This Proposal she imagin'd would be an undoubted Proof of his Affection, and if he comply'd with it she need no longer doubt his Sincerity. At the next Interview, when my Lord *Pamphilus* was in the most earnest Solicitation and Profession of his Love, she accused him of Insincerity, since he could not be in earnest, when he had such strong Engagements with the Lady whom he brought from *London*, and that *that* Amour must cease before she would any more listen to his Passion. My Lord, resolv'd to carry his Design, on some Excuse immediately sent Miss *Trippit* to Town, and took Care *Phillis* should be evidently convinced of the Sacrifice which he had made on her Account. At this Behaviour *Phillis* believ'd every Thing Lord *Pamphilus* could say, and he improv'd every Minute to his Advantage, 'till she had absolutely consented to run away with him. The *Day*, the *Hour*, and *Place* of Meeting were all settled; but in the very Morning she intended to elope, her Father, who, from some Intelligence, had Reason to suspect her, prevented her keeping her Assignment. My Lord also disappointed, return'd to his House: That very Day the Farmer waited on him, and boldly expostulated with him on the Injury he design'd him by ruining his *only Child*, and thereby destroying all the *Comfort* that he had in *Life*. My Lord was confounded at such a Rencounter, and betray'd all the Signs of *Guilt* and *Shame*: He deny'd the Accusation, and said there was no more in it than that he might in a Frolick have given his Daughter an innocent Salute, but that nothing had pass'd farther: The Farmer hoped there would not, and conjuring him, with Tears in his Eyes, intreated his Lordship would be more *generous* than to injure a *poor old*

Man in the *only Thing* which could affect his *Heart*; and then took his Leave. Though my Lord was at first touch'd with the old Man's Manner of addressing him, yet he was too *fine* a Gentleman to let the Dictates of *Humanity* and *Virtue* get the better of his *Passions* and his *Pleasure*: He got an Opportunity of seeing *Phillis* the next Evening at his own House, and representing to her, as their *Amour* began to be *known*, she had better indulge her *Love*, and consult her *Interest*, than be the Subject of the *Envious* and the *Malicious*, without any Satisfaction at all: That as for her Father, he might be made easy, by giving him the *Farm* he held, for his *own Life*, and by the *Love* and *Indulgence* which he should always hear was paid to his Daughter.—*Phillis*, pausing on these Arguments, my Lord took her Silence for a tacit Compliance: He lost not so favourable a Moment, he embrac'd her, vow'd eternal Love, and generous Constancy; and she too credulously listening to him, stay'd 'till it was too late an Hour to return home: He urged her to stay there all Night; she *consented*, and was ruin'd.

UNDER all the paternal Anxiety possible, Mr. Plainheart found his Daughter had elop'd, by her not coming home all Night: Next Day he was inform'd that she had been seen at my Lord's: The poor Man went immediately to his Lordship's House, and insisted on seeing him: His Request was at last granted; when he immediately, in the most bitter Invektives, accused my Lord of the Injury he had done him, contrary to his express *Word* and *Honour*. Lord Pamphilus thought he could soon accommodate so trifling an Affair, and offer'd the Farmer the *House* and *Ground* he occupied for his own Life, to make him some *Consolation* for the *Grief* he had occasioned. The good old Man, instead of accepting such an Offer, reply'd, 'No, my Lord, I am above *selling* my *Child* for a *Prostitute*, or receiving *Wages* for her *Infamy*: You have done me the *greatest Injury* you can do: I *fear* not your *Power*, nor will accept your *Favours*: As for the Girl, whom you have *deceiv'd*, I shall never see her more: *She*, too late, will *repent* her *Disobedience* to me: But, my Lord, may such a *Judgment* pursue you as *Heaven* may think proper for the Man who *wantons* in the *Ruin* of *Families*, and
' brings

' brings the *Grey Hairs* of *Parents* with *Sorrow* to the ' *Grave*.'—At these Words, the *Tears* trickling down his *Cheeks*, he left the *Room* with *Indignation*.—My Lord, not much concern'd, order'd his *Coach* and *Six* to be got ready, and carried away his new *Mistress* to *London* immediately, where I suppose he will soon turn her *adrift*, as he has done several others, to the *Common Stream* of the *Vices* of the *Town*, and by that verify, as far as relates to *her*, the *Prophecy* of her *unhappy Father*.



*The Greeks get all by fulsome Flatteries,
A most peculiar Stroke they have at Lies.
They make a Wit of their insipid Friend,
His Blubber Lips and Beetle Brows commend:
His long Crane Neck, and narrow Shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing Hercules.*

Mr. Dryden.

From my Chamhere, Lincoln's-Inn.

HERE is nothing more prevalent over the Minds of the Generality of Mankind than *Flattery*; Self-Opinion is so strong and so natural a Passion, that the wisest Men, from a Consciousness of their Merit, have been pleased when they have been complimented on their Deserts, tho' their Panegyricks have far exceeded the Boundaries of Truth; I wonder not therefore when Persons without any Merit, or in the least Praise-worthy, are delighted with the false Compliments which their Dependants pay to them: They who have no real Claim to any Excellence, are willing to set up an imaginary one, and they are so long deceiv'd by being *flatter'd* for their suppositious Endowments, that they at last deceive themselves into an Opinion, that they have a real Merit, which they did not before so much regard. This *Ambition* of *Praise* is so general a Foible, that in all Ages there have been Persons of Cunning enough to distinguish such as are susceptible of it, and

by humouring them with an artful Commendation, have rais'd themselves a comfortable Subsistence from the Folly of others. The Practice of *Flattery* is confin'd to no certain Place or Set of People, but in the *Court* or the *City*, in the *Camp* or in the *Church*, it is equally made use of and admir'd: As easy as it may seem to be a Proficient in this Art of commending others, it is, perhaps, as difficult a Province as can be undertaken; for the Genius, the Humour, the Capacity of the Person, who is to be practis'd upon, must be carefully observ'd. Some who would be shock'd with a common and gross Commendation, are charm'd with some little *apropos* Stroke of Panegyrick, others require more strong Representations of their good Qualities, and cannot see them if they are not drawn in a monstrous Size, and the Paint laid on coarsely, that they may be properly affected. To conceal Art is the greatest Art; so in polite *Flattery*, the artful Compliment should always seem to flow not from any study'd Design, but some natural Occasion: But the Delicacy of *flattering*, so necessary for a Court, would entirely lose its Effect in the City: The Smartness of a *Repartee* or *Witticism*, might be looked upon more as a *Jest* than a *Compliment*, while a downright plain Commendation would be taken as an Instance of *Good Nature* and *Sincerity*.

AS agreeable as *Flattery* is allowed to be to the Generality of the World, yet the Name of a *Flatterer* is always looked on as a Term of *Infamy*; it is practis'd by all Degrees of Men, and they all equally disclaim the Title. If the Definition of *Flattery* is this, 'To give a Person Praise for an Accomplishment which he has not,' how universal must the Practice of it be! What ridiculous Princes have been extoll'd for their *Wisdom*; what infamous Statesmen for their *Honesty*; what cowardly Admirals for their *Courage*; what dull Citizens for their *Sense*; and what Prostitutes for their *Virtue*? Was it not for *Flattery*, what must be the Topick of our modern Dedications and Court Sermons? Authors would with a very ill Grace address their Patrons, and Chaplains their Superiors, if they did not take the Liberty to deviate a little from the Strictness of *Truth* and Severity of Religion:

Religion: Political Writers have also an absolute Necessity to call in the Assistance of *Flattery*, how disinterested soever they seem by accusing their Antagonists of being servile Sycophants, and by making Protestations of their own Honour; This is only a reciprocal Charge which the others return on them, while they both mutually pay to the Patrons of their own Party the most fordid Tributes of *Flattery* that they can invent. *Poets, Historians, Essayists* and *DIVINES*, have all more or less, on the Publication of their Works, had Recourse to some soothing *Flattery* to prepossess the good Humour of the Reader, and either in Preface or Dedication paid some Compliment to the Publick; hence it is that some have begun their Address with *Gentle Reader*, others with *Kind Reader*, others with *Courteous Reader*, and some with *Learned Reader*. The Dramatick Authors, indeed, of the last Age, were more rough with the Town, when they introduced their Plays on the Stage, than Authors are now; for so far from flattering the Pit, they generally abus'd them, and the Criticks were a constant Subject of their Satire: Our present Dramatick Writers seem to hope much from the complimentary *Flattery* in their Prologues, and the Judgment and the Candour of the Criticks ever receive peculiar Praise.

BUT besides the Species of *Flatterers* which I have mention'd, there is another Kind who live by the *Profession* of *Flattery*, and who improve it into a *Science*: These are they who are commonly distinguish'd under the Denomination of *Hangers-on*; they are of both Sexes, and are to be met with in most Companies and most Families in *Great Britain*: There are few Ladies, either young or old, who are without one of these complimenting Attendants, and from whom they have the Pleasure of hearing all the agreeable Things said to them they can wish: Their own Wit, Beauty and Conduct, are sufficiently commended, and those Talents of their Neighbours are equally depreciated: By these Means these Female Professors of *Flattery* rule every Family they come into; they are Tyrants over the Servants, Rivals to Relations, Enemies to the Children of their Patronesses, and sometimes Mistresses to their Husbands. The *Hangers-on* of the Male Sex are a numerous Fraternity,

and the constant Attendants on Country 'Squires of little Knowledge of the Town, and those Fools of Quality who cannot distinguish their sneering Compliments from real Virtue. I intended to have distinguish'd the Nature of these complaisant Gentlemen, by inserting one of their Characters, which is very well known at the *Court-End* of the *Town*; but as the admirable Character which *Terence* has drawn of *Gnatho* in the *Eunuch*, has occur'd to my Mind, I could not avoid ending this little Essay on *Flattery* with a Quotation from a Scene, which, perhaps, abounds with more strong *Humour* than any other Scene he has wrote: My Readers may also observe this Moral from it, that *Folly is the Basis on which Flattery is founded*.

TO make the Quotation more plain, I must observe that *Gnatho*, who is a servile Hanger-on and Parasite to a romantic Captain, enters on the Stage, and in the following Soliloquy reflects on his Manner of getting a Livelihood by a Dependance on others.

' YE Gods! what a Difference there is between one
' Man and another, between a Fool and a Philosopher!
' The Reason of my making this Observation is this:
' As I was coming along To-day, I accidentally met
' with an old Acquaintance of mine, of my own Rank
' and Quality, an honest Fellow, who has made a Shift
' to run through an Estate, as I had done before him:
' On my meeting such a shabby, meagre, rough-hewn
' Wretch, loaded with Rags and Diseases, *What*, cries I,
' *what is the Meaning of such an Appearance?*——
' *Alas! Sir*, reply'd he, *the Fortune I had, I have unfor-*
' *tunately lost, or spent, and you see to what a miserable*
' *Condition I am reduced, detested by every Friend and*
' *every Acquaintance I have in the World.*——Here I
' look'd at him with a Kind of Scorn; *Why*, you dull
' *Blockhead*, says I, *are you such a Wretch that you have*
' *not left yourself an After-game to play; have you with*
' *your Money lost your Senses? Why*, look on me, once in
' *as bad a Case as yourself; you see I look well, dress gen-*
' *teel, live gay, and am strong and healthy: I have the*
' *Command of a good Estate, though I have not a single*
' *Foot of Land: In short I have every Thing, yet I have*
' *Nothing.* But, replies he, I am so unlucky that I have
not

‘ not a *Genius* for *Buffoonry*, nor a *Temper* to endure a
‘ beating.——What, says I, do you think that is the
‘ Way; you are wide, quite wide of the Mark: For-
‘ merly, in the Days of Yore, that might have done tole-
‘ rably well, but we are now in another Method, and
‘ perhaps I was the Inventor of it.——There are a
‘ Sort of People in the World, who would be thought to
‘ have more Wit and Sense than all others, when they
‘ have none at all: Now these are the Persons that I
‘ practise upon: These I follow, admire, extol, and ——
‘ at the same Time laugh at: If they praise any Thing, I
‘ praise it; if they dislike any Thing, I dislike it; what
‘ they deny, I also deny; if they affirm it, I affirm it:
‘ In short, I have laid it down as my principal Rule of
‘ Life, to assent to every Thing: By these Arts neither
‘ my Belly nor my Purse are ever empty.——Whilst
‘ this Dialogue lasted, we were got to the Market-Place,
‘ where I was joyfully met by a Crowd of Confectioners,
‘ Butchers, Fishmongers, Cooks, Pastry-Cooks, and
‘ Poulterers, all my intimate Acquaintance before and
‘ since I spent my Estate, and are so still: They all
‘ bow’d and complimented me, invited me to Supper,
‘ and should be proud of my Honour’s Company. When
‘ my poor half-starv’d ragged Companion saw in what
‘ Esteem I was, with what Reputation I maintain’d my-
‘ self, and in what Ease I liv’d, he begged of me to in-
‘ struct him a little in my Art:——I bid him follow
‘ me, and be my Disciple: And as the Sects of *Philoso-*
‘ *phers* took their Titles from the Names of their
‘ Founders, so all who shall have learnt the Art of *Flat-*
‘ *tery*, shall, from my Name of *Gnatho*, be called
‘ *Gnathonicks*.’

THO’ this Character of a *Flatterer* has been drawn
above Eighteen Hundred Years ago, every one must dis-
cern it is a strong and just Representation of complaisant
Persons whom they every Day meet with, who praise or
dispraise, who like or dislike, consent, dissent, deny, af-
firm, and adjust their Sentiments to those they depend on:
As People of good Sense may imperceptibly become blind
Fools to those who always seem to have the same Way of
Thinking, and become strongly prejudiced in their Fa-
vour, I would advise every one, who would avoid the

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Inconveniencies of a *sharping* *Dependant*, never to contract an Acquaintance with a Person who will not *dare* at some Times to *contradict* you, but who has made it the *principal Maxim* of *Life* to *assent* to *every Thing*.

To Sir WILLIAM COURTLY, on his Ministerial Dependence.

An EPIGRAM.

WILL you be *Free*? You will not, tho' you may;
 Wou'd you be *Free*, this, *Courtly*, is the Way:
 You will be *Free*, if you at home will dine,
 And drink good *Port* instead of *Champain* Wine.
 If you the gilded *Chariot* can despise,
 If you *plain Cloaths* instead of *lac'd* can prize;
 If 'stead of *Silk* your *Miss* a *Linnen* wears,
 If you to sleep can mount *Two Pair of Stairs*:
 If to such *Maxims* you your *Mind* can bring,
 You'll live more *Free* and *Happy* than a *King*.



Donec eris *felix* multos numerabis *amicos*
 Nullus ad *amissas* ibit *amicus* opes. PROPERT.
Friends without Number on the Happy wait,
But shun them, if unhappy be their Fate.

To the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

S I R,

I WAS looking, the other Day, into *Seneca's Epistles*, and, in one of them, met with an odd Kind of an Assertion, which had too much in it of one of his Stoical Rants, and which few Persons, I believe, will approve of. Speaking upon *Poverty*, he says, That we ought to love it upon this one Account, if there was no other, because it lets us see those that love us. That *Poverty* is a Test of the Sincerity of Love and Friendship,
 I rea-

I readily grant ; but that we ought to esteem or love a State of Poverty for this Reason, is what such a Philosopher as this, who never knew what Poverty was, might assert, but what none would care to make Choice of for the Reason upon which he here recommends it.

CURIOSITY, I own, is a very strong Principle ; but what wise Man would not check it, when it would lead him to enquire into such Things, as, when discover'd, he knows will give him a great deal of Dissatisfaction and Uneasiness ? A rich Man, who has many seeming Friends, would be very imprudent if he should desire to be convinced, in any Way whatever, whether he had any real one. Who would think it any great Felicity to be able to discover what every Body thinks of him ? To have such Scenes as these appear, would be a very unentertaining Prospect, and a great Mortification of our Self-Love and Vanity.

THERE is nothing more certain, than that a poor Man knows much better who are his Friends than a rich one ; but then this is a melancholy Truth when it comes to be experienced, and a Piece of Knowledge that no one can be fond of.

THAT Contempt is an inseparable Attendant upon Poverty, has been an Observation common to all Ages ; and Poverty never made a more despicable Appearance in any Age than in this. Let a Man be what he will, in any other Respect, he can never be disregarded so much for any Thing as for *this*. Let a Man's Understanding be never so mean, his Temper never so perverse, and his Actions never so bad, he cannot be so much disrespected, he cannot disoblige the World so much upon any other Account whatever, as by being *poor*. Nay, to have all the excellent Qualities that would render you amiable in any other State of Life ; to have Wit, Learning, Sense, a fine Temper, an agreeable Behaviour, and to act upon a Principle of the strictest Honour and Integrity, will all avail you nothing, if *Poverty* is among them. At her Presence they instantly fade away, and all their Beauty perisheth : Such contagious Blasts, and such malignant Influences, are there in her unhappy Breath.

A MAN, become poor, who was once rich, is, with respect to the Behaviour of the World towards him,

like a Lady who has out-liv'd her Beauty, and is now no longer regarded when this *one* Charm, and this *single* Perfection has left her.

A LADY, who is an *extraordinary* Beauty, may, by the Force and Prevalence of her Charms, triumph over all the Disadvantages of Poverty. Though her Money will not engage Admirers, her Person will command them: Her Lustre is so powerful, that it breaks through that Cloud, which otherwise would have darken'd and eclips'd her: But for other Ladies, how many agreeable ones have been despis'd in a State of Poverty, or but indifferent Circumstances, who would have been adored and idolized, if they had, each of them, had but Ten thousand Pounds to have bless'd their Admirers with.

THERE is a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, whose Friendship I shall always esteem, who has experienced the different Behaviour of the World to a rich Man and a poor one: He is a Man of most excellent Qualities; and when he was in the Affluence of his Fortune, was as much regarded and esteem'd, and had as much Civility and Respect shewn him as his Merit required, and such Circumstances usually procure: But he is now treated with as little Regard and Ceremony, as if he had been always as poor as he is at present. He is now no longer bow'd to as formerly; no rising of any of the Company when he comes into a Room; no Offers made him of Places to sit down in; no asking his Opinion of Things; and, when he gives it, no Regard is paid to it. This Idol of his Acquaintance is brought down to the Condition of the meanest and lowest Worshipper, while others, who still retain their Riches, and shine in their usual Splendor, have all their usual Veneration and Homage still paid them.

THERE is not a more lively and beautiful Description any where to be met with, of the different Behaviour of the World to a Man in high Circumstances of Life, and to the *same* Person reduced to low ones, than what we find in the Book of *Job*: *When the Almighty was yet with him; when his Children were about him. When he washed his Steps with Butter, and the Rocks poured him out Rivers of Oil. When he went out to the Gate, through the City; when he prepared his Seat in the Street.*

Street. The young Men saw him, and hid themselves, and the Aged arose, and stood up. The Princes refrained talking, and laid their Hand on their Mouth; the Nobles held their Peace, and their Tongue cleaved to the Roof of their Mouth. When his Root was spread out by the Waters, and the Dew lay all Night upon his Branch. When his Glory was fresh in him, and his Bow was renew'd in his Hand: Unto him Men gave Ear, and kept Silence, and waited at his Counsel. After his Words they spake not again, and his Speech dropped on them.

BUT now, says he, they that are younger than I have me in Derision; now I am their Song, yea, I am their By-word; they abhor me, they flee far from me, and spare not to spit in my Face: Because he hath loosed my Cord, and afflicted me, they have also let loose the Bridle before me: Upon my Right Hand rise the Youth, they push away my Feet, and they raise up against me the Ways of their Destruction: They came upon me as a wide breaking in of Waters; in the Desolation they rolled themselves upon me.

AS I always love to enquire into the Reasons of Things, or what are the Springs or Motives which make such and such Practices so general and common, I shall now endeavour to find out some of the Reasons why a rich Man has so much Regard and Respect shewn him by the World, and why a poor Man is so much neglected and despised by it.

ONE principal Reason is, that the Generality of the World, who are not rich, would be so if they could; so that it is no Wonder that we admire others for having such Things as we ourselves are desirous of possessing.

EVERY one who is rich is look'd upon to be a Superior to a poor Man, not only because he is richer, but because he is more *honourable*

ADD to this the Idea of *Power* annex'd to Riches; and where there is Power, they who want it will reverence and esteem it; because *this* enables a Man to be hurtful or serviceable to the World, which are Considerations with which the World will be always influenced.

RICHES give a Man an Air of Authority and Grandeur, which command our Respect to him; and as the rich Man's Look and Behaviour is generally in some Degree

gree stately and assuming, the poor Man's will generally be humble and submissive.

ANOTHER Reason assignable, not for the *Rise*, but for the *Continuance* of the Practice of reverencing the Rich, is, that the World has always accustom'd itself to pay a Sort of Veneration and Homage to them; and such a Custom as this has a Sanction in it that will make it generally comply'd with.

THE same general Reason which makes a rich Man respected, will make a poor Man despis'd; for if our Regard for Riches, and Desire of having them, makes us regard the Persons of the Rich, our Disregard or Aversion to Poverty, will make us disregard the Persons of the Poor.

ANOTHER Reason why a poor Man is despised is this: That if you are civil and complaisant to him, and familiar with him, you may bring your own Circumstances in question. While you seem not to take Notice of poor Men, you may be designing to give the World some Reason to believe, that you are not of that Number yourself.

PRIDE is another Reason, or rather a principal *Ingredient* in every other Reason or Motive, that makes us despise the Poor. We think ourselves considerable, and value ourselves much because we are rich; and then, consequently, must slight, and think those inconsiderable that are poor.

IN *themselves* Poverty and Riches are neither of them despicable or honourable: It is the Behaviour of the Person in either of those States that makes either poor Men or rich reputable or scandalous. An *honest* Man is ever to be esteem'd, and a Villain ever to be despis'd, let their Circumstances be what they will. They are glorious Objects of our Regard and Admiration; he that is humble, humane, and benevolent in a State of Opulence, and he that is patient and resign'd, and retains his Integrity in a State of Indigence.

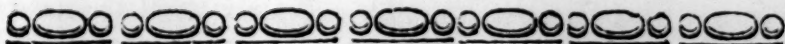
THE Stoicks maintain'd this for one of their Paradoxes, *Solus sapiens est Divites*; the *wise* Man only is rich; which may much more justly be said of the *truly virtuous* Man; for he only is rich who makes a right Use of his Reason, and has by him that inestimable
Treasure,

Treasure, a good Conscience ; which whoever has not is poor indeed, whatever may be his external Condition and Circumstances.

I am, S I R,

Your humble Servant,

R. T.



Nocturno certare mero,] putere diurno.

Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. 19.

They drank all Night, all Day they smelt of Wine.

Creech.

From my CHAMBERS, LINCON'S-INN.

THERE is no Custom more prevalent among my Countrymen, and which more deserves Reprehension, than *Drinking* : It has of late become more particularly notorious, and no Business can be now transacted but over a *Bottle* : A Bargain must be ratified with a Gill of Wine, as if a *Whet* in the Morning would give a Spirit to Trade all the remaining Part of the Day. I shall not, to reform this Evil at present, publish a serious *Essay*, but communicate a Description of a certain *Country* and *People*, which I believe will set this Vice of my Countrymen in a true Light : I will only observe, that the Extract I make is taken from a *Latin* History of the *Unknown World*.

The PROVINCE of DRINKALLIA.

CHAP. I.

A DESCRIPTION of the INHABITANTS,
and of their MANNERS and CUSTOMS.

THERE are no People under the Cope of Heaven more troublesome with their Bounty than the Inhabitants of this Province, which I sufficiently experienced on my first Arrival ; for it is an establish'd Custom,

tom, the Breach of which would be deemed the highest Ill-Manners, the Moment you enter any House to give you a large Glas of strong Wine, or of a stronger Spirituous Liquor : Should a Stranger refuse to comply with this Mode, he is not only look'd on as an ill bred Person, but, which is worse, a direct Foe to the Government. But before I entirely describe the *Genius* of the People, it may be proper to give you some Notion of the *Metropolis* of the *Province*, where I now am. Their chief City is called *Carouzi-Kanikin*, a Name which seems derived from the *German* Tongue : It is built upon a Hill, and, in Form, resembles an *English* Tankard, from what Side soever you behold it : It is of antient Renown, and one of the best seated Parts for Traffick in the whole Land. On the *East* Part, it is strongly fortified with Barricadoes, and Bulwarks built all of Barrels, and the Roofs of the Houses are cover'd with the Boards of broken Casks. At the Entrance of the Gate there is placed, from Morning 'till Evening, a kind of Cannon in the Form of a *Bottle*, which, by the Inhabitants, is called *The Bottle of Hospitality*, and round it are these Words engrav'd—*Ἡ φιλοτιμία καὶ ἡ ἀντιβολία*—Beneath them, on another Rim, are these—*Aut bibe, aut abi* ; that is, *or drink, or be gone*. As soon as you arrive at this Place you must drink, or be carried before a Magistrate, to render an Account of your Obstinacy. The Arms of the City are placed over the Gate, which are, *Three Horse-Leaches upon the naked Feet, in a bloody Field* : The Motto, *Plenæ, quiescimus*—*When full we are at rest* : —When I was got to the Gate it was late in the Evening, and my Guide told me, I might safely pass the Sentinels unobserved ; for by that Time they were near drunk and asleep ; and that if I had a Mind, he could discover the whole Place and Humour of the People without my being known to them : I accepted his Offer, and we enter'd into the City : I was surpris'd to see almost at every Door a *Sign* hang out to denote a Tippling-House, some of which Signs were decorated with *costly* Painting, and adorn'd with much *Golden Magnificence* ; I could not but observe, that there was some *Propriety* to *drinking* in their *Emblems* and *Devices* : One to invite Customers, hung out a *Tun of Gold* ; another a *Fountain of Wine* ;

Wine ; a third a large *Rummer* fill'd to the *Brim*, while a sly Rogue chose the *Rose*, which, it seems, is an *Innuendo* that all is safe under that Roof. What gave me most Surprize was, that I saw several *Heads* and *Portraits* of *Personages* expos'd as Signs before those Houses : I immediately imagin'd that these were some illustrious *Heroes* and *Heroines*, who had made themselves eminent for carousing ; but my Guide told me that my Supposition was wrong ground'd, and that in this Particular there was not the least Analogy, being only the simple Caprice of the Wine-Seller. In their publick Markets all Measures are hung up in Chains with the City Stamp on the Top, and by them hangs a *Copy* of the *Laws* of the Land, of which I will presently give a true Copy. The Inhabitants that Night, on some publick Occasion, made great Rejoicings, and a publick Feast was to be held : My Guide carried me to shew me the Manner of it.

AT their first Meeting they sacrific'd to *BACCHUS*, who is their general *God* ; not as the *Romans* did of old, by pouring a little Wine on the Ground, but by a lusty Bumper thrown down the Throat : Nor have they any Regard for the *Leges Compotandi* and *Leges Convivales* of the *Romans* ; for they not only drink down the *Evening*, and drink up the *Morning Star*, but *two* or *three Evening* and *two* or *three Morning Stars* together. They generally sit in the Form of a Circle, and the Bottles make a surprizing Rapidity in their Rotation. Here it seems all claim a Liberty of Speech on any Subject, and from this Claim, two or three generally speak at once : Their *Topicks* of Conversation are miscellaneous, *Philosophy*, *Politics*, *Love*, *Trade*, *Debauchery*, and *Religion* : They who are vers'd in these Customs, observe they generally discuss Points of Religion when they have drank most, and settle the State best when they can stand least. Amongst other Ceremonies, they make *Incantations*, and chaunt *Hymns* ; but for the Subject of these there is no Law ; one commends his *Wench*, another his *Bottle* ; a *Wit* sings a *Libel* against the Government, and a Man of Humour chaunts a *Burlesque* upon Religion : The *Batchelor* has his Catch in Praise of *Whoring*, and the *Married Man* his Ballad against *Matrimony*.

THEY have one Custom which they value themselves highly for, as they think it an undoubted Proof of their Prudence ; this is, they institute a Chairman, who is the *Magister Bibendi*, and *regulates* Healths, and has the Use of Pen, Ink, and Paper : He is also a kind of *Notary Publick*, and stiled by them, *The Clerk of the Wind-pipe* : His Business is, to register every Toast, and file up for common Records, what each Man drank, and to whom ; which, at the next Meeting, he reads, to have Justice executed. To give a more perfect Idea, I will transcribe one of these Registers, which is an authentick Copy from the Original.

The Fourth Night of the Week, from the Hour of Ten to the Hour of Four.

Debtor		Bumpers	
Mr. <i>Toperwell</i>	} to {	Mr. <i>Ruby</i> ,	3
Mr. <i>Bachanal</i>		Mr. <i>Merryman</i> ,	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lord <i>Squeamish</i>		Lord <i>Stronghead</i> ,	4
Counsellor <i>Maudlin</i>		Sir <i>Jolly Soaker</i> ,	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Monf. <i>Le Beau Garcon</i>		Mr. <i>Newerfinch</i> ,	8

Concordat cum Originali,

TOBIAS GUZZLE,
Præses, Regist. & Cler. Gulæ.

THE Humour of these People, when they, through their too great Zeal, have work'd themselves into an Enthusiasm, is inexpressible ; I know no better Description can be given of them than a Picture which a Countryman of ours designed, and painted, called *The Midnight Conversation* : As that sufficiently expresses their Manners, Looks and Actions, I shall say no more on that Subject. The Laws of the Province of *Drinkallia* being somewhat singular, and peculiarly adapted to the Genius of that People, I shall here transcribe them ; and as my Countrymen are famed for making Improvements in any Science, I recommend the following Statutes to the Consideration of the *Tipling Societies* of *London* and *Westminster*.

*It is hereby Decreed and Enacted, by the High and Mighty
States of Drinkallia,*

First, **T**HAT no Business, Commerce, or Traffick,
be carried on without drinking at least half a
Bottle to bind the Bargain.

Secondly, **T**HAT all Promises, Oaths, Bills, Bonds,
Indentures, or any other Conveyances whatsoever, made,
or caused to be made, after Three o'Clock in the After-
noon, be utterly void, and of none Effect.

Thirdly, **T**HAT no Man, of what Rank or Degree
soever, drink in private two Days together, under For-
feiture of not drinking Wine for one whole Week.

Fourthly, **T**HAT he who is sober at the twelfth Hour,
shall drink two Pint Bumpers.

Fifthly, **I**F any Man willingly spills his Liquor, he
shall, for a Twelvemonth and a Day, be disabled giving
his Testimony in any Court of Judicature, and find Sure-
ties for his good Behaviour.

Sixthly, **T**HAT he whom Nature or Sickness requires
to live abstemiously be banish'd the Land.

Seventhly, **T**HAT whatsoever Person speaks any way
tending to recommend Sobriety, be deemed guilty of a
High Misdemeanor, and Pains and Penalties be inflicted
on him.

Eighthly, **T**HAT he who goes from any Treat, or
Drinking-Bout, *salvis pedibus*, that is, *without staggering*,
be deem'd a *Traitor* to the State.

OVER the Portal of every Drinking-Room be it
written,

*The House of youthful Mirth, and lusty Cheer ;
Peace, Wine, Sport, Rest, have all their Mansions here.*

There



To the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR.

There is nothing which lies more within the Province of a Spectator, than publick Shews and Diversions; and as, among those, there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant Entertainments that are exhibited in our Theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take Notice of every Thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined Assemblies.

Spect. No. 235.

S I R,

THE above Lines are the Introduction to a Paper wrote by the late Mr. ADDISON, on certain significant Hints given to him from the Upper Gallery at the Playhouse, by your humble Servant, then a Person of great Distinction, and much talk'd of ever since; but, by Reason of my long Retirement from my old Sphere of Action, at present very little known, and, by most People, believed to have died of Grief soon after the last double Constellation of admirable Poets and Actors, disappeared for ever. — In brief, Sir, I am the critical *Trunk-Maker*, so humourously celebrated in that excellent Paper before quoted; well stricken in Years, 'tis true, but, except my Feet, which are for the best Part of the Winter inflannell'd for the Gout, sufficiently Master of all my Faculties, both to make my Will without the Help of a Lawyer, and die, when God pleases, without paying the usual Fees for my Quietus to a Physician.

AND

AND now, Sir, you know who I am, without any farther Ceremony we'll proceed to Business, which is, indeed, no more than to lay before you a Relation of some late Adventures that I have been engaged in, leaving it to you to make what Use or Application of them you think proper.

BE pleased them, Sir, to understand, that though I have in a Manner deserted the Theatre for some Years past, I yet retain a grateful Remembrance of the Pleasure I have received there; and with whatever Company I mix, never fail to turn the Stream of Conversation on Dramatical Entertainments, the Merit of Authors and Performers, and what remarkable Events attended the Representation of our most admir'd Pieces: I have always observ'd, Sir, these Moments us'd to be the happiest of the Evening; every Countenance was gay, every Eye benevolent, and every Heart open. If any Difference of Opinion appear'd, it was soften'd with Address and good Manners; if any Points of Wit escap'd, they were not dipp'd in Gall, or invenom'd with Spleen; and whether a slight Skirmish, or a set Battle follow'd, like the *Trojan Youths* that I have read of in DRYDEN's *Virgil*, our very Opposition was friendly, and no dishonest Wound smarted when 'twas over. I say, Sir, this used to be uniformly the Scene during those delectable Moments; but I must own the Case has been somewhat alter'd of late, and the Stage is seldom mention'd but the *Licensing Act* is obtruded at the same Time, and immediately, as if the very Word was a Charm, Discord rushes in, and Politicks and Ill-nature divide in Rage, and sadden the whole Company.

HOWEVER, Sir, this did not deter me this Christmas, from inviting a Party of my old Friends to take a Dinner with me in Form, by way of anniversary Compliment to the Season; and, when it was over, began, as usual, my favourite Subjects; and expatiated at large on the irresistible Genius of our inimitable SHAKESPEAR, the finished Art of laborious JOHNSON, the luxuriant Vein of easy FLETCHER, the wild, irregular Flights of wanton BUCKINGHAM, the
brilliant

brilliant Points of all-accomplish'd DRYDEN, the dissolving Tendernefs of pathetick OTWAY, the passionate Starts of extravagant LEE, the fullen Rebukes of imperious WYCHERLEY, the polish'd Scenes of elegant CONGREVE, the insinuating Dialogue of frolick VANBRUGH, and, in short, every other Excellence of every other favourite Author: Thence we made a natural Transition to the Stage itself, and pass'd all its late Ornaments in imaginary Review before us; majestick BOOTH, facetious DOGGET, bewitching OLDFIELD, correct PORTER, agreeable WILKS, and many-gifted CIBBER; nor did we confine ourselves to these, but touch'd on the Subordinate, as well as the Chief, the Living as well as the Dead; mixing Praise with Blame, Pity with Reproach; but confining our Remarks wholly to their feign'd Characters, and leaving to themselves their own.

BY this Time, Sir, I was work'd up to such a Pitch, that forgetting my Years and Infirmities, I arose from my Seat with the Vigour of Thirty, and stepping to an adjacent Clofet, brought out an Armful of Oaken Plants that I religiously reserve as Monuments of Theatrical Triumphs.—There, Gentlemen, said I, throwing them on the Ground, there are the precious Relicks of my Upper Gallery Dictatorship! These fix in a Bundle, that are worn to the very Stumps, I demolish'd during the first Run of *Cato*, in Compliment to the noble Sentiments of the Author, not as some foolishly imagin'd, in Return of the Praises he had been pleas'd to honour me with before: 'Tis true, Bribes have been offer'd me both by Managers and Authors; but I soon gave them to understand, that if they persisted in the Affront, I should use my Battoon in a quite different Way.—This, Gentlemen, (I went on) that is shatter'd quite up to the Head, was bestow'd on BOOTH, representing PYRRHUS, in the *Distress'd Mother*: These knotted Crab Sticks flew in applauding the romantick Delicacy of the *Conscious Lovers*, and these the truly feminine Sweetness and heroick Resignation of JANE GRAY: Yon two large Faggots, labell'd SHAKESPEAR and JOHNSON, are the Collections
of

of several Years, and, what is remarkable, there is not one serviceable Stick among them.——These two enabled me to do Justice to *Marianne*; and these four lasted me pretty well through the first Appearance of the *Provok'd Husband*.——This I begun to exercise on the *Beggars Opera*; but, when the Nobility fill'd the Stage, I left the Gallery.——With this I disciplined Mrs. OLD-FIELD, in *SOPHONISBA*, and with its Fellow, both of the same Growth, Mrs. PORTER, in *EURIDICE*.——The rest are miscellaneous, and they belong, some to Authors, some to Performers; but, to deal ingenuously, are little the worse for wearing.——Ah, Gentlemen, 'twas with extreme Regret I left my Post, which, let me tell you, I fill'd with so much Disinterestedness, that the less Expence it put me to, the more I was displeased with it: In short, I never was so happy as when I had thrash'd away a good substantial Sapling to the Size of a Tooth-picker.——But when I found the Office little better than a *Sine Cure*, I made a Matter of Conscience of it, and, to the Shame of my Betters, laid down; from which Time the Seat has continued vacant, few being ambitious of an Employ that is both troublesome and expensive into the Bargain.——However, Gentlemen, had I but the least Hope, could I discover but the faintest Glimmering, ever so remote, of a second Dawn of Genius on the Stage, I would make no Difficulty, old as I am, to lend a helping Hand however.——I remember my honour'd Friend, the original SPECTATOR, speaking of me, is pleased to observe, *That it is of great Use to an Audience for a Person to preside over their Heads, like the Director of a Concert, in order to awaken their Attention, and beat Time to their Applause*.——I was going on, Sir, with this Speech, when one of those flashy young Fellows who pique themselves on knowing the Town, and who made one at my Table on the Credit of my long and intimate Acquaintance with the good Man his Father, broke in upon me with a full Tide of noisy Loquacity, pretty much in the following Phrase and Manner.——Why, look you, as to that, old *True Penny*, you may save yourself the Labour! That Office
now,

now, like many others, is wholly superfluous! and should you presume to lay about you as formerly with your impertinent Cudgel, 'tis ten to one but you would be tossed over.——I'd have you to know we have no Need of any such Prompter above Stairs, to rap out a Cue for us to thunder below: We are all become stanch Criticks, every Man of us, look you! and by a much easier Recipe than ever was known to our Fathers; for whereas they dared not open their Mouths without ARISTOTLE, HORACE, or, at least, some modern *Frenchman* for a Second, a broad Hat, a little Wig, a close Frock, and a good Oaken Plant, make the least of us more terrible to the Stage than DENNIS himself.——Again, one *Trunk-Maker*, forsooth, rul'd the Roast in those Times; whereas, now-a-Days, you would think the whole worshipful Company was at work all round the House, Pit, Box, and Gallery! Yes, we scorn to sneak into Corners, or clamour only with the Mob, but boldly press forward into the most distinguish'd Places, and mingle with those of the best Rank in the Kingdom.——I myself have led a Party into the Pit, that has had the Honour to clear the whole Stage before them, and all the Boxes behind them.——Then as to the Demolishment of Cudgels, I made a Purchase of Half a Hundred this very Season, and though they proved to be as good Stuff as ever was handled, this is the last of them.——In plain Truth, we have raised the Price of this Sort of Ware above Five and Twenty *per Cent.* and I don't question, but before the End of *May*, it will be hard to get a Cudgel of any Substance for Love or Money.——But why do I talk of Cudgels only? Benches, Sconces, every Thing we can lay our Hands on goes to Wreck without Fear or Wit, when we have a Mind to shew our Plenitude of Power.——And let me see the Manager who dares to say to the meanest of us, *What dost thou?*——Here, Sir, though not a little nettled all the while at his arrogant Manner, I ventur'd to interpose,——But pray, young Man, to answer what End is all this Violence? Is it to banish Folly, Absurdity, Self-Conceit, Indecorum, Obscenity, Barbarism,

or

or Dulness, from the Stage? Is it in Behalf of any injur'd Genius? Is it to revive departed Wit? Is it to provoke ingenuous Emulation? Is it to restore the lost Importance, Dignity, and Majesty of the *English* Theatre? — Pshaw, replies my Spark, I don't know what you talk of — 'Tis to restore King *Harlequin*. — How! said I, with a Mixture of Warmth and Concern, Is this all! Is it for this that the very Temple of the Muses, as one may call it, is filled with Noise and Tumult? Is it for this that Good Manners is forgot, Order violated, Greatness insulted, and even Beauty frightened, where it ought to be adored? For Shame! for Shame! Though I am pleas'd to see you have Power, though I should even recommend the Exercise of it now and then, I would have it guided by Discretion and Propriety, and never employ'd to disturb, but polish and reform. — You have now an Opportunity to be instrumental in exalting the *British* Stage to a Rivalship with that of *Athens*. The *Opera*, that *Siren* Enemy! sleeps; the *French* Inmates are returned home; all Ranks and Degrees of People shew a greater Fondness for Diversions of this Kind than ever, and on your Evidence they are better understood: Shall this great Opportunity then be lost? Shall you manifest your Power in Clamour and Tyranny only, regardless of Justice and Decency? Or in making it the Tool of little Factions behind the Scenes, when it ought to discourage the least Appearance of any such Bar to your Diversions? Shall it be said the Gentlemen Criticks of this Age ruined the Theatre, by their Cabals in Favour of a trifling *Harlequin*, when even the Ladies made Contributions in Honour of immortal SHAKESPEAR? — You may shew your Influence by this Means, for what I can't tell; but they, their Understanding; and which Conduct best deserves Applause, I leave the World to judge. — Here, Sir, I paus'd, and the young Gentleman looking a little abash'd, I turned my Discourse to another Subject: But thinking what had pass'd was of some Consequence, I resolv'd to send a hasty Sketch of it to you; and with your Approbation

tion I shall henceforward take the Liberty of becoming your Correspondent; for since it is in a Manner impossible to be heard in the Playhouse, I have a Mind to try what Hope there is from the Press; being very sincerely,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

The TRUNK-MAKER.

The END of the Third Volume.





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